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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Europe Aghast at the Specter of Another War Raised by Italy's Bombardment and Seizure of Greek Island

THROUGHOUT Europe consternation was the general feeling caused by the astounding tidings of Italy's precipitate and unwarranted action in bombarding and forcibly seizing Corfu, the capital and principal city of the Greek island of the same name, in an effort to enforce her demands against the Greek government for indemnity and other amends for the murder of the five Italian members of the Commission appointed by the Council of Ambassadors to decide the boundary dispute between Greece and Albania.

Since the close of the World War mutual jealousy and distrust had engendered unfriendliness amounting almost to hatred between the Greeks and Italians, and conflicting national interests and ambitions for territorial expansion had seriously strained the relations between their respective governments. Under such conditions it was most unfortunate that the Council of Ambassadors of the Allied Powers selected any Italians to serve on the Commission to establish the boundary between Greece and Albania.

The civilized world was shocked and the Italian people were enraged by the official report, on August 28th, that the five Italian members of this Boundary Commission had been assassinated in Greece near the Albanian frontier which they were locating. The Italian government immediately sent the Greek government a humiliating ultimatum demanding the privilege of participating in the investigation of the crime and the detection and pursuit of the murderers, that upon conviction they should suffer the death penalty, that a representative of the Greek government attend the funeral of the murdered Commissioners, that the Italian flag be saluted by Greece, and that within five days Greece pay an indemnity of fifty million lire (equivalent to two and a half million dollars). Italy asserted, in justification of her extreme demands, that a Greek official had aided in the commission of the crime, and charged that the Greek government was responsible, if not as direct instigator, because its hostile attitude and the anti-Italian propaganda it had put out or allowed to be circulated had incited the perpetrators.

In reply the Greek government denied these scandalous accusations, repeated its previous expression of deep sorrow and regret, declared its voluntary purpose to send a representative to show its respect for the dead, and its willingness to pay a reasonable indemnity as the crime was committed on Greek territory where the victims were under the protection of Greek authority, but refused to salute the Italian flag on the ground that such amends would be an acknowledgment that the deplorable incident was a deliberate insult to Italy by Greece, and declined to permit Italy to dictate the administration of justice in the Greek courts as being a gross indignity and infraction of the national sovereignty of Greece. The Greek reply concluded with an earnest request that, if its offer was not in all respects acceptable, the points of difference be referred to the Council of the League of Nations (of which both parties are members) for final adjudication.

Italy promptly answered that she insisted on exact compliance with all her original demands. Meanwhile she had secretly mobilized her army and navy, and without waiting for the expiration of the five days of grace specified in her ultimatum dispatched a military and naval force to seize the neighboring Greek island of Corfu, the largest and most important of the Ionian archipelago. Reports vary slightly as to minor details and the exact hour of certain occurrences, but it is undisputed that the main facts are as follows:

On August 31st the Italian admiral in command of the expeditionary forces established a line of blockade completely surrounding the island which is about forty miles long and fifteen to twenty miles wide. In the afternoon of the same day he brought some of his ships into the harbor of Corfu City and demanded surrender of the island. The Greek Governor asked for time to communicate by telegraph with Athens and get instructions from his government; but before instructions could be received the Italian ships began shelling the town, directing their fire chiefly against the useless old fort, a relic of antiquity, and the police station and school, which buildings were soon demolished and the ruins burnt, and against the barracks. The entire Greek garrison consisted of only 150 men and offered no resistance against the powerful attacking force. Under cover of this bombardment the Italian troops landed and took possession unopposed. The Governor and ten other Greek officers were taken on board one of the Italian ships and held as prisoners, but the little garrison retreated into the interior of the island. The Italians have since arrested other Greek officials and have set up a military government of their own over the entire island.

Aside from the question of whether or not the seizure of the island was justifiable, the shelling of this peaceful, defenceless town that was not offering, and could not make, any resistance against the overwhelming force that Italy had sent to take it, was a barbarous act of needless, wanton cruelty. Although the firing was of short duration the bursting shells killed a number of the inhabitants and wounded others. The horrible barbarity of the bombardment is vividly described by Col. Stephen E. Lowe of St. Louis, Mo., a member of the American Red Cross, serving at that time in the Near East Relief at Corfu. The old fort and barracks had been turned over by the Greek government to the American Near East Relief and the British Save the Children Fund, and were occupied by hundreds of orphans who were being cared for by these two charitable organizations.

According to the *Associated Press* report Col. Lowe, describing the bombardment, said: "The number killed reached twenty. Thirty-two wounded are now [Sept.3] in the hospital, and there were perhaps 50 slightly wounded. Of the 20 dead 15 were children. All the killed and wounded were refugees or orphans from American and British orphanages housed in the old fortress. The large number of children among the casualties was due to the fact that several shells landed in the barracks which were being used as orphanages, while shrapnel shells exploded in the water in front of the fortress, where 400 Near East Relief orphan boys were bathing at the time the firing began." Col. Lowe then told how, when the bombardment began, he hastened down to the quay to meet the first Italian officer that might land and implore him to have the "futile firing" stopped, but that it ceased about the time he reached the landing stage. Such fiendish cruelty would be unbelievable were it not vouched for by an eye-witness of such high standing.

Puts League of Nations to the Crucial Test

WHILE these momentous events were occurring the supreme governing body of the League of Nations, composed of delegates representing each of the fifty-one nations that constitute the League, was in regular session at Geneva, Switzerland. The great, primary purpose for which the League of Nations was conceived, organized and exists is to preserve peace throughout the world by intervening in vexatious disputes between nations and deciding them in accordance with right instead of might, and to prevent, cheek and restrain acts of war and other forcible aggressions by or against its member nations, such, for instance, as the present dispute between Greece and Italy and the recent forcible aggression by the latter. Greece denied the charge of culpability in connection with the murder of the Commissioners and asked Italy to submit their dispute to, and abide by the decision of, the League of Nations Council. Italy, instead of accepting this peaceful method of settlement to which she was in duty bound by the League covenant which she had accepted when she became a member, immediately and without giving the League Council an opportunity to intervene committed an outrageous act of war by bombarding and seizing Corfu. Then Greece appealed to the League Council to intervene and adjudicate the whole matter in accordance with right and justice. In reply to the League Council's notice of Greece's appeal Italy flatly refused to recognize the authority of the League Council to arbitrate this dispute, and threatened to withdraw from membership in case the League should attempt to meddle in this vexed affair between her and Greece. Thus the matter stands at the present writing (September 6th).

The general trend of public opinion in most of Europe and all America, as reflected in editorial comment and utterances of men prominent in public life, denounces Italy's demands for reparation as excessive, unreasonable and intolerably humilating, and condemns her bombardment and occupation of Corfu as an act of war vengefully conceived and ruthlessly executed against a small, weak nation, on doubtful provocation; for as yet the murderers and their motive are unknown. No other incident since the outbreak of the World War has so shaken Europe; for it was a similar military aggression against little Serbia, by Austria, to enforce a like demand for unreasonable and humiliating reparation for the assassination of an Austrian prince, that in 1914 started the great holocaust of war which raged around the world for more than four years. Therefore it is not surprising that from some quarters came gloomy forebodings of another great war as the result of Italy's rash act.

But the greatest apprehension, and that most commonly expressed, is that Italy's stubborn refusal to recognize the right of the League of Nations to intervene in her dispute with Greece will not only impair the League's usefulness but imperil its very existence. The League of Nations has been hopefully relied on by its member nations as a sort of international fire department vested with ample authority, fully equipped and ever ready to respond to an alarm of war and quench the incipient blaze before it could become a conflagration. An A. P. dispatch from Geneva, where the Assembly and Council of the League of Nations are in session, dated September 5th. reports that "consternation and much sadness prevail everywhere, for it is generally, though reluctantly, admitted that the League has been unable to withstand the first great test of its practical use as machinery for regulating differences between nations, as one of its leading members had declined to concede its competence. Hence, there is a growing sentiment among the smaller countries that, if the League covenant applies to them, it apparently does not bind the great powers of Europe."

A Swiss newspaper, in its September 5th issue, commenting on the situation, says: "Once again events demonstrate that we can impose peace only by war. So long as the League of Nations has no powerful army it will only keep from fighting those who are incapable of employing with advantage the eternal argument." In other words, might still makes right when a nation like Italy deems it to its advantage to fight, which goes to show that our country acted wisely in not binding itself by the League covenant which is so soon treated as "a scrap of paper" by one of its leading subscribers. In some quarters hope is still expressed that England and Spain with the support of Sweden, Belgium, Uruguay and other small nations may yet prevail on Italy to accept intervention. But it is predicted that if Italy should persist in her refusal the League of Nations will soon be disrupted.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Brownie's Triumph

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

He asked her to draw back the bolt and push the door open.

He bent and touched her hand with his lips, with a murmured farewell.

Vain hope! The figure quickened his steps coming directly toward her.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Brownie Douglas, waiting at Memorial Hall, Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, attracts the attention of two gentlemen, Adrian Dredmond, an Englishman, and Mr. Gordon who recognizes Brownie, she being an intimate friend of his sisters. Her father, dying before she is born, and her mother at her birth, she is adopted by her great aunt who gives her her name Mehetabel and brings her up to remember she is a direct descendant from the Scottish nobility. Her nurse calls her Brownie from the first. Adrian Dredmond picks up a costly cuff button with a large D, studded with brilliants and the word "Brownie" upon the back. That night Miss Mehetabel Douglas tells Brownie the story of her betrothal to Lord Dunforth, the ball given by Helen Capel's aunt, Lady Ruxley, her introduction to Count de Lusan, a man of questionable reputation, her refusal to cancel a dance at Lord Dunforth's command, Helen Capel's treachery in suppressing a note, her serious illness, her coming to America, where her father and mother soon died. She gives Brownie her jewels, including her engagement ring, coral cross and all other gifts from Lord Dunforth. That night she dies and upon the reading of the will Mr. Conrad, who has the care of her aunt's property admits using and losing money entrusted to him, leaving Brownie, after all debts and legacies to the servants are paid, two hundred dollars. Refusing help, she secures a situation in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge to be governess to their two younger daughters and a companion and interpreter on a proposed trip to Europe. Mrs. Coolidge and the eldest daughter Isabel admit her personal charms but are jealous of her beauty and many accomplishments. Boarding the steamer, Brownie is saved from an accident by Adrian Dredmond. Wilbur takes her to his mother and sister who realize Wilbur's infatuation for Brownie. Adrian Dredmond overhears their determination to prevent Wilbur's further attention. Going to London they take a house near where Miss Mehetabel lived. Wilbur buys tickets for the opera and insists that Miss Douglas shall go too. Selecting her jewels, among which is a coral cross, Mrs. Coolidge finds her so radiant decides it shall not occur again. Adrian Dredmond entering the Coolidge box, is introduced to Brownie and, when leaving, escorts her to the carriage, where she receives insults from Mrs. Coolidge. Isabel, envious of Brownie's elegant dress and jewels, queries to her mother Brownie's honesty. Seeing her go for a walk, Isabel enters Brownie's room and securing her jewels takes them to her mother, who requests that Brownie, upon her return, be sent to her. She asks Brownie if she has anything in her possession not legally hers and accuses her of stealing jewels and clothing. Brownie demands the return of the casket. Mrs. Coolidge refusing, Brownie threatens legal measures for their return. Wilbur intercedes and promises upon his father's return justice shall be done. Knowing she is to leave, Wilbur orders a cab and directs that Brownie be driven to "The Washington." Adrian Dredmond calls, requesting to see Miss Douglas. Asking for her address, Isabel does not know and he leaves distressed and indignant. Wilbur sends it and Adrian going to "The Washington" fails to find her. Mr. Coolidge hires a detective without success. Going to Lady Peasewell's pary, Isabel wears Brownie's jewels. She meets Sir Charles Randal, who conducts her to the conservatory. Passing Lord Dunforth, he detects the ring and demands where she got it, also the other jewels. Claiming they are heirlooms, did Mehetabel Douglas give them to her. They were my last gift to her. Sir Charles appears and Lord Dunforth begs her to forget what has occurred. Two years after Sir Charles's birth there was a prospect of an addition to the family. Lady Randal was traveling and coming home a year later said it was hard to lose one's children. Mr. Coolidge returning to New York, Lady Randal, who was Helen Capel and a cousin of Lord Dunforth, invites the Coolidges to Vallingham Hall, Isabel being engaged to Sir Charles. Isabel walking with him sees Lady Ruxley leaning upon the arm of a young woman. The next day a dinner is given by the Earl of Dunforth and Isabel is presented to his grandson, Adrian Dredmond, who meets her with scorn and recognizes the jewels she wears. Introduced to Lady Ruxley, she predicts dire things through Isabel Coolidge. Adrian saves Brownie from death and determines to make her his wife. Lady Ruxley, reaching home, finds a summons to Vallingham Hall. Adrian asks his grandfather's permission for his marriage, which is granted until he learns his future wife was born in America and is in reduced circumstances, and leaving her position as governess under false accusations, withdraws his consent and threatens disinheritance. Lady Ruxley brings a box of papers to Brownie requesting her to find an operetta, among which is the note written by Mehetabel Douglas and suppressed by Helen Capel, now Lady Randal. Going for a walk Brownie meets Isabel in the hall and demands her jewels. Isabel refuses to return them. Later, passing Isabel's room, the door being open, Brownie sees the casket, secures it and faces Mrs. Coolidge as she leaves the room. Refusing to give up the casket, and convincing Mrs. Coolidge she can prove by Lord Dunforth, her right to the jewels, Mrs. Coolidge requests the loan of them until after the wedding. Brownie will not yield. Mrs. Coolidge succeeds in entrapping Brownie into a cell-like room. Isabel coming in seizes the casket. Brownie escapes by the help of a human misshapen in form and feature.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HERBERT RANDAL.

"I BEG your pardon. I did not mean to be inquisitive, or to arouse any unpleasant memories." Brownie hastened to say, but she looked somewhat disappointed, as well as embarrassed.

He saw it, and, after a moment's thought, continued, speaking more to himself than her:

"During the last few years of my life I have been led to recognize a higher power as guiding my life, and I have been praying that its bitterness might be removed. I am not sure but what that prayer is beginning to be answered by the events of tonight, and your presence here. So why should I not tell you?"

Then, with sudden decision, he went on:

"Miss Douglas, this place has been my home all my life. Yes," as he saw her look of surprise, and speaking with great bitterness, "a galley slave is scarcely more of a prisoner than I have been ever since my unfortunate birth. I have never seen the outside of these buildings, excepting four blank walls which inclose a small court; I know not what my surroundings are, what my country is like, and, beyond my own attendants, scarce have seen the face of a human being. I think I must have been born with a deformed disposition as well as a distorted body; for, as a child, I was subject to fits of passion, so furious and of such long duration, that those who had charge of me deemed me insane and unsafe for the time, and used to confine me in yonder cell until I came to my senses. The bolt, you perceive, can be fastened on this side, so that the shaft will not move, and I could not get out until they released me. I used to grow frightened and almost idiotic shut up in that dismal place, with its sepulcher-like stillness, and I really think that in those days I was more brute than human. Forgive me for disturbing you with my sorrow—it will overcome me at times. But, as I was saying, I used to think I should die shut up in there away from every one; so, after my passion exhausted itself and I was let out, I would busy myself, when I was alone in this room, by cutting away this wall, and puncturing these holes; and then when they put me in there, I would creep close to this spot, and, with my ear against these holes, I could hear what was said and done here, and did not feel quite so lonely and wild."

A shudder seemed to shake his whole frame at the remembrance of those fearful days.

"No one but yourself," he continued, "knows to this day that the wall has been mutilated thus."

The more she heard him talk, the more she wondered who he could be—this sad young cripple, who was so gentle, yet repulsive, so intelligent, yet to all appearance scarcely human. She looked at her watch, and found it was four o'clock. The young man, noting the act, suddenly said:

"How thoughtless in me, Miss Douglas, to keep you standing all this time. I suppose you will be obliged to remain here until daylight, as there is no way for you to get back into the Hall except by going outside from here, and of course it will be useless to attempt that until the household are astir. If you can be comfortable here for an hour longer I will do my best to entertain you. I have books, and all the latest periodicals, and there is an easy-chair by the fire, which I know you will enjoy."

He led her toward the fire, which really made the somewhat dismal apartment very cheerful.

Her thoughts were filled with this young man; she longed to know more of his sad history, and why his life had been rendered such a blank.

It could not be that he was really insane, and that it was necessary to confine him thus! Was she with a madman?

The thought for the moment startled her so that she actually felt faint. But, no; one look into that calm, patient face, with its deep, intelligent eyes, completely banished all fear, and left her more in the dark than ever.

"You are very weary," the young man remarked, seeing her listless attitude.

"No," she answered smiling; "but I am wondering how my explanation regarding my absence and sudden reappearance will be received by Lady Ruxley."

"Ah! I had not thought of that," he replied, with a painful start, and a vivid flush crimsoning his white face.

"You are an inmate of the family, then?" he asked, thoughtfully.

"I am companion to Lady Ruxley, although before coming to her I was governess in the family of that woman who entrapped me into yonder cell." She then related to him something of her troubles with Mrs. Coolidge.

"And it is her daughter who is to marry m—Sir Charles?" the young man asked, deeply interestedly.

"Yes."

"Is she anything like her mother?"

"Very much like her," Brownie said, dryly.

"A fine wife he will have, I fear!" he answered, with curling lips.

"I am very sorry for him," the young girl replied, gently.

"He is very nice, I expect," said the cripple, his lips quivering painfully, while he shaded his face with his hand.

"He is indeed a very fine young man, I am told."

"Would you mind telling me what he is like?" and Brownie wondered why his tones were husky and tremulous.

She described him as well as she could, and concluded:

"To sum it all up, he is very handsome, and as good—they say—and noble in proportion."

A heavy sigh was the only reply, and then he appeared to be sunk in reverie.

After an awkward silence, he suddenly aroused himself, and said:

"Miss Douglas, you and I are both placed in a very trying position by the events of tonight. It did not enter my mind that any explanation would have to be rendered as to your release from yonder cell, although I should not have hesitated an instant about aiding you had I thought of it. I see now that some account of it will be necessary, but I must tell you frankly that it will bring the direst confusion upon the inmates of Vallingham Hall, when you return and make known the fact of your imprisonment and the manner of your release."

"I expected it would be somewhat embarrassing to Mrs. Coolidge and her daughter, but how else will it bring confusion?" Brownie asked, wonderingly.

"Because it will have to be known that I was instrumental in it, and there are but two or three people in the world who know of my existence; consequently, it would involve some very awkward explanations on the part of at least one individual, and that is my own mother. Miss Douglas, my name is Herbert Randal!"

"What! are you Lady Randal's son?" demanded Brownie, in astonishment.

"Yes; and Sir Charles is my own brother, although I have never yet looked upon his face; neither do I remember having seen my mother more than half-a-dozen times in my life," he replied, with intense bitterness.

"Impossible! Why, it is too horrible!" ejaculated the young girl, more and more astonished and shocked.

"It is even so. It does not seem possible that a mother could so far forget her motherhood as to willingly condemn her own flesh and blood to what I have been doomed ever since my birth; but it is true, nevertheless. I was born abroad while my mother was traveling one summer, but I was such a misshapen mass of humanity that she went into convulsions upon first beholding me, and has seldom been able to bear the sight of me since. While my father lived I was kept out of the country, and I do not believe that even he knew of my existence; but after his death my mother had me brought here, and hired an old woman and her son to take care of me until I was about fourteen years of age. They often abused and ill-treated me, and I think perhaps it was owing to this that I was so ungovernable at times. Since that time a broken-down professor has had the principal charge of me and my education. He has been paid a high salary upon the condition that he would never betray his trust. I think he would be glad to see me in different circumstances, but he has an invalid sister depending upon him, and he has no other means of support. I am never allowed to go out, except under circumstances of the utmost secrecy, and then only into a little court hemmed in by the blank walls of these buildings, and I live here in this secret chamber, unknown to all but my mother, my tutor, and my servants."

"Dreadful!" murmured Brownie, almost moved to tears by the sad recital.

"You may well say that. It is dreadful to be shut up from the beautiful world—for I read of its beauties, if I cannot see them; but it is more dreadful to be shut away from all affection and kindness. In my youth I could not patiently bear it, and gave way to those fearful outbursts of passion of which I have told you. If my father were living, things might be different, for I have heard that he was a good man. My brother I have never seen, and I suppose he does not dream of such a thing as a relative like me; and while my mother not only cannot bear the sight of her crippled son, she is also ambitious that the one who is a credit to her should profit by all the advantages possible. My first thought when I resolved to release you tonight, was that perhaps the event might open a way of escape for me also, and that I could go away by myself and no one ever know who I am. But your connection with Lady Ruxley, and your having been an inmate of the family, will make it necessary that my agency in the matter be explained. Of course, in order to justify yourself, you will have to tell how you came to be shut up, and the next inquiry will be, 'How did you get out?'"

"I see," said Brownie, with curling lips; "and if I proclaim the fact that a young man by the name of Herbert Randal, who has also been kept a close prisoner for over twenty years by a heartless mother's decree, liberated me, it is going to make it very uncomfortable for Lady Randal. Pardon me," she added, flushing a lovely color, and dropping the scorn out of her voice, "but I honestly believe the time has come when it is right that the world should know of your existence, and that you should know something of your kindred and the world in which you live," she concluded, indignantly.

"I sometimes go to a little old chapel, which incloses one side of the little court of which I have spoken. I found an entrance to it through the vaults, and I sometimes go there to read. I might have escaped long ago in that way had it not been for my tutor, whom I knew would be reduced to the most abject poverty if deprived of his situation, and so pity has kept me here."

"But you might go out and assert your rights. Of course, a portion of all this property would fall to you, and then you could see that he did not suffer," interposed Brownie.

"Yes, I might do that, and perhaps thereby gain the hatred of my brother. I want his love—oh, I crave the love of some human being!" he cried, almost passionately.

"He has sent you a friend at all events, if you will allow me to be such," Brownie said, impulsively, and reaching out her hand to him, while two bright tears rolled over her flushed cheeks and dropped upon her black dress.

"Ah! then this is the beginning of good things for me, and I will accept it as a precious omen," he replied, clasping her hand warmly, and his eyes lighted with a deep, and sudden joy. "I do not mean to complain," he added, a moment after, "for I have many things to be thankful for, and I thank my Maker every day that He gave me this ugly body rather than a blunted intellect. I have my books, and moderately good health, though that would be better, I think, if I could be more in the air. But I try to feel that all my privations are sent to teach me some great lesson in life, and fit me for better things."

Brownie sat in deep and perplexed thought for several minutes. There were evidently only two things which she could do; either leave the Hall altogether and hide, as Mrs. Coolidge had proposed, letting her disappearance still remain a mystery, or boldly face them all, and let the guilty suffer for their own wrong-doing.

Herbert Randal read something of Brownie's thoughts in her troubled face.

"I do not see that there is but one course for you to pursue, Miss Douglas," he said, "and that is to explain everything in a straightforward way. Perhaps if you could conceal the fact from all but the immediate family that it was Lady Randal's son who released you, it might save some scandal."

"Do you not think it right and just that the truth be made known?" Brownie asked, gravely, adding: "I shall never rest content until I know you are at liberty to go and come at your own will and pleasure, and have your rights."

"You are very kind. I shall leave it all to your own judgment. If it is necessary, of course the secret will have to come out. You can judge how much of an explanation may be necessary as soon as you reach the Hall."

He took the candle, and sweeping aside a portion of the tapestry hangings, revealed an iron door. He asked her to draw back the bolt and push the door open.

She did so, and saw a flight of stone steps.

He limped down these, she following, and soon came to what appeared a grated window.

He told her to slide back the grating, when she would see another bolt which fastened the window.

She obeyed, and slipping the bolt, the window swung open on hinges, when, descending two or three more steps, they found themselves in what he had called a court, but what was in reality a small, ancient burying ground, surrounded on three sides by the walls of the Hall, and on the fourth by that of the old chapel.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BROWNIE LIBERATED.

"You would not suppose that Vallingham Hall concealed such a spot in its very heart, would you?" Herbert Randal asked, as they stepped into the court.

"No; it is an enigma to me even now."

"Where you have been tonight is a portion of the original buildings. The chapel and the Hall have been built around this square, and, as you perceive, there are no windows overlooking the place, which was once used as a burial ground, although nearly all evidences of that have disappeared."

"Take care!" he cried, as she stumbled and nearly fell over a grave; "I did not think we were so near that. It seems strange that it should remain when all the others have disappeared."

He halted for her, for her sudden fall, the weird place, together with the night of excitement made her so weak and trembling that she could scarcely walk.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, pityingly.

She shook her head and tried to smile courageously, but he saw that her lips were white and quivering.

It was beginning to be light overhead, but, hemmed in by those towering walls, the place, with its deep-tangled grass, and damp, moldy smell was fearfully gloomy and ghostly, while her guide, with his misshapen form, and his white waving hair, his haggard face, rendered more ghastly still by the flickering, uncertain light of the candle which he bore, made it seem like some haunted spot in which restless spirits roamed at will.

When they reached the chapel there was another grating to be removed, another window, from which nearly every pane of glass had disappeared, to be opened, and they came to another flight of stone steps.

These they descended cautiously, for they were becoming loosened from their place, and were falling to ruin, and soon found themselves in a vaulted cavern, dismal and gloomy enough for the dwelling-place of the dead.

The candle flickered and flared, giving an uncertain light, but Brownie could see the numerous shelves which were ranged along the side, each containing a silent occupant, in its moldy, worm-eaten coffin.

A gasp of fear told young Randal something of what his companion was suffering.

He halted at the foot of the steps, and said regretfully:

"Miss Douglas, nothing but necessity would ever compel me to bring a delicate lady into such a dreadful place; and now, if I can only persuade you to put your hand upon my arm, and close your eyes, I will guide you safely through this vault and you need never realize what is in it."

She laid her hand lightly upon his arm and he thrilled at the touch.

It was a new and strange experience for the lonely boy, and one which he long lived upon in remembrance.

The abode of the dead was soon traversed and they came to still another flight of steps.

Herbert Randal, mounting them first, lifted a trapdoor, and setting his candle down, reached his hand to Brownie, and in another moment she was standing safe, but nearly exhausted, within the altar of the chapel.

The young man made her sit down and rest while he talked cheerfully and interestingly of the place, hoping thus to turn her mind from the horrors through which they had just passed.

After a while he arose, crossed the chancel, and led the way to a small side door, whose key was in the lock.

This he turned and pushed the door open, letting in the fresh breath of morning.

The relief which Brownie experienced was expressed by a long-drawn sigh, and, looking up into her companion's face, she smiled a wan, little smile, as she said:

"I fear you will think me very cowardly, but indeed my nerves were nearly unstrung by excitement and anxiety before this last experience."

"Do not speak of it; I am sure you have borne it bravely. And now, if you will follow that path," he added, pointing it out to her, "it will lead you directly through this grove, around to the front of the Hall, where I think you will find no difficulty now in entering."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

"Comfort" Sisters' Corner

This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

OLIVER Goldsmith never would have said, "Man wants but little here below," if he could have read the letters describing their Ideal Wife, that the men have written to the Sisters' Corner.

Here are a few of the requirements:

Petite, etherial widow, whose husband was hanged.
Good form, freckles and red hair.
A flapper.
A non-flapper.
Knowledge of fishing, hunting and swimming.
Good cook and sense of humor.
Good family.
Buxom.
Ability to shoot a rifle and slip through the mountains like a cat.
Interested in medicine.
A Christian.
A Presbyterian and have read the Bible.
A musician.

There are a great many more, so many, in fact, that not all the letters can be printed for which we are sorry, but we are glad that so many men read the sisters' letters and letters from them would be welcome at any time on any subject.

This discussion of Ideal Husbands and Wives was intended in the abstract and not, as so many seemed to think, in the nature of a *Matrimonial* Agency.

Without a doubt, there will be romances follow these letters, and while COMFORT will rejoice at any that culminate happily, it assumes no responsibility for those that terminate unfortunately. We like to think that every reader of COMFORT is honest, but do not blame us if you find one that isn't. Use discretion in writing to any stranger, regardless of where you get the name and address, and it isn't a bad idea to use discretion when writing to friends.

Here's to the men!—Ed.

MUNCY, R. R. 6, PA.

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Will you allow me to come in and discuss the "Ideal Wife and Husband" subject a while with you? Thanks I won't stay very long.

In the first place, I believe that women should not expect more of their husbands than they are willing to give, themselves. By this, I mean, they should not demand a husband better than they are. In my opinion, marriage should be an equal partnership, each sharing equally in everything. In fact—if they live up to the marriage vow, they will be doing just this.

I think Mrs. B.'s letter in July COMFORT was a good example of broad-minded observations. And I'll wager that she and her husband get along all right.

Now for my ideal of a wife. In the first place, she must be a respectable woman, who is willing to help make a home. (I do not merely want a place to stay). She must be willing to rear children, although I believe that the number of children should depend largely upon the financial possibilities of the family. Personally, I wouldn't want a large family. But of course, everyone to their own ideas on this subject. My ideal wife should be a good cook, and neat in her appearance at all times, not given too much to cosmetics, or in other words, just a common woman with good sense. She need not be of high society, but of good moral character.

To those who picture such high ideals, I want to say that I fear that if they wait till they find one that comes up to those ideals, they'll probably have to wait a long time. Possibly stay single all their lives. However, better this than an ill-mated marriage. I think a couple contemplating marriage, should understand each other fully, before marriage. Little hidden faults found out after marriage, often are the cause of an inharmonious married life. I do not desire my wife to be *perfect* and it would not be fair to expect *her* to be perfect, for I am far from being perfect myself. And above all, she must be jolly and good natured, for otherwise, we would be sure to disagree. I would like her to be attractive looking, although not necessarily pretty.

Taking it altogether, I think the average man, appreciates a woman who is a good companion at all times, kind, loving and thoughtful. And I think the man should measure up to these requirements, himself, if he expects to have a happy married life.

A Steady Reader of COMFORT.
AUGUSTUS H. TRICK.

STATESVILLE, N C

'LO SISTERS:

As a bachelor I have followed your discussions of your Ideal Husband with much interest and keen enjoyment and I am delighted to see so many hold such high ideals. If all our women and girls had the high ideals expressed by some in the Sisters' Corner and would put them into practice by refusing to keep company with men who did not measure up to their ideals I believe we would soon note a marked improvement in the standard of our manhood.

Mrs. W. says one whole issue of the Sisters' Corner will be given over to the men in which to tell of their Ideal Wife and I am going to discuss some of the things my ideal wife should possess, though I am sure I will not be able to give full expression to my ideals.

The first requirement in my Ideal Wife is love. She must love me as deeply and truly as I will love her for I believe that upon this one requirement is based the foundation for congeniality and a true sense of happiness in married life. My Ideal Wife is broad-minded and intellectually inclined, congenial, sympathetic and always understands in any situation. She has courage, wisdom and patience, a sense of humor and always proves to be bigger and better than is expected of her. She is kind and generous and has a sweet disposition, lots of temper but is always able to control it under any situation. In short, she is a woman above petty things and one who brings out the best there is in me.

Morally she is above reproach, I do not think that size or type is essential to a happy married life, though my ideal woman is of small or medium size; a well-developed figure and is inclined to the brunette type. Naturally I would like for her to be attractive of feature but you know the saying, "Beauty is as beauty does" and I think that beauty of character and disposition is far more to be desired than beauty of feature. She is neither bold nor of the clinging-vine type, but rather, she fills the "happy medium" between these extremes. She is full of life and takes a keen pleasure in life and its many amusements, yet she does not put any of these pleasures before her home, children and duties as a wife and mother. She is a deep lover of music and nature, is optimistic and meets life with a smile.

These are only a few of the qualities necessary in an ideal wife and I have not mentioned the kindred subjects which can be discussed in connection with this subject. Perhaps I may do so later. But I wonder how many will agree with me in what I have said. If anyone wants to write to me I'll be glad to have their letters but I am not making any promise as to how many I will answer as this will depend upon circumstances at that time. With best wishes to all, I am

Cordially, CLARENCE E. BEAM.

WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR EDITOR:

I am glad you have let down the bars so that we men can get a word in, in self defense. I for one never did believe the women had a right to "shoot" at us from behind a wall like they have been doing, so please accept my thanks for this one chance, and if I don't get my money's worth it will not be your fault.

Regarding the discussion of the "*Ideal Husband*" some of the sisters certainly have a great idea of a man, but it is dollars to doughnuts that if they had their own *ideal* in trousers, that they would soon spoil him, because I *know* that a woman can make, or break a man almost at will and more good men are ruined,—as husbands—by peevish, nagging women than by all the other influences combined including intoxicating liquors.

Now for the other side of the discussion, we have some ideals also.

My *ideal* of a wife is, (1) a Christian, as to church membership that is not important, but she must be trying to live right. (2) A mother, in every sense of the word. (3) Love husband above all things earthly.

Personally I have done, and still do lots of traveling, and am in all kinds of homes and I have studied the home life of people of all classes, in the past few years, and I am still looking for the *ideal* home, I have not found it.

One home in particular, I have in mind. All of the family belong to the same church that I do, and I have been a frequent and welcome guest in their home for years. I thought that home *ideal*, husband loves wife, wife loves husband, and both love the children, but just a few days ago I saw an example of pettishness on the part of that wife that dashed my ideal to pieces, and spoiled my confidence in another woman.

I will have to say for some of the women and girls that have expressed their ideal, that I most heartily agree with them in some points, that is regarding liquor and tobacco, don't let any man make you believe that he can't quit either of these vile habits, for he can do it, and if he has not love enough for you to do so at your request,—and you are not already tied to him—take my advice and let him go, for he will only make you miserable.

In regard to quitting these habits I speak from experience. I have been intoxicated for weeks at a time, and used tobacco in all its forms, and I quit both, not at the request of a woman however, but for the sake of the lowly Nazerine.

And listen girls, do you know you have it in your power to stamp out this curse of curses, cigarettes. If the girls would only refuse to have anything to do with the boys who smoke them, they would soon be a memory instead of a menace.

In conclusion let me say girls stick to your ideal till you find him, then keep him that way, and you wives that have not your ideal, start making him, out of the man you have.

Here is a recipe that has my guarantee to do the job but it may take some time to do it, depending on how long the case has been running.

First, never nag, nagging is just exactly like oil added to a fire—makes a bad matter worse—and never brings any good results.

Second, keep neat and sweet, if a man comes home tired and hungry after a hard day's work, he likes to meet a neat, smiling woman, and if he knows there is such a welcome waiting for him it helps shorten the hours of toil, and makes life seem a little more worth the living; but if on the other hand he has a grouchy, nagging, dirty wife, what attraction has home for him, so girls while you are fixing a standard for men why not set one for yourself and then try to live up to it, and above all never think of going into a home of your own until you can take Jesus in it with you, or it will in some ways—at least—be a failure, for nothing is worse in the homelife than a vulgar, profanewoman, not meaning that all women who are not Christians are vulgar and profane, but a number of them are or become so.

With best wishes to all, JUST A. MAN.

Just A Man.—Do you think it fair to condemn a woman because of one example of pettishness? Otherwise, I like your letter.—Ed.

NEWPORT, R. R. 4., TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND FRIENDS:

It is very kind of you to give us a chance to tell what our "Ideal Girl" is like. I am sure that I appreciate the opportunity to try and give you a pen-picture of that dream girl o' mine.

But say! Let's you and I get acquainted first. I want you to really know me; then maybe you can feel that what I say is sincere—straight from the heart. I am not *perfect*—not by any means! But I do wish you to know I'd like to be. It is my sincere desire to do the right thing always; because I know God is just; and—"We'll reap exactly as we sow."

When I look back over the past I can see many, many mistakes. Yet there are no scars because of 'em; which I must carry with me to the grave. Boys have laughed at me because I wouldn't be a "regular fellow"; but I ask you, Does it pay? Will the magic words of preacher convert your "wild oats" into good seed and bring happiness in married life? I should think not! If it were so I would certainly do things which, otherwise, I won't.

Frankly, I don't ever expect to meet "My Ideal Girl"—unless I, at least, try to be worthy of *her*. So it is my wish to be what God, my mother, and the best girl in the world would have me be. Of course I can't reach such ideals—but dear friends, I'm really trying.

Let me take you back to the past a few moments; then we will get out in the future with *the girl*. I am just a great big brown-eyed boy. ('Way back when I was little, a very dear old lady often spoke of me as "the boy with such pretty brown eyes", and I wondered, even then, if—someday—a girl would think 'em pretty too.) More than anyone else, I must thank *mother* for my good luck in avoiding the evil habits which boys so easily learn. I don't smoke. Didn't even learn in Uncle Sam's Army where he gives his boys cigarettes. Neither do I drink or swear. Oh, I wanted to be big and strong. That's why I didn't learn to smoke. I am six feet, two inches tall and weigh 195 pounds.

Honest! Girls, can you really mean that, in your visions of a happy married life, you see a "Morris chair and pipe"? That either eliminates me—the husband—or, I can "see" my head in your lap during the "after effects."

The girl I would like to love and marry possesses that God-given wisdom which enables her to discern the worth-while things in life. She ignores mere trifles and considers obstacles along life's pathway merely as something to be overcome. She believes in the infinite goodness of God and has sublime faith in the ultimate victory of right over wrong.

I want a girl who is so pure and womanly she would scorn the thought of sacrificing her character and good name for even a King's ransom. One who could endure the nervous strain, temptation, and fame of a "movie" star—and still be a pure, noble woman. In other words, her intense desire for love and a happy married life must be greater than anything else. The vivid picture of a happy home and children must be so strong in her mind that she will forsake *temporary pleasures* and go on being true to her "Ideal Lover."

Wonder how many will write—wishing me luck in finding such a girl. I just wish I could get a letter from every "single" one of you.

Your Tennessee Friend, LUTHER HUFF.

Luther.—If I had a daughter of marriageable age I would want her to marry a boy of your ideals.—Ed.

ILLINOIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

"Couldn't get what I wanted and the devil wouldn't have what I could get," sums up the secret of the single blessedness (?) of more myriad human beings than all other reasons put together. Certainly it has been the bar to my matrimonial inclinations and aspirations and still holds me in its handicap.

And what were the qualities of the wife of my early dreams?

Pretty, petite, dressy, educated, refined, etherial, feeding upon manna and sipping dewdrops, angelic and loving, untouched with the censual and voluptuous—an Undine incarnate.

Forty years of close association with my school girls as well as their "bigger" sisters, have convinced me "there hain't any sich critter" and it's well there isn't. Girls and women, for the most part, are only their fathers and brothers in petticoats, sometimes with a little veneer of refinement and feminine deceit.

With the gas of my youthful balloon let out and my "up-in-airness" well settled earthward, what are my wifely requirements today?

Simply, fair looker and dresser of course, some refinement and accomplishments,—mostly a healthy, good-natured woman, maid or widow, unincumbered; middle aged, good housekeeper and homemaker, country trained, still rather petite and with the grace and spirit of the good Lord Jesus within her heart, guiding and inspiring her every walk and talk.

If a widow, besides not being incumbered, I very much prefer that her first husband was hung or at

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

HARRIET C. Allen, 805 E. B'way, Louisville, Kentucky, wins the Sisters' Pin for October with her recipe for Swiss Steak. The prize-winning recipe is the one that gives the exact proportions and easiest and best way of combining the various ingredients used. Don't say "a little" of this and "just enough" of something else, else you'll never win a prize.—Ed.

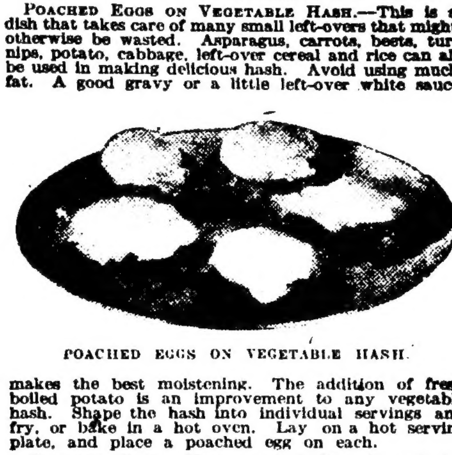
SWISS STEAK.—Beat one cup of flour into a four-pound rump or shoulder steak, using the edge of a heavy saucer. Sear the meat on both sides in hot skillet, using four tablespoons of lard. Place in roaster and add three pints of hot water, one small can of tomato pulp, three onions sliced, one garlic button, and salt and pepper. Cover closely and bake slowly for two hours. For a change, one cup of celery or one cup of carrots, diced, can be added. Potatoes may be baked in with the meat, adding them one-half hour before serving.

Harriet C. Allen, Louisville, 805 East B'way, Ky.

CANNED FOWL.—In answer to the one who, in "COMFORT Sisters' Corner" requested the way to can chicken, I will give my method which will, perhaps answer if none better is given. For one medium-sized bird one pint can or two half-pint cans well sterilized will be needed. Cook the fowl, salted as for your table, in your boiler or kettle until well cooked, then remove to a platter and separate all meat from the bones and pack into the jar until it is full lacking one-half inch, then put in water from the boiler until jar is full. Put on new, good rubber ring and cap with one wire snapped in place on top of can. Now place jar in boiler of warm water with water covering jar and boil three hours. Do not let jar touch bottom of boiler. A few iron spikes will answer in bottom of boiler. Put other jars around meat jar to keep it upright, or a wire rack is better. After boiling three hours fasten top on permanently and set aside to cool and to test for leaks. Set jar, bottom side up and after cooling put away in a dark place. I have canned all kinds of meat this way and have never failed to succeed.

Mrs. Will P. Winslow, Oakland, R. R. 35, Me.

POACHED EGGS ON VEGETABLE HASH.—This is a dish that takes care of many small left-overs that might otherwise be wasted. Asparagus, carrots, beets, turnips, potato, cabbage, left-over cereal and rice can all be used in making delicious hash. Avoid using much fat. A good gravy or a little left-over white sauce makes the best moistening. The addition of fresh boiled potato is an improvement to any vegetable hash. Shape the hash into individual servings and fry, or bake in a hot oven. Lay on a hot serving plate, and place a poached egg on each.



POACHED EGGS ON VEGETABLE HASH.

POACHED EGGS.—Have water boiling in a frying pan, adding two teaspoons of salt to the quart. Break each egg separately into a saucer and slip into the water. The water should not boil again after the eggs are put in as it tends to separate the thin edges of white from the egg. Very gently push the eggs from the bottom to prevent their catching on.

SUGAR CURED PORK.—After the meat is thoroughly cooled, rub each piece with salt, or make a weak brine and let the meat remain in it three or four days. Drain and pack meat in barrel with hams and shoulders in the bottom, using strips of bacon to fill in sides or put on top. For each one hundred pounds allow eight pounds of salt, two pounds of dark brown sugar, and two ounces of saltpeter. Dissolve all in four gallons of water and pour over the meat. Bacon strips should remain in this for four or six weeks and hams and shoulders six to eight weeks. Then drain and smoke. If bugs ever bother smoked meat, mix borax and black pepper together and rub over meat.

Mrs. Hazel Wervee, Rushville, R. R. 6, Ind.

CANNED BEEF OR VEAL.—Cut meat in pieces small enough to go into glass fruit jars. Fill quart jars one-half full of meat, then add one teaspoon of salt and one-half teaspoon of pepper and finish filling jar with meat. Place rubbers on jars and turn lids down tight then unscrew lids one turn. Use old rubbers on jars while boiling as the boiling ruins the rubbers. Place jars on a rack in a boiler. Fill boiler with water to within an inch of top of jars. Bring to a boil and let boil three hours, adding more boiling water as it is needed. Now take jars out, one at a time, and put on new rubbers, which have been dipped in hot water, and seal as you would fruit. When ready to use, empty meat into a pan and warm. I use the broth for gravy and we are very fond of the meat.

Mrs. A. C. Willis, Lindsay, Calif.

CANNED PORK.—Fill glass fruit jars with mostly lean meat. Use the fat for lard. I seldom put in bones unless to be used soon. Add one level tablespoon salt to quart jar. Put rubbers and lids on but do not screw perfectly tight. Put board or something in bottom of boiler, put cans in and fill to top of cans with cold water. Let come to boil and boil four hours. Lift from boiler while hot and screw air tight, using new rubbers. This will keep indefinitely.

Mrs. J. T. Jones, Glendora, Calif.

THE DELICIOUS PEACH.—Take two or three large peaches, yellow ones, fair and smooth, for each guest whom you expect to serve. Place them in a vessel and pour very hot water upon them until they are entirely covered. Let them remain in the scalding water half or three-quarters of a minute and then pour a covering of cold water upon them and add a lump of ice as large as a cocoanut. After they have stood in the cooling bath ten or fifteen minutes, lift them out one by one and remove the skin which can be done with surprising ease by starting it with a knife and pulling it gently with the fingers as one does in peeling tomatoes after a similar treatment. When the skins are removed put the peaches into a large earthern dish being careful to pile them on top of one another, as little as possible and place the dish in the refrigerator. Ten minutes before it is time to serve them lift them carefully one at a time into a large dish, a cut glass salad bowl answers the purpose nicely, and cover them with finely chopped ice. At the table the hostess is to serve them in flat plates, not in small deep dishes, and for each person there must be a fork and a small fruit knife with which the pits can be removed easily. Served in this way and with fine sugar and a pitcher filled with golden cream, a dish of peaches becomes a luscious melting dream, a dish fit for the gods.

Mrs. Minnie O. Mackintosh, San Diego, 3932 Cleveland Ave., Cal.

TRIPE IN BATTER WITH DRESSED POTATOES.—Cut tripe into serving pieces. If pickled, wash and cover with boiling water and allow it to cook very slowly on the back of stove. Boiling is liable to toughen the tripe. It should cook about twenty minutes. Drain and cover with skim-milk, bring to the boiling point, drain and wipe dry. Season melted butter with pepper and salt, brush it over both sides of the tripe and then dip in batter. Quickly fry in deep fat.

TRIPE IN BATTER WITH DRESSED POTATOES.

BATTER.—Beat one egg with one-third cup of milk and mix with one cup of sifted flour sifted twice again with one third teaspoon of salt and two scant teaspoons of baking powder.

If the tripe is fresh, wipe clean and broil over coals. Spread with melted butter, and sprinkle with salt and a little pepper, or it may be served with tomato sauce.

Boil potatoes, cut into eighths, dress with melted butter, salt, a little scraped onion and heat in a hot oven.

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A FORGOTTEN LOVE

By Adelaide Stirling

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CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LAST CHANCE GOES!

There are queer lives in London, and Annie Sloane's was one of the queerest.

She was on the music-hall stage, where she did surprising feats that were half-strength, half-trick. But she cared nothing for her profession, and had not a friend in the world but the furtive-mannered man she was talking to. And him she loved with all her soul, though he sometimes disappeared from her ken for months.

He would have pulled her back now as she made a quick movement to the girl lying on the pavement.

"Don't go near her, Annie!"—he had turned with disgust from the blistered hands, the bare and dreadful feet. "She's only some drunken beast, and she's all over erysipelas, or something."

"Don't talk rot!" There was scorn in the way she turned on him. "Don't you see she's been burned?"

"Burned, is she?" He sauntered toward the woman, who was on her knees by the pitiful thing that had been Jacky Hamilton. "Well, she's come by it honestly, I'll bet! But I'll call a policeman to send her to the hospital, if you like."

"Hospital!" She had turned the girl's face to the light (but he did not see it, having turned away to light his pipe) and something in the wanness of it cut at her heart, for she was country-bred and not yet callous to the cruelty of a great city. "I've seen hospitals," she went on, almost fiercely; "I know what they're like—and I'll give any other woman a chance to speak her mind before I send her to one. This girl's no tough, either! Can't you see she's only a kid? Get out of my way!" imperiously; "I'm going to carry her into the house."

As if the weight of an unconscious girl was nothing, the woman had caught her up, moving with her burden as easily as a man, Jacky's face hidden on her strong shoulder. She was not the "Feminine Hercules" of cheap music-halls for nothing.

"Lord knows what mess she'll get you into!" the man remarked; but he moved as he was told.

"I'll do what I like," she said viciously; "I'm not your wife yet, Tom Smith! Do you think because I do turns at the halls I'm not a woman with a heart in my breast? Don't you dare go and tell no police about her, either, for it's none of your business!"

She swept past him bearing Jacky like a baby, her unrolled hair hanging in a golden flood, and disappeared into the house. The man glanced about him nervously and slipped away out of the little court behind the house Lesard had found so convenient.

A sudden commotion in the street in front of that empty residence was inaudible in the untidy bedroom of the Feminine Hercules. She never dreamt the fire-engines were extinguishing within a stone's throw the very flames that had burned her protegee.

It was a mystery, like half the fires of a great city, and amounted to nothing. Sir Charles Vivian, driving by in a hansom in that frantic search for Jacky, which was his only way of serving Gillian hardly noticed the smoke from the shabby roof, or dreamed the girl he sought was nearer to him than for many a day. And Jacky Hamilton, her errand all undone, her freedom a mockery, knew as little that behind one block of houses the man was passing who could have finished her work for her.

Of a truth, the Feminine Hercules was thinking little of the outside world as she laid the girl she had rescued on her own bed. There was a kind of passion in the eyes that had been so hard. She had had a little sister once who had been hurt in the streets and taken to a hospital. The woman's lips quivered as she remembered that Polly had died calling for the sister the nurse had never sent for. And something in this girl's face reminded her of the other who was dead.

"It's for Polly's sake," she said, dashing the tears from her eyes; "perhaps where she is she'll know I haven't forgotten her! But there weren't no need to tell Tom Smith that," with unconscious cynicism, beginning to cover the scarred and blistered skin with her best cold-cream.

Jacky moved sharply as her strange nurse anointed and bandaged her burns, but when they were covered from the air she lay quiet, never moving as the woman washed the smoke from her pale face and reddened eyes. But they opened suddenly as the woman put her into bed. Bloodshot, anxious, pitiful, they gazed at the woman, and their look wrung her queer, kind heart.

"Bide still, my pretty," she coaxed; "you're with friends I'll take care of you. Yes, yes," as the girl muttered something about going, "you'll go in a minute; just you drink this first."

Something cool and bitter in her parched mouth, a soft pillow under her head, and Jacky Hamilton sank into a dreamless sleep. The dose of laudanum Annie Sloane kept for toothache had done its work well, and, half-dead with exhaustion, Jacky slept painlessly. For days she only woke to drink some milk and drop to sleep again, for, by some instinct, the woman kept her drugged.

"There ain't no call for her to suffer with them hands," she observed one day to her friend, Mr. Smith, when they sat in her untidy parlor, pointing to the door of the bedroom in which Jacky lay dozing. "And she's got a bruise on her back to turn you sick. No, you can't see her!"

"I don't want to," the man returned indifferently. He was pale, and carelessly dressed; his hand shook as he lifted the glass of whiskey beside him. "I only want to know when you're going to get rid of her. You've had her a week."

"Well, she don't make any difference to you!"

He looked at her, a handsome, strong animal in her tawdry tea-gown. He had come across her by chance, and her defiant vitality had attracted him. When he was with her he found he forgot things that haunted him night and day, until within the last week. But not even she could keep away the terror that the last two days had brought him, and he looked round the room like a hunted beast before he answered her.

"I want to marry you; I want to get out of this," he said, breathing short through his teeth. "I'm sick of London. I want to clear out and go to America, now—tomorrow! America would suit us," nervously; "think of the money you could make!"

"Money! That's all you think of, I believe," suspiciously, "that's why you're marrying me—because I can support you. And why do you want to get away? Oh, I'm not blind! There's been something queer about you these two days, and I believe you're in some scrape you are scared of. I've seen you watch the door," tossing her angry head. "I've known you've been blind drunk every minute you've been away from me!"

The glass in his hand shattered on the floor.

"My God, Annie! What are you saying?" he had grown ghastly. "How do you know who might hear?" And then he flung himself down at her knees, weak as water.

"Oh!" he cried, "don't you see you're all I've got? Don't speak to me like that! Marry me and come away with me. Can't you see," lying so that it sounded bitter truth, "that it's drink I'm frightened of, that's ruining me? I was a gentleman once. My God, look at me now!"

"Hush, hush!" she said tenderly, and, shrewd as she was, believed him. "I'll marry you, safe enough, if you can swear you love me—that it's not for my money you want me. I always knew you were a gentleman, but I—I'm no lady!"

"You're all I want," he said, with a dry sob, clinging to the strength of her, comforted by her fast-locked arms. "Annie, look here! Marry me today. You're *right*; I'm blind drunk every minute I'm away from you. Let me stay here, where I feel safe; don't drive me out into the streets again. I tell you I daren't, daren't, leave you!"

There was desperate truth in his voice and she knew it.

"Stay here, if you like," she said simply. "I can sleep with the girl in there, and when she's better I'll marry you. Only let the drink alone, for you're starting at shadows now. It wouldn't take much to give you a go of the horrors."

"Horrors!" he clung to her hands. "Oh, Annie, I'm in hell now! What difference between that and ——" he stopped himself, for she had risen.

"I'll get you some medicine," she said practically; "and you stay here and fight off your hell, as you call it. It's heaven to me to have you here, if you'd like to know," and she hurried to the bedroom door, as if her own words shamed her.

"I've got to go out now," she continued over her shoulder. "I'll just see how that girl is first."

The man threw himself into the chair she had left, a strange look on his face still.

"You won't tell any one I'm here?" he said insistently. "And bring back the papers when you come—all of them."

"All right," she returned carelessly, shutting her bedroom door behind her. But once inside she stopped short.

"Why, you're awake!" she cried. "You're better—at least if you haven't turned feverish."

Her patient for the first time was sitting bolt upright in bed. The coarse whiteness of her borrowed night-gown showed off her milky throat, her gold-colored hair. Only a dark stain under her eyes and a curious flush kept Jacky Hamilton from looking herself again. Annie Sloane laid a hand on her forehead.

"You're not feverish—you're just better!" she said.

"I feel dizzy."

"That's the laudanum I gave you. But you needn't have any more, unless you're in pain."

Jacky shook her head.

"I'm all right—you've been so good to me!" she whispered. "But tell me how long I've been here. Is it long—since that day?"

"Just a day or two," soothingly.

"A day or two! Oh, why didn't you keep me awake and let me bear the pain?" for that day or two might mean anything. "Oh!" with a sudden wildness, "I must go! Give me my clothes. I must go."

"Get up and try," glancing at the clock while she made a hasty toilet for her evening's work.

Jacky, flushing with effort, stood in the middle of the room and caught at a chair suddenly with her bandaged hands as a man's voice called "Annie" from the next room.

"Oh! who's there? Who's that?" she breathed.

"It's no one—just my young man. He won't come in."

"What's his name?" great drops of perspiration were round the girl's mouth.

"Smith. Why?"

"I don't know. He—his voice—reminded me of something." White as ashes, she fell back on the bed, for the man had called again, and his voice was the voice of Brookes, the butler!

Yet it was madness to think it, for how could Brookes be here?

"Shut up, Tom; I'm coming!" shrieked Miss Sloane through the door. "What do you mean he reminds you of?" she demanded.

"Oh, nothing! It's because I'm not well, and he startled me. I must go out, and I can't stand."

"Wait till morning and I'll take you," kindly.

"Oh, will you? Jacky put her face up to the painted one that was near it as the woman stooped to tuck her in bed. "You're so good, and you don't even know who I am! You've never asked me."

"I'll ask in the morning. I can't wait now," and she rushed out, caring very little who the girl was she had taken in for Polly's sake. She would be gone tomorrow, and her name did not matter. She little knew how soon she would be cursing herself that she had not listened to the girl's story, any more than she noticed that she had left ajar the door of the bedroom, where Jacky Hamilton sat in her bed hearing what to her was like the trumpet of the Judgment Day.

"Hurry back," the man was saying," and bring the papers. They're trying Flash Lesard for murder, and it will—amuse me"—thickly—"to read about it."

Lesard! Then it was Brookes. She had not been dreaming. Why was *he* here, and why was his voice so dreadful when he spoke of the murder? He could have nothing to do with it.

"It was Lesard!" Jacky thought wildly. "But can this man know anything? Why did he say this afternoon that he was frightened to go out?"

Shaking, heedless of the pain it gave her, she got out of bed and huddled on her clothes, leaning against a chair for support. Her stockings were gone, and she dragged a pair of Annie Sloane's over her bandaged feet.

How weak she was, how slow, when any moment he might go away! Yet something prompted her to go over to the dressing-table and smear out the waves of her hair with vaseline till, with that and her pallor, she looked like enough to the Mary James of Hamilton Place; though, even as she did it, she was sure that Brookes—if this were he—could know nothing that would not ruin either her or Lesard—the real Lesard.

She was ghastly as she softly opened the sitting-room door, her eyes all that looked alive in her haggard face.

The man did not see her; he was looking into the street, with his side face toward her.

It was Brookes! The girl caught her breath, and the man turned as if he were shot. She saw plainly that his face was changed as by a miracle; remorse had drawn a finger round the mouth, terror round the eyes.

"You, you!" he cried, and threw out his hands to keep them away. Was this Mary James, or was it only that he had the horrors, as Annie said? "Speak! can't you?" he almost screamed. "That is, if you're flesh and blood," or either she was a phantom of his sodden brain, or the hounds of death were on him. He would die rather than face Lesard in the dock.

"What do you want the papers for?" she said slowly.

"I should think you knew enough about that murder!"

He started back against the wall.

"You did it—you and Lesard!" he cried. "I don't know anything."

"Do you know who I am?" her voice suddenly strong. "I'm Jacky Hamilton; I never was really Mary James—and I mean to save Lesard!"

"Then you'll hang!" The man shook like a leaf.

"Not if you help me. You know——"

Brookes cut her short with an oath that was little less than a shriek.

"I help you? I?" and as if death had touched his elbow, he turned and ran.

Jacky fell back against the doorpost. What had she done? He might have helped her—and now he was gone.

CHAPTER XXXII

FACE TO FACE.

No murder trial for years had caused so great an excitement as that of Gillian Hamilton and Lesard.

The two missing witnesses were not the least mysterious thing about it. What could have become of the butler—the lady's maid, who had been said to be her mistress' sister? The courtroom was hushed as Mrs. Gibbs came on the stand.

With desperation in her eyes, knowing quite well that she lied and Lesard knew it, she identified him as his brother, stubbornly refusing to allow that there were two Lesards. She gave damning evidence, too, against Gillian, letting the absent sister go scot-free, since it was no matter which of them had killed Marchmont so long as one of them paid for it. In her way she was faithful unto death to the man she had loved, for after her cross-examination, she knew quite well that on leaving the court she would be apprehended on that old charge against Mary Gresham and finish her life in prison for starving helpless children. Yet she would bear that cheerfully to see Marchmont's murderer swing.

On the second day of the trial, when the case for the prosecution closed, things looked black enough for Lesard and Gillian. Blacker still when the defense began, and there was no one to support his assertion of an alibi on the night of the murder. His servant was forced to admit his master had been absent from eight in the evening till ten the next morning, and no jury could doubt he had had more than time to get to Hamilton Place and back.

His open statement that it was his brother who had been there, and not he, was knocked to pieces by witness after witness, who swore there was but one Lesard. It seemed that in all London there was no one who knew there were two.

Gillian damaged his cause more than any one, for, in spite of all her lawyers had told her, she could see no difference with her cried-out eyes in this Louis Lesard from the one she had loved. Evidence about that night in the cave she would not give, and that her silence brought her near to being hanged herself she did not care. Jacky must be dead to have deserted her, and no one else mattered. She shut her eyes as she looked up and saw Charles Vivian's haggard face.

The block of stone that held that handprint had been quarried out and brought into court. Gillian never winced as it was shown to be the exact counterpart of her own hand, except for a trifling shortness of the little finger that might have been accident.

And Lesard, who knew Jacky's little finger as a priest knows his prayers, had no mind to speak. They were sure to find Jacky, and that thing would hang her.

A look of rage came in his eyes when Atkins was sworn as a witness for the defense. Was his lawyer mad? Atkins could ruin him.

But Atkins, who would have liked to clear Lesard, only dwelt at great length on two facts—first that it was nearly certain that the murder was committed in the cellar and not up-stairs, and, second, that the girl who dropped that blood-stained cuff in the tunnel was the girl whose handprint they had seen, and who had committed the murder. Lesard was ghastly when Atkins ceased speaking, yet, oddly enough, the color came back to his face a little as the cross-examination began and the man was forced to admit that it was Lesard who had taken him to the cave; Lesard who had shown him the narrow pathway where he had found the cuff; Lesard's own pencil that he had picked up in the cave and given back to its owner.

Gillian bowed her head in her hands. If she spoke now what good would she do? Only ruin herself and him.

Lesard's lawyer looked grim and worn as he turned over some notes.

"My Lord," he said to the judge, "in common fairness to my client, Miss Hamilton should be allowed to speak to him. She may not be certain that she did not see him in the cave, but she must, if she is confronted with him, be certain that he is not, and never was, her husband."

A hush of expectation fell on the room. What would the judge do?

But the judge's eyes were turned to the door.

A girl, lame, with bandaged hands, whose face shone like an angel's, was pushing her way through the crowd, had stopped by Sir Charles Vivian.

"It's I—Jacky!" she said, and her voice [illegible] through the quiet. "Sir Charles, make them [illegible] me."

Gillian cried out, and the note of it caught many a man at the heart. For this was Jacky, who [illegible] be come in time to die!

Lesard's face grew gray.

Jacky it was. He could not believe his ears as she was sworn and put on the witness-stand, [illegible] knowing that she held in her hand evidence that kept her out of the dock. And as all the long [illegible] of Hamilton Place came from Jacky's lips, and [illegible] truth tore Mrs. Gibbs's lies to shreds, the latter would have turned and run if she could.

Judge and jury alike held their breath as the whole history of the jewel robberies, the murder, the restoration of the stolen goods, came out.

Lesard, who had been ashy at the thought that his little love had come to accuse herself, grew [illegible] flushed with pride as she told her tale very simply, sparing herself not at all, and ending with her discovery that there were two Lesards and she had all along taken one brother for the other.

"It was on Tuesday, the tenth of March that I burned my way out of the empty house the other Lesard shut me in," she ended, "the afternoon of the day Gillian was arrested."

Sir Charles Vivian started. Lesard, this Lesard, had been with him that very day. He penciled a hasty note to the lawyer for the defense.

"And on that day Mr. Louis Lesard was at Sir Charles Vivian's house and at Hamilton Place," said the lawyer triumphantly. "He missed the eleven o'clock train he was to have taken with Sir Charles, to go to Hamilton Place, and there was no other till three, in which case he could not have reached London till six."

The prosecution objected.

"A man had, according to the witness, imprisoned her in an empty house, but who was to prove that it had been a Lesard at all?"

The brilliant color left Jacky's face.

"That is the dreadful part of it," she said slowly. "That woman, Annie Sloane, who took me in was engaged to Brookes, Mr. Marchmont's butler, whom she only knew as Tom Smith.

"Yesterday, the first day I was better, I heard his voice in the next room to hers, where I was in bed. When she went out I got up and went in there, and while I was speaking to him he ran out of the house. When she came home she was frightened, for he had not been like himself all day. We were out in [illegible] all night looking for him, and this morning," she caught her breath as at a dreadful memory, "we found him."

"He was at King's College Hospital; he was dying, for he had been run over in the street. When he saw me and knew he must die, he made a statement and signed it. He thought I knew more than I did, and he—oh! I think he was glad to make amends." Her voice rang out sweet and pitiful, even for the man who might have ruined her life.

"But the poor woman who helped me!" She faltered, then with a gesture that was somehow grand, handed a paper to Lesard's lawyer. There was not a sound in the room as he read it aloud at a sign from the judge.

"I John Brookes," (it ran—)"being at the point of death, do declare, on my solemn oath, this is a true confession, made for no other reason than my wish to die in peace.

"I was ostensibly butler at the house of Paul Marchmont, better known as Jim Adams, the burglar. He had taken *Hamilton Place* as an ordinary country gentleman in order to rob the neighboring houses, adopting the granddaughter of the former owner in order to get himself entree. There was an organized gang—Billy—— (whose other name I never knew), Victor Lesard, Marchmont, and myself. The first two did the robberies. Marchmont and I found out who had jewels worth while [illegible]

"I began to suspect Victor Lesard of not meaning to play fair, the first thing that made me suspicious being my discovery that he had a brother under whose name he passed; I saw he could easily betray us all and clear himself by having his brother prove incontestable alibis. I watched him, and [illegible] him entering the cave by the outside passage on the night of the murder. I told Marchmont, who went down, but I had an accident and fell on the stairs. At least, I *thought* so. I now know that Miss Hamilton, who was in fear for her sister's life, tripped me up. But after my fall I got up and followed quietly after Marchmont. I don't know why I was so quiet, but I was.

"The tunnel to the cave curved, and in the dark of the curve I stopped. I had no light. And I could see Gillian Hamilton in front of me against the light from the cave. She was crouched [illegible] as if she was frightened, and she had her fingers in her ears. I could see over her, and I saw Marchmont and Lesard in the cave. They were quarreling. I heard Lesard boast he had taken the [illegible] diamonds, and I saw Marchmont throw a knife at him. It cut his shoulder. Lesard turned and stabbed him. I saw him fall.

"I saw Lesard go away without looking at him, but I was afraid to move. I saw Mary James, whom I now know to have been Jacqueline Hamilton, come out from somewhere and run to Marchmont, trying to stop the blood from his wound. I saw her wash her hands in the stream, resting on the stone, so that I knew afterward how that [illegible] of it was there. I saw both girls leave the cave by the outside way, and then something seemed to send me crazy.

"I thought they knew all about the robberies and had gone to tell the police. I ran into the cave past Marchmont, and looked into the place where we kept the jewels. They were gone—my share and all. And a rage came over me against Marchmont for letting them go. They were all I had.

"I tore off the handkerchief that the girl had put on his breast, and I stabbed him with his own knife that lay by him—twice. I owed him many a grudge, for he drove me hard; but I paid them all then. It was I, and not Victor Lesard, who killed him. He might have bled to death from the first wound, but no more.

"I felt calm when I had struck him twice. I washed my hands and ran to tell the housekeeper. She and I together carried him up-stairs, we wiped up the blood in the cellar, so that there should be no suspicion that the stolen jewels had been hidden there. She thought Miss Hamilton had done it [illegible] No one suspected me but Sir Charles Vivian, and he knew nothing.

"When Louis Lesard was arrested for selling the jewels I knew he was not the man who had stolen them, though I witnessed against him. I did it because I was frightened of Victor Lesard if I told the truth. But by degrees a terror grew on me. I could not rest when I knew an innocent girl and a man who was guiltless were arrested for murder. I hid myself for fear my nerve would go and I should confess if I were summoned as a witness. I drank all the time, except when I was with Annie Sloane, to get Marchmont's face out of my mind. My only hope was to marry her and get away to America. I loved her and she me. I had no other friend in the world.

"But going to her house on the tenth of March I got a fright. I was standing at the corner of the house on Chives Court, when I saw Victor Lesard, who I thought was out of England. I saw him plainly, coming out of the back window of an empty house, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The window opened on an empty mews and Chives Court [illegible] off that. He came through the mews and past [illegible]

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

HER HUSBAND'S OTHER WIFE

By Emma Garrison Jones

TWO women love Roy Dorringcourt, the one passionately, the other devotedly. He loves both, or thinks he does, and marries both; but neither woman at the time of her marriage knows of the existence of her rival. Under an assumed name he courts and weds his first bride and takes pains to keep this marriage secret, for he is of a wealthy, aristocratic family, while her social status is so far inferior that she mistrusts him even from his first declaration of love. Her passionate nature and consuming love of him despite her suspicion are pitifully manifest in her answer to his proposal of marriage.

"Tell me, Dollie, do you love me?" he whispered, his lips touching her flushed cheeks.

"No, no! you do not mean what you say. You are making sport of me because I am a miller's daughter. You'll go back to your own world and leave me as soon as you're strong enough."

"Ah, Dollie, how cruel you are! I swear I am in dead earnest. I love you with my whole heart—I'll never go and leave you; I'll marry you tomorrow, if you say so."

Dollie lifted her head and looked at him, a passionate glow in her black eyes.

"Do you mean that?" she asked, in a panting whisper.

"Yes, I mean it. Try me and see. Now, tell me if you love me?"

She threw her strong young arms about his neck, and hid her face in his breast.

"Yes, yes, yes—I love you!" she sobbed. "I loved you that day on the river; I shall love you till my dying day."

"Now, I have told you," she added, raising her head and looking at her lover with blazing eyes; "but let me add one word more: I love you so much that if any other woman ever dares to come between us, I'll take her life! Bear that in mind."

"Have no fears, my little sweetheart," he said tenderly; "no other woman will ever come between us; you are my first, and you will be my last love," and at the moment he really meant what he said.

And so they are married secretly by the country parson and for six months live together happily in a little cottage love-nest by the river where they first met by chance, and then——

But what brings their idyllic bliss to a tragic end, how and why he wooes and weds a lovely and confiding woman socially his equal, his first wife's extraordinary avengement, how the second wife bears her tribulations when faced with the appalling fact of his first marriage, how he is pursued and tortured by a relentless Nemesis, and how the Fates finally straighten out this tangled web of life, all can be learned by reading the complete novel which will be run as a serial story in COMFORT.

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HOME-MADE YEAST BREAD

BREAD READY FOR THE OVEN.

By Violet Marsh

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As bread occupies so prominent a place in the diet, it certainly ought to be well made, well baked and properly cared for. Moreover, any girl or woman who desires to be known as a really good cook, will wish to excel particularly in bread making. Although wheat is the leading bread cereal in this country, housewives have learned that many desirable products may be made from meals and flours of other substances or from a mixture of these with wheat flour. Corn has always been an important bread material in this country, but it is within comparatively recent times that rye, oats, barley, rice, peanuts and soy-beans have been gradually added to the list. The war helped greatly in sharpening our knowledge of bread-making materials with the result that white bread has been considerably displaced by the more nourishing and healthful darker loaves.

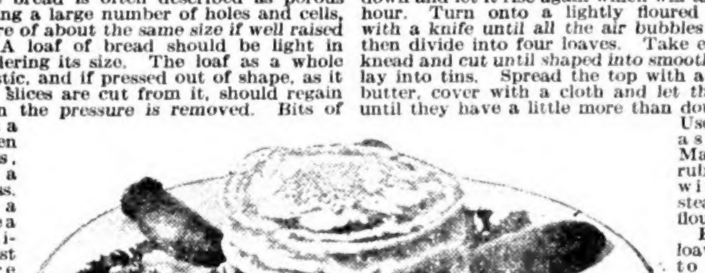
PREPARATIONS FOR BREAD-MAKING.

With the routes of the bakers' delivery carts being extended throughout the country, it would sometimes seem as if the art of bread-making in the home might become obsolete, which would be a great mistake, for a good home-made loaf cannot be surpassed in flavor and texture, and it costs much more to buy bread than it does to make it. Three quarts of flour and one quart of skim-milk is the chief cost of three loves of bread and a large tin of rolls if made at home, when if bought from a baker, this amount would at least cost 65 cents.

Because the process of bread making requires so many hours it seems to many as a very laborious task, when as a matter of fact, if one will be painstaking with the first few lots of bread and have the assistance of a bread-mixer, the knack is soon acquired and all ideas of a hard task will disappear in the satisfaction of having golden brown loaves from your own oven.

Good yeast bread is often described as porous or as containing a large number of holes and cells, all of which are of about the same size if well raised and baked. A loaf of bread should be light in weight, considering its size. The loaf as a whole should be elastic, and if pressed out of shape, as it often is when slices are cut from it, should regain its form when the pressure is removed. Bits of bread, if bent a little between the fingers, should show a like springiness.

There is a general idea among dietitians that yeast bread is more wholesome than the baking powder "hot" or "quick" breads. However this may be, it is quite probable that hot breads, because of their freshness and softness, are often swallowed hurriedly and without thorough mastication, so that it is especially important that thorough baking, lightness and porosity should be obtained in their preparation as well as good flavor and appearance. The rapid eating of hot breads is one cause of constipation. Thorough mastocation of bread is important because the process of digestion begins in the mouth. Hot fresh breads contain so much moisture that they quickly form into a soft mass in the mouth, so that it is only by thorough mastication that the digestion juices of the saliva can be properly absorbed. The physician will prescribe toast for the invalid and child because its hardness renders chewing necessary and thus causes a thorough mixing with the saliva.



FLANNEL-CAKES AND SAUSAGES.

General Yeast Bread Directions

Everything connected with the process of bread making should be scrupulously clean. This is true of all forms of cookery, to be sure, but there is a special reason in the case of bread making. Dirt almost always contains bacteria, and these are likely to produce in dough substances which spoil the flavor of bread. Yeast has no flavor which survives the cooking, and the substances which it produces, carbon dioxid and alcohol are driven off by the heat of the oven. Bacteria on the other hand, are likely to produce sour or rancid substances which are not removed by baking. All utensils, therefore, should be clean; the liquids should be scalded; the dry materials should be kept from the dust; liquid yeast should be kept cold and well covered; the hands should be washed and the nails cleaned before they touch the dough.

A bread-mixer costs little compared to the number of years it will give service, and it is a great asset in making excellent bread with a minimum amount of labor. The ingredients are all put into the mixer at once, the top is adjusted and the handle turned until the dough is smooth and cleaves from the sides. No kneading is required. The cover is then removed so that the dash can be taken out of the dough, then the cover is replaced and a cloth laid over it to keep out the air.

If a mixing bowl is used, the liquid with yeast and other ingredients are put in with about one-half of the flour which is stirred and beaten until it is smooth and cleaves from the spoon. If this is done it saves much kneading as the remainder of flour stirs in without lumping.

Flour must be sound and free from foreign taste and odor. Hard-wheat flours, made from spring wheat or hard winter wheats, are often known as bread flours and usually produce a somewhat larger and more spongy loaf. Soft-wheat flours are made from soft winter wheats and are known as pastry or biscuit flours. They are better adapted than are hard-wheat flours to the making of quick breads, and they require a little less shortening. Somewhat more soft-wheat flour is required to combine with a given volume of liquid than hard-wheat flour, because the latter has a greater water-absorbing capacity. Hard-wheat flour feels slightly granular when rubbed between the fingers. When pressed tightly in the hand, it does not retain the imprint of the fingers very long and when shaken soon fails to powder. Soft-wheat flours are of quite a different consistency, and when rubbed between the fingers feel very soft and smooth and retain the imprint of the fingers when pressed.

Good yeast is necessary to successful bread making. Compressed yeast, if used, should be as fresh as possible and free from any odor other than the well-known yeast odor. It should be fairly soft, but should break easily. It should never be mixed with any liquid which is more than lukewarm. Liquid yeast should always be kept covered in a cool place. It should have a yeasty odor only, and should not be kept more than two weeks without freshening.

The liquid used in bread making may be whole milk, skim-milk, water, or the water in which pared potatoes have been boiled, or a combination of these liquids. All liquids should be scalded and allowed to cool until lukewarm The use of milk increases the food value and gives to the loaf a desirable tenderness and richness, besides keeping it moist longer than does water alone. A small amount of potato water, or of mashed potato added to the sponge or dough in bread-making will hasten the fermentation appreciably, and the bread will remain moist longer than ordinarily.

There are two general methods for making bread, one known as the "straight-dough" process and the other as the "sponge" process. In the "straight-dough" process all the ingredients are mixed at one time and the dough is made of the proper consistency before rising. In the "sponge" process only half the total amount of flour is used at first. The mixture is similar to a soft batter and after the first rising the remainder of the flour is added. An overnight sponge must be kept in a cooler place than the straight dough process as it rises much quicker.

Short Process or Straight Dough Bread

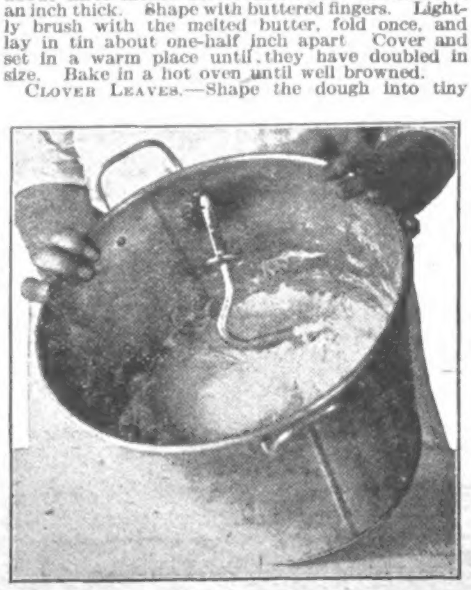
Preparations for bread mixing are begun by scalding the liquid in a double boiler. This recipe calls for one quart of milk. If liquid yeast is used, three cups of milk will be sufficient. To the hot milk add four level teaspoons of salt, two tablespoons of sugar and two tablespoons of shortening. Stir and allow to become lukewarm. Add one yeast cake which has been dissolved in half a cup of lukewarm water, or one cup of liquid yeast. Pour into the bread mixer or bowl. Stir in three quarts of sifted flour according to general directions given above.

If mixed in a bowl, turn onto a floured board and knead from five to ten minutes. The bowl should hold three times the bulk of dough or more. Cover and set in a warm place, but not where it will heat. When the dough has risen to twice its bulk, cut it down and let it rise again which will take about one hour. Turn onto a lightly floured board, chop with a knife until all the air bubbles are cut, and then divide into four loaves. Take each part and knead and cut until shaped into smooth loaves, then lay into tins. Spread the top with a little melted butter, cover with a cloth and let the loaves rise until they have a little more than doubled in size. Use as little flour as possible. Many prefer to rub the hands with butter instead of using flour.

Bake the loaves from 50 to 60 minutes. The oven should be quite hot at first and the loaves begin to brown at the end of the first 15 minutes. Gradually reduce the oven heat. Turn the pans occasionally so that the loaves will bake evenly. After baking, place the loaves across the edges of the pans and cool thoroughly. Bread should be kept in a perfectly clean covered box of tin. If bread becomes damp, or after three days old, it is well to place the loaves in a hot oven on the top grate for a few minutes.

Parker House Rolls.—Have ready a dish of warm melted butter. Instead of making the entire amount of dough into loaves, reserve a part for rolls. Cut off pieces that will shape into rounds about three inches across and about one-third of an inch thick. Shape with buttered fingers. Lightly brush with the melted butter, fold once, and lay in tin about one-half inch apart Cover and set in a warm place until they have doubled in size. Bake in a hot oven until well browned.

Clover Leaves.—Shape the dough into tiny balls with buttered fingers, brush with warm melted butter and place in muffin tins. Raise and bake the same as rolls.



USING BREAD MIXER.

Potato Bread.—(One loaf) One cup of freshly boiled and finely mashed potato, one teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of butter, one-half tablespoon of sugar, one-half cake of compressed yeast dissolved in four tablespoons of lukewarm water, or four tablespoons of liquid yeast, and about two and one-half cups of sifted flour. Proceed as for straight dough bread.

South Carolina Yeast Corn Bread.—Mix two cups each of corn meal and flour and add enough warm water to form a stiff batter. Dissolve one yeast cake in a little lukewarm water and beat it into the mixture. Cover and set this sponge in a warm place until light. Scald one quart of meal with boiling water, beat in two cups of freshly boiled and mashed sweet potatoes and two teaspoons of salt, and when the mixture is cooled to lukewarm, add it to the sponge with two quarts of flour. Pumpkin may be used instead of sweet potato. Rise and bake same as straight dough bread.

Oat and Wheat Bread.—Bring one pint of milk to a scald in a double boiler, add one teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of molasses and two tablespoons of sugar. Stir in one cup of rolled oats and cook twenty minutes. Set to cool and when lukewarm add one yeast cake dissolved in one-half cup of lukewarm water. Thoroughly mix and add one cup of seeded and chopped raisins and three-fourths cup of broken walnut meats. Mix and add two cups of sifted entire wheat flour. Proceed as with straight dough bread.

Rye Bread.—Scald one quart of milk with one mixing spoon (large) of shortening and four level teaspoons of salt. Cool and add two yeast cakes mixed with one-half cup of lukewarm water and two tablespoons of brown sugar. Beat into this two quarts of sifted flour and set this sponge to rise until it doubles in bulk. Cut down and stir in rye flour until stiff enough to knead which will take about one and one-half quarts. Proceed as with straight-dough bread. Add caraway seed if desired.

Peanut Bread.—Stir one cup of peanut meal or flour into each quart of wheat flour and proceed as with straight-dough bread.

Raisin Bread.—When mixing bread add three-fourths cup of seeded raisins after one-half of the flour has been stirred in.

Flannel Cakes and Sausages.—Scald two cups of whole sweet milk and gradually add one and one-half cups of fine corn meal mixed with one cup of cold milk. Cook until well thickened. Stir in four even tablespoons of butter, one teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of sugar and cool to lukewarm. Add one-half yeast cake dissolved in one-third cup of lukewarm water, beat well and set to rise over night. Cut down, drop by spoonful on a hot griddle pan, when full of bubbles, turn and cook on the other side. Do not cook on too hot a griddle. Serve with baked sausages.

Apple Pectin

By making a supply of apple pectin at this time it will be ready to be combined with such fruit juices as strawberry, raspberry, blueberry, peach and other fruits that are deficient in natural pectin.

Apples that are not quite ripe must be used. They must be sound, hard and tart. Wipe the apples and cut crossways into thin slices without paring. The cores and parings contain the greater proportion of pectin. Use five pints of water to four and one-half pounds of apple. Have the fire hot to assure rapid cooking as the quality of pectin depends much on a short period of heating. As soon as the apple is cooked to a pulp, pour it into a jelly bag to drain the same as in jelly making. Measure the juice, pour it into a large shallow kettle or agate pan, cover and quickly bring to a hard boil. Remove the cover and continue boiling until it is reduced to one-fifth of the original amount. Pour into hot sterilized jars while boiling hot and seal.

To use, combine with rich fruit juices, using one cup of pectin to four cups of juice that contains some pectin, or two cups of pectin where the juices contain little or no pectin. Many housewives add a little of the apple pectin to all their jellies so that there shall be no doubt about the success of their product.

Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"Thank you. And, Mr. Randal, I feel that I owe you a great deal. I trust it will not be long before we shall meet again under happier circumstances," Brownie said, heartily, as she held out her little trembling hand to him.

He took it, while an expression of infinite sadness swept over his face.

"I shall always remember you, and I believe we shall meet again," Brownie said, with quivering lips, and eyes which were swimming in tears.

He bent and touched her hand with his lips, then, with a murmured farewell, he closed the door and went back to his loneliness and desolation, leaving Brownie standing alone in the gray dawn, a strange, deep tenderness in her heart for this poor sufferer, whom God had stricken so heavily.

She leaned wearily against the door and looked about her. She had felt tenfold more dreary than when she had been shut within the cell, for she was still in some doubt as to what was best for her to do, and as to what her reception would be if she should return to the Hall.

She was cold, and weak, and faint, and it was quite a distance around to the front of the hall, but, after a few moments spent in deliberation, she turned into the path leading through the grove.

The morning was cloudy and misty, and within the shadow of the trees, most of which were spruce and pine, the gloom was most oppressive, while the keen air pierced her scant clothing, chilling her through and through.

She had not gone many steps when the crackling of twigs made her start nervously and look around her and her heart stood still with fear as she beheld the figure of a man, enveloped in a long, dark cloak, coming toward her with rapid steps.

She stopped, her heart beating like a trip-hammer, and stepped behind a tree, hoping he had not observed her, and would pass on without noticing her.

Vain hope! The figure quickened his steps, coming directly toward the spot where she stood.

What to do she knew not.

If she attempted to fly he could easily overtake her. If she remained where she was, and harm came to her, no one could hear her cries and come to her aid.

She felt that her strength was failing, the strain had been so great upon her nerves during the last twelve hours that she knew she could not endure much more; but she resolved to meet this new danger as bravely as possible, and, stepping forth from her hiding-place, she went forward with dizzy brain and bated breath.

Another moment and she found herself face to face with her lover, Adrian Dredmond!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONSTERNATION OF THE COOLIDGES.

During all those hours so full of adventure to Brownie, Mrs. Coolidge and Isabel had been sleeping heavily, for both had been well-nigh overcome with the excitement of the evening previous, and a sense of their own guilt in the matter of the young companion's disappearance.

They did not wake until quite late the next morning, when Mrs. Coolidge's first act was to order a good hot breakfast, telling the servant that she did not feel able to go down to eat with the family.

As soon as the servant departed, and she was assured that the guests were all assembled in the dining-room, she crept into Isabel's room, and together they sought their prisoner.

They drew the bolt, and pushed the door open cautiously. All was silent and dark within, for the candle had burned down to the socket, and then gone out.

They entered and called Brownie by name.

There was no reply, and with a nameless fear in her heart, Isabel rushed back into her own room, lighted another candle, and returned to explore the cell.

One glance served to show that it was empty!

But with the vain hope that all guilty people have they began turning over the mattress and bedclothes, as if they expected to find her concealed underneath them.

"Where can she be?" gasped Isabel, white as the wrapper which she wore, and shaking as with the ague.

Mrs. Coolidge shook her head, and looked up at the small grated window above them.

She mounted upon the chair, and seizing one of the heavy bars, shook it.

It did not so much as move, and even had it been possible to remove it, their captive could not possibly have reached the window to escape, it was set so high in the wall.

"Isabel, I firmly believe that girl is a witch, for none but a spirit could have escaped from this dungeon!"

"Mamma," exclaimed her daughter, suddenly, "I do not believe you fastened the door last night, and she came out when we were asleep!"

"How foolish you are," was the impatient reply. "I am very sure that I shoved the bolt, and I do not believe it possible that she could have worked upon the door in any way to have slipped it back."

However, to satisfy themselves, they went out, shut and bolted the door, and then tried, by gently working it back and forth, to see if the bolt would slip.

No; it remained firm and tight, and the matter still continued to be a mystery, and a terribly tantalizing one, too.

They tried all the different doors leading from their own rooms into the corridors, but all were locked, excepting the one by which the servant who had brought the breakfast had entered, and Mrs. Coolidge had been obliged to rise to admit her, so that they knew it could not have been possible for Brownie to have escaped that way.

They knew well enough if Brownie had escaped and returned to her post, that the deepest shame and disgrace awaited them.

They little thought, however, during their anxious and almost ludicrous search in the cell, a pair of keen, bright eyes had been earnestly regarding them, while it must be confessed that Herbert Randal never enjoyed anything in his life so much as their anxiety and discomfiture regarding the beautiful maiden whom he had so opportunely aided.

The two disappointed plotters were, however, somewhat reassured, upon descending to the drawing-room, to find that Brownie's disappearance was still the theme of conversation, together with the startling announcement which Adrian Dredmond had made.

Lady Randal looked anxious and annoyed, and was somewhat irritable.

Lady Ruxley was too ill to rise, being overcome with solicitude as to the fate of her companion, a fact which was received with the most cheerful resignation by most of the company, since it relieved them from the sting of her sharp tongue.

Sir Charles was very grave and preoccupied, and while he was not exactly cool, yet there was a certain dignity about him which somewhat awed his betrothed. There were some things which he could not understand, in particular, Adrian's stern words and manner to Mrs. Coolidge, which the more he thought about them the more mysterious and inexplicable they became.

Altogether it was not the happiest company in Christendom that assembled in the Vallingham Hall drawing-room that morning.

Every door that opened made Isabel and her mother quake with fear, and both would gladly have given up every jewel in their possession to have been freed from that horrible suspense.

Several days passed, and still there was no news. Their anxiety began to abate, and with every passing hour they breathed more freely, yet that puzzled, wearing question was ever before them:

"Where is she?"

The drawing-room concert, or musical soiree, came off according to appointment, but did not prove very satisfactory. It was not really a failure, but there was a lack of inspiration which made everything drag, and it was with a uniform sense of relief that at the end of the week the gay company dispersed, while Sir Charles, Lady Randal, Isabel, and her mother departed for Paris, intent upon the all-important *trousseau*.

The two latter were only too eager to plunge into the pleasures of the gay French metropolis, and busy themselves with the cares which the next few weeks would involve, hoping thus to drive more unpleasant thoughts out of mind.

* * * * * * * *

When Adrian Dredmond recognized his betrothed in the dim light of that dismal morning, he sprang forward with a cry of joy, mingled with dismay, and folded her close within his arms, while Brownie, utterly overcome by the reaction from excessive fright to a sense of security, and that her troubles were all over, burst into nervous sobbing, and clung to him with a grip so fierce that he was startled.

"My darling, my darling, what does all this mean?" he asked, soothingly.

But she could not tell him; the floodgates were open, and the storm must spend itself ere the calm would come; the restraint which she had imposed upon herself had been so resolute and of such long duration that, now she had once given the rein to her feelings, it was not easy to regain her self-control.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

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Cubby Bear and the Fox Hunt

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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BUNNY Rabbit threw open the door of Mamma Bruin's house one cold October morning, without stopping to knock.

"Help me bring in my Bunny Babies, quick, Cubby Bear!" he cried.

Cubby, feeling sure that some dreadful danger threatened, rushed out without asking Bunny to explain. Time enough for that later.

Together they brought in the little cart, then shut and barred the door.

"What's all this for?" asked Grandma Bear, as Cubby flew around drawing the shutters and fastening the windows.

"Men—and boys—and guns—and dogs!" Bunny's eyes bulged, and his teeth chattered with fright.

A sharp tap sounded at the door.

Bunny shrieked.

Grandma Bear stepped briskly to the door.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"Shinyblack Crow," came the answer.

"What is the trouble this morning?" asked Grandma, as she opened the door.

"Oh, a terrible time!" answered Shinyblack. "I came to see if you were all safe here."

"Then it is true that——"

Loud voices, shouting—human voices—interrupted Grandma's question. Another sound followed which sent terror to their hearts; the loud, fierce barking of dogs.

A long, reddish streak dashed past, fleeing for its life.

"Oh, it is Foxy Reynard!" cried Cubby Bear.

Following Foxy Reynard, a dog came into view; a lean, savage looking creature, tearing past, eyes staring straight along Foxy's trail.

Shinyblack Crow hastily scrambled in over the doorsill, and the door was closed.

"Foxy has been to the poultry-yard one too many times," he said. "Wise Owl warned him, and now the farmer will stand it no longer, and has started a fox-hunt."

Bang!

They all jumped at the sound of a firing gun.

"Oh, why did Mamma Bruin go out after nuts this woeful day?" questioned Cubby. "I must go and find her!"

"I will go with you!" offered Shinyblack Crow.

They waited a few minutes, until the sounds without had died away, then went forth into the chill air.

"See—how plainly the tracks show on the frosty ground!" said Shinyblack Crow. "They would have no trouble in following Foxy by that, even without the keen scent of the hounds."

Cubby shivered, partly from the cold, but more from fright and misery.

"Oh, I wish we knew where to look for Mamma Bruin!" he moaned.

"We may come across someone who has seen her," Shinyblack Crow said. "I usually see all that is going on, flying around over the forest, but I have thought of little beside the fox-hunt this morning."

"How did you know about it first?" asked Cubby.

"I heard Woozie Weasel scratching and whining at Foxy's door. There was a fresh pile of feathers, and Foxy was inside his den, resting after a night out of doors. 'Come out, come out!' Woozie called to him, 'or you will be trapped here in your own home!'

"'Trapped? Not I!' Foxy answered. 'Go away!'

"'But listen!' Woozie called. 'The farmer is coming, and other men—a crowd! Fox-hounds are with them! I hurried to bring you word. They will soon be here!'

"At that, Foxy hurried out, and away. He will have a race for his life!"

"Where can he go?" asked Cubby.

"Where can he *not* go? He knows the forests and fields for miles around," answered Shinyblack. "I know something of his tricks. When he is being chased, he runs around in large circles through the woods—which means that he may be soon around this way again, with all the others following; so we must watch, and listen!"

Nowhere did they find Mamma Bruin, nor anyone who had seen her that morning, and poor Cubby felt sick from worry.

"Oh, I hear them—I hear them!" cried Cubby, as a sound of tumult came from the distance, and he covered his ears with his paws.

"To cover—to cover!" called Billy Bluejay's shrill voice, and little animals went scurrying by.

Busy Beaver thrust his head up out of Big Brook.

"If you could only swim under water to come to my lodge," he said, "you could hide there and be perfectly safe. Do you dare to try?"

"There is no need to risk drowning," answered Cubby, "and I am looking for Mamma Bruin."

"Good-by, then! Take care of yourself!" and Busy Beaver disappeared under the water.

While Busy Beaver and Cubby Bear talked together, the little fleeing rodents had gone out of sight. The sounds of the hunt drew nearer. Shinyblack Crow, cawing out warnings, rose above the trees on swift wings, and Cubby found himself alone.

Not for long, however, for Foxy Reynard suddenly appeared, seemingly from nowhere. His eyes looked strained and anxious, and his long tongue hung from his open mouth. Seeing Cubby, he jerked out the words,

"Keep—right—behind me, Cubby Bear! They are after us—but I will lead you!" Then he dashed past.

Poor Cubby! He stood dazed for a brief instant, then, terrified, he obeyed Foxy's words, and scampered after his old enemy as fast as his little legs could carry him.

Cubby had thought he knew all the ins and outs of Pleasant Forest, but Foxy led him over a hard trail; in thickets he had never explored before, over rough rocks which hurt his paws, through scratchy underbrush. Sometimes they passed familiar places, sometimes Cubby knew not where he was.

If Foxy was running in a circle, as Shinyblack Crow had said, then the circle was widespread and over a wearisome course!

Cubby's breath came in painful gasps. His legs felt too weak to go further. But he must, he must!

He was headed straight for a great rock, and close beside him, to the right, the ground fell away in a steep bank, sandy and barren below.

Where next?

Foxy had come this way—he was sure of it. But where had Foxy gone? Up over the face of the rock?

Triumphant barking sounded close behind; a dog sprang toward him, snapped at him, and down over the steep bank they rolled together, while the rest of the pack swept by, swerving to the left of the rock, following Foxy's scent.

Cubby lay still for a few moments, then sat up, putting one paw to his head, where a big bump was swelling.

The dog lay on the sand, his eyes closed.

Cubby looked up the steep, high bank, wondering if he could climb up and get away unseen.

"But I could not leave the poor dog like that," he thought.

The dog suddenly opened his eyes, and sprang to his feet.

"Oh, you!" he snapped angrily, at sight of Cubby. "Why did you get in the way, and make me forget my business of fox-hunting? Now I have had a bad fall, and am out of the race, while the others have kept on the scent!"

"I am sorry!" said Cubby meekly. And indeed he looked sorry. He was tired out with the race, and his swollen head was aching. "I was afraid, and I did what Foxy Reynard told me to do."

"You can't have much sense!" sniffed the dog, eying Cubby in disgust. "To do what a fox tells you. Didn't you know he only wanted to get you into the race to be between him and danger? Be thankful a man with a gun did not get near you!"

They started to climb the bank, but it was too steep, and after trying several times, only to fall back, they looked around for a better chance, the dog all the time growling that his master would never never let him take part in a fox-hunt again.

When at last they were out of the sand-pit, they were only too glad to part company—the dog taking up the scent of the trail once more, Cubby starting homeward.

"Home is the place for me to go," he said to himself. "Mamma Bruin can take care of herself better than I. She would never have been foolish enough to get mixed up in the hunt!"

When he reached home at last, what was his joy to find Mamma Bruin, there, safe and sound, and just ready to start out looking for him!

Late that afternoon, Robbie Reddie came tapping at Mamma Bruin's window.

"Good news, good news!" he called cheerily. "Come to Wise Owl's tree and hear about it!"

They all hurried to the place of meeting.

Wise Owl sat in his doorway, and on a dead, broken limb of the tree was Shinyblack Crow, while on the ground stood a crowd of the forest people who had come at Robbie Reddie's call.

"A hard day it has been for us all," said Shinyblack Crow, "and of course everyone wants to know how the fox-hunt ended. I am tired, for I have flown around everywhere, watching to see what happened. The men and dogs divided after a while, in several groups, to drive Foxy out of the forest, into the open fields. He crossed the road and raced across the fields, keeping to the fences and bushes wherever he could. Shots were fired at him, and if I am not much mistaken, he lost the tip of one ear.

"He ran in among a herd of cattle, and stirred up great excitement among them. Then out into the open he dashed once more, making for the river, where a row of trees edged its bank. Between the trees he dashed, then plunged into the water.

"There were bushes leaning out over the bank further down, and Foxy kept out of sight beneath them while he went down stream a little way. Then he landed once more.

"The water had broken the trail, the hounds had lost the scent, and though they and the men hunted all around, Foxy got away. He did not dare come back home, though, and I waited and watched until I saw him cross the river and go off, miles away, into far-reaching forest land."

"I only hope," said Wise Owl, "we *all* hope, that Foxy Reynard has gone for good, and that we shall never see his face again *here in our Pleasant Forest*."

"We do *not!*" cried an angry voice, and Woozie Weasel suddenly stood among them, his eyes flashing. "He *will* come back—he *must!*"

"How happy and how peaceful it would be here," said Racky Coon, "if only Foxy would stay away and Woozie would go to find him!"

"TRAPPED? NOT I!" FOXY ANSWERED. "GO AWAY!"

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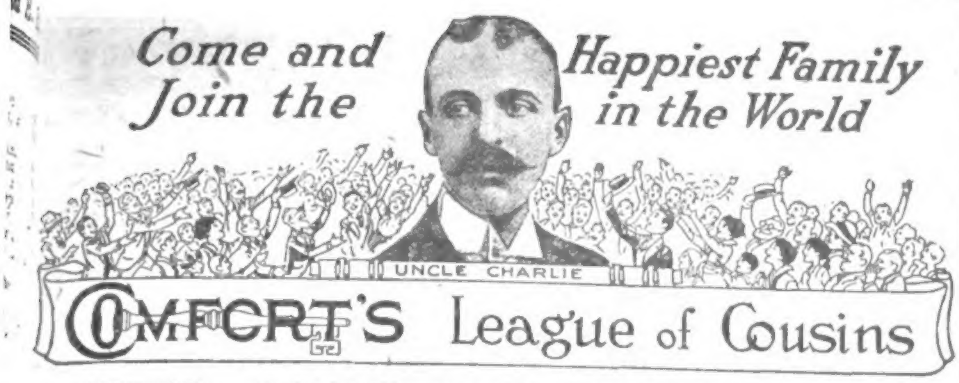

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CONDUCTED BY UNCLE LISHA

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
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HERE in the great city the peace of October days is hardly to be traced and their beauty is unseen of men. In the parks the leaves already are faded and fallen, having changed only to brownish-yellow and yellowish-brown, they are withered after half life and are dead without glory. The season's haze is swallowed up in the smoke of soft coal and the murk of gasolene and oil. Frosty mornings are memorable only as giving forebodings of the high price of unpurchased coal. October is but a tenth month of a city year—and winter is coming!

This is man's autumn, without hue or ecstasy, but I know that God's colors are hung now on mountain woods. Somewhere the splendor and serenity of the month I love best has arrived. Remembering this, feasting on imagined beauty, I try to take my October vicariously by remembering other autumns when I have not been city-tethered and town-tired. I always feel that in October's serenity, its emanation of peace and quiet strength, Nature is found more than ever to be reflection of that Spirit which is beneath and behind all things of what we call "the visible world." In all races, in all men, where life has not ruined imagination, Nature, for them, has stood thus in spiritual kinship and parenthood. I say "where life has not ruined imagination," for many of us are thus pitifully impoverished and time-crippled. Life enspells us and we early lose dream and vision. The "trailing clouds of glory" are no longer about us; we "become adjusted to our environment," as the modern phrase sadly has it; but somehow this adjusting seems to work differently than the makers of the adjustments plan; the world's machinery goes badly awry and turns out strange products.

Although whatever upward gains man has made—and as yet these are not many—can be said to be but answers to the vision and spiritual insight of men who have dreamed in the past, yet it is the code today to disparage our visioners and mock our mystics. "Give us facts," say the Mr. Gradgrinds and apply for membership in their nearest Rotary Club. It is the sturdy fashion, so long as digestion works well, to believe that man can live by bread alone. Faith in anything unseen is *merely* a spiritual appendix, with an increasing number of eager surgeons ready to operate—after proper anesthetics have been given. And while the patients are listed as "doing well" and encouraging bulletins are given out, yet the mortality continues to be strangely high!

For I do not mean to tire of telling you here that it is only as we can keep our sense of spiritual reality alive that we can be said to live at all. Otherwise we but walk about, motioning and mouthing for a few years of noise and futility. We need now men in whom all life is one of aspiration and dream, and who are spiritually rich enough to turn this aspiration and these dreams outward in service to the race. By "spiritually rich," I mean that they shall have a vitality of vision, a discernment of values, sufficient to know true ways from false; that they shall be able, by their own vision or by having found kinship with the Spirit of all things, to see beyond the self-seeking which blinds, and make their lives real in the service of all and of One.

The thought of men and nations has turned selfishly inward. As they have visioned only their own success and power, so have their dreams been short and their awakening cruel. Yet they still choose the same dream and their "which of us shall be greatest" becomes not only question but prayer.

We honor routine and build systems; we establish "scientific methods" only to see these become useless before our proud eyes. Then we haste to new routines, to rebuild more elaborate systems, to cast forth discarded "science" and enthrone some "new discovery" so that our boasts of "man's progress," his "conquests of the material world," may go on. No attempt is made but by fools and dreamers to make conquest of the errant soul of man, his quenched spirit, and to link him with the only reality, the only progress which means Life—and Life abundantly.

For man keeps himself spiritually alive by turning his thought outward in love and service to his fellows, and not inward in service of his body and his self. Only as he gives is he given unto. Only as he loves and serves is he at his best. Only as he loves his fellow can he love God. When man orders the world to his own self-conscious, selfish will, we have the individual killing which is murder and the collective slaughter which is war. We have the worship of the intellect whose end is vanity and ashes. We have a man thwarted and distorted by uncontrolled passions and phantoms of self which lead him only to darkness, to disease, to death.

We need to hear less of man's "conquests" over Nature, over savage (?) races, over the poverty, and more of his *conquest over self*. We need to learn less regarding the latest modes in "discoveries of science" and be taught more concerning the discovery of the spirit which is in man. For there are discoveries, conquests, eternal revealings and uncoverings of what that spirit can do when linked in harmony with the Spirit which is behind our world—which is our world.

Here in this season of Nature's greatest peace, the rest and quiet time of the year, the unrest and discord of all material "conquests" are felt in more appalling contrast. Man's boasted powers are but holding together his self-shattered world, while the nations claw for fragments. Yet our earth and our race are young—eternally young, as young as Spirit. There are signs that tell us we will yet make the last and real conquest, that we will yet turn to something more than dynamos for power, and that greed and gain will not be forever banner and altar. Because these signs and prophecies are as old as the heart of man, they are the more certain to be fulfilled. It is only the waiting which is hard.

Somewhere in mountain valleys I have left behind me there will be the ending of an October day as I write these lines. And over those resting valleys; yes, over this great, noisy, greedy, pulsing city, will fall the peace and strength of that Spirit whose "dwelling is the light of the setting suns" and in the souls of men. To live and move and have our being in that Spirit is to make the strength, the peace and beauty of October ours forever.

And now for the letters:

MONETT, MISSOURI, P. O. BOX 33.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Did you ever notice that the Ozarkian cousins always select a lonesome, rainy, dreary day to write our learned and unappreciated specimens of literary genius to the League Corner? Well, we do. Cousin William Hurley introduced the idea and it has been running rampant ever since. As a proof that the idiosyncrasy still exists, I am disregarding Billy's love for certain types of stationery, and am writing to you today while the dripping trees are bending low before the strength of the wind, and the distant hills are wrapped in an impenetrable mist. Loneliness, thy name is a rainy day in the Ozarks! Imagine if you can a world in which there seems to be no living creature a world which has for its roof a lowering dull gray sky and for its floor a boundless area of drenched green grass, a world which seemingly is inhabited only by lashing, roaring trees—and over all is the rain, falling like a gray veil over hill and valley. Do you wonder that we cousins from this part of the country turn to the Corner for solace on days of this kind?

For years I have greeted the arrival of each issue of COMFORT with a yelp of joy, and have eagerly devoured the contents of the Cousins' Corner with a "Gee, I wish I could do it" feeling; but I have always stood somewhat in awe of that irrepressible representative of goathood, Billy. But now, after much bolstering up of my courage with the knowledge that he has refrained from dining on other letters from Missouri and *might* do so again, I have resolved to make a feeble attempt and see what happens.

I won't tell you much about the town of Monett, as I do not wish to speak ill of the dead; but the surrounding country is beautiful. I have seen a great deal of this good old United States, but I have never yet beheld a place that could surpass the Ozark country for picturesque scenery. We have miles of forest, excellent hunting, and an abundance of fish in our clear mountain streams. Roaring River, that famous summer resort, is situated only a few miles from Monett and we are only a short distance north of the original "Shepherd of the Hills" country which Harold Bell Wright has immortalized in his much-read novel. Some of the western cousins have told of their beautiful sunsets, but a sunset in the Ozarks need fear no rival. The sun has always had a queer attraction for me. If I were not a plain, common, everyday Methodist, I think I would be a sun-worshiper!

Boys, don't object too much to the girls' use of kalsomine and paint. If you could see some of them without it, you would realize that it was a blessing in disguise, perhaps, but still a blessing. Personally, I abhor the stuff so thoroughly that nothing under the sun could bribe me to put it on my face. One thing is certain, when a girl starts using that disreputable invention called rouge, there can be but one result; the longer she uses it the more she will have to use—and the more she uses the worse she will look. Figure it out for yourself!

The favorite topic for discussion in all places and all circumstances seems to be the utter hopelessness of the young people of today. Some folks are laboring under the delusion that the present-day young people are mentally, morally and physically inferior to those who inhabited this mundane sphere when *they* were young! Where this gloomy assortment of pessimists found any foundation for this theory I cannot say; but I would like to tell them in a few concise words just what I think of them. The youngsters of today are not one bit worse than their ancestors were fifty or a hundred years ago. *If anything* they are better developed mentally and physically, and have a higher moral standard, than the young people of yesteryear. Deny it, you who want to, but it is true; and most people are broad-minded enough to admit it.

In accordance with the ancient custom of the Corner I will describe myself. I am five feet, three inches tall, and weigh 125 pounds. I have a mop of golden-brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion. Then, to add insult to injury, I am twenty years old. I do not smoke, swear, or believe in woman suffrage. I am one of those much-discussed (and "cussed") specimens, an only child. I get rather lonesome sometimes, so won't you cousins all write to me? Every blessed one of you? I'm not making any rash promises about answering, but I'll do my best—and that's all anybody can do.

In closing, I want to say that I consider the COMFORT'S League of Cousins the greatest organization in the world, bar none. I am more than proud to be a member of this wonderful Family, and I prize my League emblem more highly than any article of jewelry I ever owned. For this matchless organization we have to thank Uncle Charlie, Uncle Lisha and, bad as I hate to admit it, Billy the Goat. Three cheers for all of them!

With all kinds of love and good wishes, I am
Your niece and cousin, IRENE HARMON.

Nope, Irene; I register a decided negative. I have never noticed that the Missouri letters (anyway the last thirty thousand or so) were damp and rain-spotted and dripping with Ozarkian gray and gloom. And in spite of all the *lashing, drenched,* roaring, dreary adjectives you moistened your letter with, I thought it was a strangely sunny effort after all. Perhaps the sun *was* shining on the tip of your pen and pink nose all the time you were writing! I remember how Cousin William Hurley fooled us and *I'm not as Ozark-trusting as I once* was in my early-Uncling days.

I'm surely sorry Monett has passed away, Irene. When did it die? It is always a little sad and lonely to live in a dead town—particularly when the undertaking has been badly done and some of the prominent citizens are yet above ground and sitting on cracker boxes. Why don't you move over to Roaring River where there is more noise? You may have read, Irene, of my several-times stated intention of some day settling down in the famous Ozarks with a tame mule or two, a shotgun and a few fishhooks. And so I'm glad to be warned in time about Monett and I shall avoid real estate—or cemetery lots—in that vicinity. I might possibly get along quietly in a dead town, but not Billy. He must have someone always about to listen to him. Anyway when it draws near to election time or a choice of presidential prospects, Bill thinks either Macaulay or Mark Twain would make good presidents, but unfortunately he finds that they are both dead. Just like Monett, Irene!

BIG STONE, KENTUCKY

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS.

I am ten years old, four feet tall, have brown hair and blue eyes. I live on a farm of 150 acres. My father is postmaster at Big Stone and also owns a store. We have four horses which I like to ride. Ruin Creek is close to our house and I go in swimming and can swim on my back. I go fishing every once in a while, but have never caught any big fish. The other day while running a race, the horse stepped on a rock and fell; it did not hurt me, but skinned the horse's head. I would like to receive letters from all the cousins.

Your nephew and cousin, PAUL PENNINGTON.

Paul, I'm really, truly sorry to hear that one of your four race horses skinned his eyebrow on a Big Stone so that you could not come under the telegraph wire a winner in this local Kentucky Derby.

It's fine to have a creek, Paul, even only a ruin of one, nearby so one can fool the hot weather by swimming on one's back, front, or even left ear. I like to swim, Paul, and last August I beat a Pennsylvania sunfish by two feet in the finish of a hundred-yard dash.

Maybe the reason you can't catch any big fish, Paul, my boy, is because you do not use the right bait. Did you ever hear of the man who drifted out to sea in an open boat which had, luckily, a hook and line floating in the bottom of it? Well, Paul, history says this man kept himself alive for three weeks by fishing—*using his toes for bait!* When he was picked up by a coasting schooner, he was just baiting his hook *with his sixth toe*. So the next time you are swimming on your back in Ruin Creek, Paul, try wiggling your little toes in an appetizing manner. You might get a bite!

FENN, IDAHO

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Tap, tap, tap! May I come in? I am from the Gem of the Mountains. We live on a farm on what is known as Camas Prairie. It is surrounded by mountains on three sides and buttes on one. On the west side the Salmon river runs; on the east side the Clearwater. We can see the Seven Devils which are about seventy-five miles from here. They are always covered with snow. Our mountains have wonderful scenery. My Dad runs the tractor for the boss. Come out in harvest time and I will let you run it.

There are seven of us children; Zelma, aged 14; Muriel, 10; Oscar, 8; Myrtle, 6; Claire 5; Gene, 4 months, and myself who was 12 on July 19. We older girls do the milking, wash dishes and cut wood for mamma and papa. Also we do other small chores. Mother believes in having us learn to be useful citizens.

I have a pet calf and a cat. I am in the seventh grade at school this term. I am a blonde, five feet, two and one-quarter inches tall, and I weigh 93 pounds. I have blue eyes and I am a throughbred American. I love to read the cousins' letters, also books. I am learning to cook, but not much as yet. Mother takes COMFORT and we all love to read it.

Well, I will close, or else you will get tired of reading this and feed it to Billy. I hope to see my letter in print.

With love to you and all the cousins, I am
Your niece, MILDRED ALICE NELSON.

Come on in, Mildred; don't stop to knock. I should think you would be glad to get away for a while from those Seven Devils. It's good you can keep 'em on the other side of the river and seventy-five miles off. Some people have seven devils after them all the while—and it can't be pleasant—especially in hot weather. That is unless the devils were covered with snow like your cold brand of infernal citizens. Mildred, I do hope those Seven Devils were not named after you seven kids!

I'm not coming out to run your tractor, thanks. I might run it into the Salmon River and get the boss peeved. Once I tried experimentally to run a Brooklyn trolly car. I almost ruined the city police force and sewer system. I am probably the only man and Uncle in the U. S., Mildred Alice, who cannot run a Ford, and so I might not be good at the wheel of a tractor—which I am sure cannot be half as tractable as a well-broken and well-busted Lizzie.

Mildred, I'm glad you are a thoroughbred American and a blonde. All my nieces believe I favor blondes; they have found it out in some way, so I might as well confess and let the awful fact be known. But anyway all the Nelsons are blondes and always have been—even Lord Nelson. Bill is a brunette, Mildred,—or he was up to the time he dyed his whiskers.

BUENA VISTA, FLORIDA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Well here I am again. While we're having a tropical downpour, I'm going to try to write a few lines. Tent is leaking in a few places, but that's nothing when a fellow gets used to it.

As you see from my address, I am in Florida. Buena Vista is a beautiful little suburb of Miami. And because it is a quiet place, I like it. I arrived down here January 11, after three weeks on the road through mud axle deep in many places.

To give a detailed account of the trip, (which I have all written down in my note book) would take up too much space. Will only relate a couple incidents, and pass on. Near Raleigh, N. C., we stopped for the night, which happened to be "The night before Xmas," because the mud was too deep for night traveling—in fact we could get no farther that night. Well—we wanted some water to drink. I started out to hunt some, went up the road a mile or so, failed to find a house; then went back to the camp. My brother and I started out again, this time through a swamp, following a trail through the woods. We ended up at a deserted cabin at least a mile from NOWHERE, and no water. Then I remembered seeing a house back about a mile the way we had come, so we went back to the camp, and back the road—found the house—nobody at home but a rather vicious dog. I finally made peace with him, and found the well, and we went back. Near Macon, Ga., we had bad luck, tore the rear end out of our car, by towing another tourist along. When we arrived here, they left us and now don't know us and we hauled them from Macon clear down here, after their car had given out—that's the way we got paid for the favor. Well, as I was going to say, we were forced to camp for a whole week, and fix our car.

Of course we didn't allow this to put a damper on our spirits, and we got through O. K. We stopped several times during the trip to take pictures, or to admire the scenery. And once near Camden, S. C., we stopped and helped a lady whose child had fallen and broken its arm. And I must say that ALL of the Southern people that we met, surely used us fine, and if ever I go back over that same route, I will stop and see them, if only for a few minutes at each place. Whether

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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Little Miss Brown's Harvest

By Joseph F. Novak

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LITTLE Miss Brown emerged from her tiny cottage, shut and carefully locked the door, and although an involuntary shudder shook her thin shoulders as the October blasts swept about her, she resolutely straightened and steadied herself and started toward the village.

Little Miss Brown had been designated "little" since early young-ladyhood. Thus named to distinguish her from an older sister, the "little" clung even after the elder sister had ascended, as little Miss Brown hoped, the golden stairs.

Her footsteps crackled in the fallen leaves which played in swirls down the lane and the corn shocks seemed to moan mournfully. Yet the scene was not dismal and the gathered herds at the various farmhouses which she passed, lowing contentedly, spoke of a bountiful harvest and a good year.

But what had her harvest been? Little Miss Brown often thought this, when the golden harvests came along. It seemed that each year brought her nowhere, as far as world's goods were concerned. Plenty to eat she had, 'tis true, more than enough, but that was all. Very little money came her way, and as she thought how, from year to year, the little cottage was growing more and more rickety, with no prospect of its being repaired, and as the walls grew more and more faded from cleaning wall paper that was past all cleaning, it really seemed as if she were not getting on at all.

"Why, after all, though, should it make any difference? I am an old woman already, every one knows what my house looks like, and they all love me, so why should I complain? I can enjoy the pretty things in the beautiful homes of the Uptons, the Starkes and the Wellingtons, so why should I care if I don't have them?" Thus her cheerful view of life and she was content.

She directed her steps toward the beautiful home of the Starkes and her errand was, in a sense, one of mercy. Whenever anyone wanted someone to sit up at a sick-bed, little Miss Brown was always called, and she always responded.

At the Starke home this night, young Gabriel Starke lay ill, and dangerously so. Tired with their vigils, the family had called for succor and little Miss Brown responded.

Because Gabriel was so sick, his family had telegraphed to Rutherford Granger, his boon college companion, who, though after college had gone his separate way, never lost sight of Starke and kept in touch with him and loved him better than a brother.

He was now rushing to Barkerville in a high powered motor car and fate decreed that at the moment he rounded a corner of the village street, little Miss Brown should attempt to cross. The wind came in for its share in the near-tragedy for it whisked little Miss Brown's old-fashioned cloak into her face at the crucial moment the car turned the corner.

Thank God for the brakes which held as well as they did! otherwise little Miss Brown's earthly pilgrimage would have been over. But though they did their noblest, still the effort was not quite enough to keep her from being thrown to the street and injured severely.

Rutherford Granger sprang from his machine, picked up the inert figure and brought her to the only place he knew of—the Starkes.

The door was opened to him as he hastened up the walk with his limp burden.

"Call a doctor, quick!" he ordered.

"Why, it's little Miss Brown!" exclaimed Nora who had opened the door.

They brought her to one of the beautiful chambers of the Starke home and soon the doctor appeared.

He shook his head. "Maybe it's internal injuries—but we'll see."

* * * * * * * *

When little Miss Brown awoke again, it was night. The wind had died down and through the window could be seen, sailing through ragged clouds, a glorious harvest moon. While in its effulgent light a well-built figure of a man sat, looking afar off over the landscape.

As little Miss Brown moved, he immediately turned toward her.

"Are you awake?" he queried softly.

"Yes," Miss Brown responded, wondering who he was.

"My name is Rutherford Granger—I am Gabriel's friend and it was my machine that knocked you down at the corner. I'm dreadfully sorry, but really I can't say it was anyone's fault. However, I shall make all amends that I can for, after all, it was my car that injured you. I suppose it will be quite an inconvenience for you to be here for several weeks?"

"Well, no," little Miss Brown returned, for his sorrow was so sincere she wanted to comfort him. "I think I shall rather enjoy it—that is until I am moved to my own home."

"Ah, but you shall not be removed from this room until you are able to walk from it. I shall insist that it be so."

"Then I shall not mind it one bit," little Miss Brown declared, for the prospect of spending a few weeks in that lovely room was pleasing. The furnishings were of newest type, the curtains and drapes delightful to the eye, there was electric light, soft rugs and other luxuries which made her own bedroom at home, neat though it was, seem like unto the cell of a nun.

"Thank you so much for saying that," Rutherford replied gratefully. "I thought I might have put you way behind in your work—and harvest time is canning and preserving time for the ladies, is it not? I am not up much on housekeeping."

"I don't do such an awful lot of that, Mr. Rutherford," little Miss Brown replied, "and if I make more than I need, I give it away. My neighbors are very kind in giving me fruits and vegetables and so forth. But as I have to look out for just myself, it doesn't take much to keep me going. And I've done my fall housecleaning. I'm afraid to clean much more for if I do I guess I'll go through the paper to the plaster. My house is just a poor, tumble-down little place, Mr. Rutherford, so you see it will be almost a pleasure to occupy a beautiful room like this for a few weeks."

Rutherford was silent for some moments. Then he said:

"You are certainly well beloved here, Miss Brown. It wasn't but a few moments when everyone knew of the accident and the townspeople called without cessation until it was too late to call."

His words cheered little Miss Brown.

"You know, Mr. Rutherford, sometimes I am apt to be a little discontented because I have so little of this world's goods, but when I hear words just like you have spoken, it seems to make up for anything I might not have. You mentioned harvest-time, and when I was younger I was apt to complain of my harvests—they were so meager. Now, though, I realize that all the while I have been harvesting the love and good will of the people of Barkerville, and after all isn't that the best harvest?"

"Undoubtedly it is. Of course, one likes to be comfortable and have things, but to have them at the expense of loss of good will isn't worth while."

"That's what I think and while I'd like to have the nice things I dream of, still maybe it's pleasanter dreaming of them than having them in reality."

"What is your dream, Miss Brown?" Rutherford queried.

"O, you'll think me a foolish old woman for wanting the things of my dream, but I'll tell you, just the same. I dream that I'd like to have my little cottage fixed up—but most of all to have electric lights in it and a pretty floor lamp in the window. Isn't that foolish?"

"Why should it be?" Rutherford asked kindly. "No harm in wanting nice things if we don't let the longing make us discontented."

They had been talking quietly, slowly, and there had been little intervals of quiet between sentences. Little Miss Brown found it delightful to converse thus intimately with the millioniare friend of Gabriel Starke. She had often heard of him and understood that he was very proud and even haughty. How poorly people judge, she thought. A more worldly person might have thought that he was exerting himself to be thus agreeable to lessen the chances of a suit at law for personal injury on the part of little Miss Brown.

To demand reparation for her injuries was the last thing in Miss Brown's mind, however. She studied the handsome profile as Rutherford sat there in the moonlight and somehow she found her heart yearning over him with motherly affection. How must it feel to be the mother of such a son? For Rutherford was about twenty-six and she was—fifty.

With nothing but the kindliest feelings in her heart toward the young man her consciousness drifted away and she fell into a peaceful sleep

* * * * * * * *

The following morning there was cause for rejoicing in the Starke household for Gabriel passed the crisis and was out of danger and little Miss Brown's injuries were found to be less serious than first supposed.

This news sweet Dorothea Starke imparted to Rutherford as they breakfasted together the next morning. Dorothea was one of those girls whom riches seemed only to have sweetened. There was in her manner a gracious, mysterious aloofness that seemed to set her apart from the run of girls. A something that would have held at bay the worst of brutes.

"Dorothea," Rutherford began after she had imparted her news, "I want you to take me to little Miss Brown's home."

"Surely, if you wish, Rutherford," Dorothea answered, "but I am afraid you will not be impressed with it. It is a tiny tumble-down place, that looks particularly dreary after the vines have shed their leaves."

"That's just why I want to see it," Rutherford answered. "Just think, Dorothea, here is that little woman called upon by everyone in the village when in need, yet they allow her to live in a tumble-down little shed."

"Why, Rutherford—" Dorothea began. "We didn't think——"

"Yes, Dorothea," Rutherford interrupted gently, "no one thought that she might not be perfectly contented in that little shack of hers. Why, do you realize that she told me she actually *enjoyed* the accident since it allows her the luxury of your home? I saw that in spite of her sweet content there is in her heart the desire for something better than she has. Suppose the poor dear woman had been killed last night? Everyone came to inquire how she was, and if she had been killed how many consciences might have been berating their owners today. We ought to do something for her. I shall at any rate, but why not have the whole village in on it?"

"What would you propose, Rutherford? We cannot give her money—she would think it charity. You see we began in the wrong way. We'd call on her to do nursing as a favor and made it up by sending her a bushel of apples or something of the sort and got into the habit of it. To change now and give her money would have been a hint that we sensed her poverty and were extending charity. I've thought often that we ought to do something but—well, I'd dismiss the idea and think no more about it. And while I have said we didn't think, I believe it was more that we didn't know just what to do. So, what would you propose?"

"Well," and Rutherford's eyes twinkled, "I believe I have the solution of the matter. Here it is. Why not make her cottage into a livable place?"

"It is a splendid idea, Rutherford!" exclaimed Dorothea, "let us go over at once!"

Suiting action to word, Rutherford got out his big car and they started for little Miss Brown's place. It looked cozy and comfortable as it drowsed in the sleepy autumnal sunshine but on close observation one saw the pitiful little makeshifts that little Miss Brown had resorted to. The yard, though, was beautifully kept and the late asters and winter chrysanthemums still bloomed bravely.

Dorothea had secured the key and opening the door, they went into the tiny cottage. Everything was exquisitely neat, but the age of everything testified to little Miss Brown's dire poverty. The curtains at the windows which looked so neat, on close examination showed untold mending, and what was true of the curtains could be said of everything in the house.

They went from room to room.

"It seems dreadful that while she was an angel of mercy for the sick, we allowed her to put up with such dire need," Dorothea said, her voice a little unsteady. "But we must make amends now."

"Well," returned Rutherford cheerfully, "let us be thankful that we found out before it was too late. Now, I intend to do the whole cottage over, put it in A-1 shape before she comes back to it. If the village wishes, it may do its share."

"I believe everyone would want to help," Dorothea answered, "and next Sunday after church we will discuss the matter."

It is surprising how thoughtless humanity will do right when they know the object of their good will is deserving. How much more charitable we all would be if we knew that all charity asked was charity deserved! Ah, if mankind could not dissemble in matters of this sort!

Rutherford selected for his share, the wiring of the little cottage, the fixtures and a beautiful polychrome floor lamp. The Starkes determined upon the redecorating. The Wellingtons ordered new floors and the outside painting, and so down on the whole list of those who had been the recipients of little Miss Brown's unobtrusive kindnesses.

And it seemed that Providence, too, wanted to take a hand in this blessed work, for the glorious Indian summer days permitted the painters to get the outside painting down so that the coming frosts would not injure it. Daily new and beautiful things were sent to the little cottage now changing as if by magic to a place of delight.

Granger and Dorothea superintended it all. They endeavored to place everything just as little Miss Brown always had it, and they were quite familiar (or at least Dorothea was) with such little objects as she treasured and were careful not to disturb them. So it was that the familiar family pictures which little Miss Brown loved remained in their usual places on the walls, the little knicknacks and bric-a-brac that she liked were left in their accustomed places. Thus the room, while it had a new and charming aspect, bore with it a homelike familiarity, a clever blending of what had been changed with what remained so that little Miss Brown would not feel strange but only that her dream had come true.

"Isn't it jolly fixing up a home!" Rutherford exclaimed one day, "and even though we're doing it for someone else. How glorious then, it must be to do it for oneself!"

He looked laughingly at Dorothea, but there was something in that teasing look and laugh that made her blush, for similar thoughts had stirred her mind as she had worked, but she pushed them aside for Rutherford—well—Rutherford—well, she mustn't think such thoughts!

At last the cottage was finished, and then on one of those brilliant days, when it seems that summer makes a final effort to live before giving up the ghost, the doctor pronounced little Miss Brown well enough to go home.

She was expecting it, but as the decision came, a cold hand seemed to clutch her heart. She had become so accustomed to the dainty room, to the convenience of the electric light, that the thought of cleaning oil lamps every day and all the rest of the inconveniences she had been accustomed to seemed almost unbearable. But there was no other way, she had had her taste of luxury and now she must go home.

So she prepared.

When she reached the door, outside stood Rutherford's big machine glittering in the sunlight, ready inviting her to ride.

"I shall drive you down to your house, Miss Brown," Rutherford said, "and Dorothea will accompany you. I believe you will have plenty of company this afternoon."

Little Miss Brown flushed. She did not like the idea of Rutherford seeing her poor surroundings but there was no help for it.

So she got into the beautiful car and off they started.

Rutherford, however, did not intend that she should go directly home and he drove out to the wonderful concrete highway for miles and miles while the soft autumnal winds blew the color back into little Miss Brown's cheeks.

"The world is kind," she thought, as she saw what Rutherford was doing. "Poor lad, he wants to make it all right with me, I suppose. I wonder if he realizes how much I enjoyed my stay at the Starkes?"

Thus she speculated upon the matter, and then as she noticed the happy eyes and the rosy blushes of Dorothea whenever Rutherford turned his dark sparkling eyes upon the girl, she wondered if indeed, some sweet emotion was not stirring the hearts of the young people as they sat beside each other. And then she thought back to the years when she was a girl and of stalwart Bud [illegible] whom she had loved. He had gone off to the Spanish-American War and had never returned for he had been killed at the charge of San Juan Hill. No one knew her romance—no one knew she had had her chance.

Rutherford now asked her if she'd prefer to return, and really wishing to do so, she assented. He thereupon turned the car and started back and soon came to the familiar landmarks of Barkerville.

As she observed them, little Miss Brown felt the going home spirit. There was something comforting in the thought after all. Home was home, and as the poet sang, be it ever so humble there's no place like it.

So she strained her eyes for a glimpse of the tiny cottage. But as she sought the familiar spot, her brain seemed to reel. What was that little cottage gleaming white through the scarlet runners growing where the old tumble-down shack should have been. Had she suddenly become strange to the road she had known for years? Were they right? Wasn't Rutherford mistaken?

He, however, stopped at the cottage.

"But Mr. Rutherford—Dorothea—what—what ——"

"Just a little surprise for you, little Miss Brown," Rutherford said gently. "A token of the good will of your neighbors."

"But—but—why?" gasped poor little Miss Brown, "what have I done?"

They had been leading her up to the house and now entered. Little Miss Brown looked around in wonder, and speechless walked from room to room.

"My dream! My dream! O, dear God, it has, *it has* come true!"

They gave her the benefit of seeing it in its most inviting aspect. Now Mrs. Wellington, the minister and his wife and others came in.

"Why did you do it all?" gasped rather than asked little Miss Brown, as she had repeated many times already, "I don't know why you should."

"You have Mr. Granger to thank for the idea, sister Brown," "and all your neighbors for the rest of it—not that Mr. Granger did not do his share," he smiled correcting himself. "Yet why you should thank us, I hardly know. When you were hurt, we realized then what you meant to us and we all felt that we never had shown our appreciation of all your unselfish devotion to the community. When you spoke of your dream to Mr. Granger he determined to make it come true and gave us all a chance to help. We hope you will like the result, as we tried to make the dream come true as closely as we could with your ideas. It is the culmination of our appreciation of all your good works, and may I say a harvest which you are most justly entitled to?"

When the minister finished speaking, little Miss Brown could only nod.

"We are all going to stay to tea, little Miss Brown," began Mrs. Wellington, and the whole party settled down to a regular sociable bee. All this put little Miss Brown in her element—to think of entertaining women like Mrs. Wellington in her own home!

The afternoon waned, then the guests slowly departed until none were left but Dorothea and Rutherford.

And then Rutherford did what was the hardest for him to do. He asked little Miss Brown if she would accept a little book—he would [illegible] quite right if she did not.

With the look he gave her, she felt she could not refuse, and why not accept a little book?

At the moment, however, she did not know it was a bankbook with a five hundred dollar deposit entered therein.

* * * * * * * *

"It was worth all of our efforts, wasn't it, Dorothea?" Rutherford asked, as with Dorothea beside him, his machine glided smoothly back to the Starkes.

"Worth it? Indeed it was. Such a dear, happy little task! How I enjoyed *it!*"

"Dorothea," and Rutherford laid his hand gently over hers, "would you enjoy fixing up another home for yourself—and me? Would you, Dorothea?"

"O, Rutherford! I—I—look out, you're going into the ditch!"

"It's hard proposing and running a big car with one hand, so Dorothea you'll say 'yes' won't you?"

Dorothea smiled at him and there, in that smile, she showed herself like all other women.

"I could think of no happier occupation, Rutherford, dear," she said.

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2. The rich part of milk.
3. The River Colony in Africa.
4. Mourning.
5. The bride's color.
6. The coward's.
7. The soldier's.
8. A caged songbird.
9. The kind of a fever accompanied by a type of rash.
10. A Catholic official.
11. Denmark's capital.
12. The royal shade.
13. Autumn's prevailing tint.
14. An inlet of the sea.
15. To put a person ashore and leave him to his fate.
16. The cap of a college freshman.
17. Who wrote "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard?"
18. A province of France.
19. The token of anarchy and revolution.
20. A political appointment.

ANSWERS.

1.	Navy.	11.	Copenhagen.
2.	Cream.	12.	Purple.
3.	Orange.	13.	Brown.
4.	Black.	14.	Bay.
5.	White.	15.	Maroon.
6.	Yellow.	16.	Green.
7.	Khaki.	17.	Gray.
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9.	Scarlet.	19.	Red.
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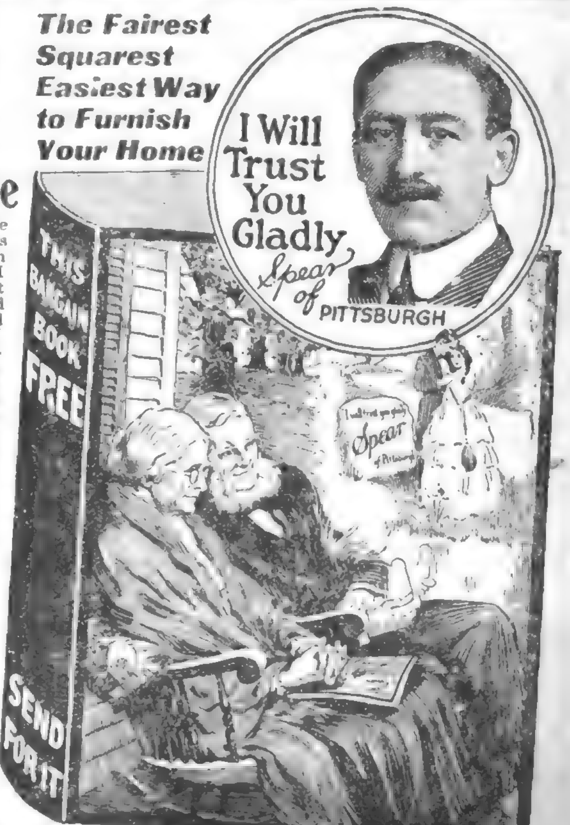

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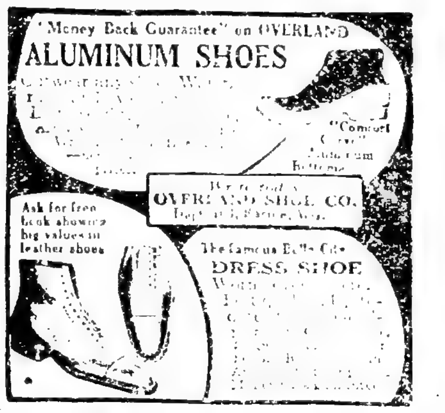

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KING TUT-ANK-HAMEN'S REVENGE

By
Eliot
Kays
Stone

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IS King Tut-Ank-Hamen having his revenge?

Is the mysterious death of Lord Carnarvon and the mystifying illness of Howard Carter attributable to natural causes or did this Pharaoh's Ka inflict upon them the revenge threatened on the "Seal of Execration" inscribed on all tombs of the Pharaohs?

Were insidious poisons hidden in the tombs to insure the infliction of the death penalty upon those who should afterwards enter them? Was Lord Carnarvon the victim of the bite of some insect?

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaims Science, the modern God, but are the prophets of this new God always right?

King Tut-Ank-Hamen may at any rate be fancied as exulting with his Ka on the outcome of events.

"Ha ha," we can almost hear this ancient potentate chuckle. "Ye scientifically-minded desecrators of my tomb and disturbers of my age-long slumbers, ye know now what it means to brave the curses of a Pharaoh. Your scientists may explain it away as pleases them best, but the ancient curse of my magicians has fallen upon ye."

Nor is King Tut alone in his belief.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle expresses the belief that an elemental spirit in the tombs takes revenge on all that enter them. "It may be very well," he said, "to record this as the bite of an insect, or some other illness, but the fact remains that many men who have entered these tombs have come to sudden death."

What did Ibrahim Cyrana, the Egyptian priest say in Paris shortly after Lord Carnarvon's death? "The vengeance of the Pharaohs has been wrought upon Lord Carnarvon. Howard Carter may laugh, but he also will soon be stricken down."

Millions of Ibrahim's countrymen will unquestioningly share his views, for the modern dwellers on the Nile are not one whit less superstitious than their ancestors.

The oriental fear of the "evil eye" is universal among all classes of Egyptian society, which fear the Arabs well express in the proverb, "Charm from the eye of a girl, sharper than a spike; charm from the eye of a boy, more painful than a whip," to prevent the dangers of which these ingenious people employ many charms. Even in the higher walks of Egyptian society rings of silver wire are worn by both sexes to guard against the "evil eye." No mother in Egypt would think of exposing the face of her new-born child to a foreigner, and so great is this fear implanted in the breast of the Fellaheen mother that she leaves the face of her child unwashed for months and even years, fearing that an attractive child would bring upon it the "evil eye." This is probably one cause of the frightful prevalence of ophthalmia in Egypt, for, in the summer especially, an infant's face is simply a mass of flies, which, to add to the discomfort of superstition piled upon superstition, are never brushed away, as this act of kindness is considered unlucky. Some Fellaheen paint on their doorways "the bloody hand," others paint thereon the legend, "Bism'llah, ma' sha' llah" (In the name of God, may God keep evil from it), while the more wealthy inscribe it on the iron or brass knockers on their doors, to protect their dwellings from the "evil eye."

Charms against the "evil eye" are not the only ones resorted to by the Egyptian to avert from him the misfortunes of life. Charms are even attached to the necks of camels and the radiator-caps of "flivvers" to insure the safety of these means of locomotion. On many Egyptian houses may be seen small windmills or man-like images, their arms revolving in the wind to ward off evil spirits. Nubian mothers insure a fortunate life for their boys, at least, by taking the infant when forty days old to the brink of the Nile, where its eyes are anointed with *kohl.*

Nor have modern Egyptians lost their reverential awe of certain animals, such as dogs, cats, and serpents. It is considered "unlucky to kill a snake in a house; and so general is this belief," states R. Talbot Kelly, in his "Egypt Painted and Described," "that I understood that in the native houses of Cairo may be found cobra, which are confined to one room, and so constantly supplied with food as to be perpetually in a comatose condition." There is also a proverb, "God bless the house the birds build in," which gives rise to swallows' nests being frequently found "in most inconvenient positions in their living-rooms."

The scarabeaus was the emblem of immortality to the ancient Egyptians. To their descendants it at least represents fertility, and accordingly, "the harem woman, whose social standing and happiness depend so much on the fact of her becoming a mother, eats the insect in this belief and hope; some of the women eat them to become fat, as this is a necessary adjunct to Egyptian beauty. It is believed, however, that the desire to grow fleshy is often expressed only to veil the real motive in eating the beetles." (William McE. Dye: Egypt and Abyssinia.)

Like the Chinese, the Egyptians have great respect for and fear of the myriads of genii, who lurk in every portion of the land. The Ginn, as the Egyptians call their genii, are of a very old family, having been created sometime prior to the entrance of Adam and his delightful spouse upon the Garden of Eden, at which place they proceeded to turn the world topsy-turvy by partaking of the forbidden fruit. The Ginn occupy a position a little higher than man, and a little lower than the angels, and, according to authentic accounts, were created of fire. They are, therefore, hot stuff, and though not immortal, generally manage to survive the shocks of time and of the elements for several centuries. They eat and sleep like mortals, and mate with each other or with human beings. They differ in form from man, and can take on at will any desired form, and can make themselves invisible whenever necessary or convenient. They are ruled over by forty, some say seventy, kings, all possessed of the title of Sulyman or Solyman. Ginn Ibu-Gann, the last of their monarchs, and from whom the Ginn derive their name, is credited as being the builder of the pyramids, for what man could erect such massive edifices? The full details of the history of this marvelous race are believed only by the credulous, even among the Moslems, as many of the fables are not recognized by the Koran. Few however doubt the essential facts concerning them which are here given.

While they are confined to no particular spot, being privileged to roam the earth at pleasure, their principal and favorite resort seems to be a chain of mountains, known to the Egyptians as *Kaf.* To have an idea of this locality one must have a knowledge of Egyptian geography, which is a science peculiar to itself; and it is only to Egyptian geographers that this mountain is known. Be it known then, that according to the Egyptian atlas, the earth is a plain surrounded by the Ocean (name of ocean not specified), which ocean is in turn encompassed by the chain of mountains, *Kaf,* which apparently performs the useful office of holding in the waters. It is on this range that the Ginn have established their headquarters, and if they would only be content to remain there, the Egyptians would not have to devote so much thought to them, but unfortunately the Ginn are restless creatures and ubiquitous in their habits. They are everywhere. They live in rivers, ruined houses, walls, baths, ovens—every place conceivable. They infest the solid matter of the earth and the firmament. From this latter vantage ground they learn the future from the whisperings of the angels, and divulge them to magicians and soothsayers, who, in turn, pass them on to anxious humanity for a consideration. As it is known that the Ginn are everywhere, the Egyptians are very careful to offend none of them. Before any water is poured on the ground permission is asked of the genii. "Destroor" (permission) is the magic word, and a person does not let a bucket down a well, strike a light, enter a bath, or do much of anything else, without uttering it, or words of like import.

Like the genii of the Celestials, the Ginn seem to have a marked propensity for taking unto themselves the shape of a dog, cat or some other animal, generally domestic. Amusing stories proving this are told, and none of them are doubted. Perhaps, this statement should be qualified, as these stories are amusing only to the Western mind. But the Ginn are not without their redeeming features, as they form a convenient scapegoat for uncaught and unpunished offenders, and they are often accused of throwing tiles from the roofs of houses, and doing other mischievous and malicious acts. Can it be that they are responsible for the numerous unsolved murder mysteries which have so fruitlessly perplexed the brains of our highly intelligent police in New York and other of the larger cities of the United States? If so, what a world of iniquity can be laid at their door.

The efreets are either evilly disposed genii or spirits of the dead. Ancient tombs, dark corners in temples, and such places are their favorite resorts. But many spirits, of course, haunt the scenes of their activities in the flesh, especially if the spirit was torn from its habitation by an act of violence. Another form of Ginn are "Ghools" who commit many atrocities. They appear in monstrous and terrible shapes, sometimes that of an animal, and infest graveyards and other secluded places. Their favorite food is corpses, but this does not prevent them from devouring the living who come within their power.

Not content with ascribing such supernatural powers to these creatures of the fancy, the ignorant and superstitious peoples of Egypt have a supernatural reverence for those classes of the population who are the least entitled to their respect. Like the noble "Red Man" of our own country, the Egyptians believe the idiot and fool to be favorites of the gods. Egypt is in fact the paradise of the fool. His very weakness constitutes his strength. An absence of wit is proof that the idiot is in communication with God. Only the most dangerous lunatics are kept in confinement; the others are allowed to roam the streets at will. Idiots are looked upon as saints. A saint-ship is a particularly desirable berth in a country like Egypt so that it is not surprising that impostors swell the ranks of the idiots. Many go about entirely naked and can offer the foulest indignities to women with impunity, so great is the respect in which such saints are held. Others wear *dilks* a long cloak of many colors and fabrics—a kind of crazy-quilt. These wear a turban and are usually armed with a staff, to which cloths of various colors are attached. One can tell they are either fools or adventurers by the many maniacal acts which they commit, and which undoubtedly add to their fame and reputation for holiness. They are supported by alms, which they rarely have to solicit, as it is thought that misfortune will fall upon those who are disrespectful or unkind to these "saints." A celebrated saint is known as a *sheykh, murabit,* or *welee.* At the head of these is the *Kutb,* who, although he is often seen, always contrives it so that no one suspects him to be the *Kutb.* He is always clad in mean apparel and carries himself humbly. He mildly rebukes those who are impious, especially impostors. Although little is known concerning the *Kutb,* it is certain that he has several favorite resting places. One of these is the roof of the *Kaabeh* at Mukkeh, where, though never seen by mortal eyes, twice at midnight he is heard to call, "Thou most merciful of those who show mercy." The *Kutb* is also fond of stopping at the gate in the southern end of the old city of Cairo, and he has many other inferior stations in the same city. Welees do not always have an easy time of it, as they are sometimes commissioned to do some very difficult things. Others are as hard on themselves as any Medieval hermit.

Various superstitions cling to the mosques in Egypt. In the Amr Mosque in Cairo there are two pillars between which only the elect are able to pass. Several superstitions are associated with the Kalaun Mosque in the same city, where, according to Mr. Kelly, "the particularly ornate 'mihrab' is credited with healing virtue, and any day men and women may be seen rubbing lemons on one of its pilasters, and licking up the moisture in the firm belief that a cure will ensue. A little stick hangs on the railing of the tomb; this is used to cure fools or idiots by striking them on the head. Women also bring their ailing children here for relief. In this case water is poured into a large porphyry bowl, and with another piece of the same stone they grind until the red and muddy, the mixture being given to dren with absolute confidence in its erty." Many Moslems believe that no paint the Red Mosque at Bulak. Some will surely befall anyone attempting it.

Charles Dudly Warner encountered in blings through Cairo "a very interesting gate of one of the quarters. The gate wooden one or two leaves, crossed with fastened with heavy spikes, and not except as an illustration of one of the popu stitions of the Arabs. The wood is nails, bits of rags flutter on it, and human crowded under the iron bands. It is if a person afflicted with headache will into this door he will never have the again. Other ills are relieved by other bits of rags, teeth, etc. It would seem to sure cure for toothache to leave the tooth gate."

The magic of the ancient Egyptians was there are Ginn, efreets and other beings at their command—the Pyramids down upon few who will not find it most lieve that King Tut-Ank-Hamen is revenge.

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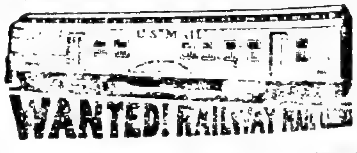

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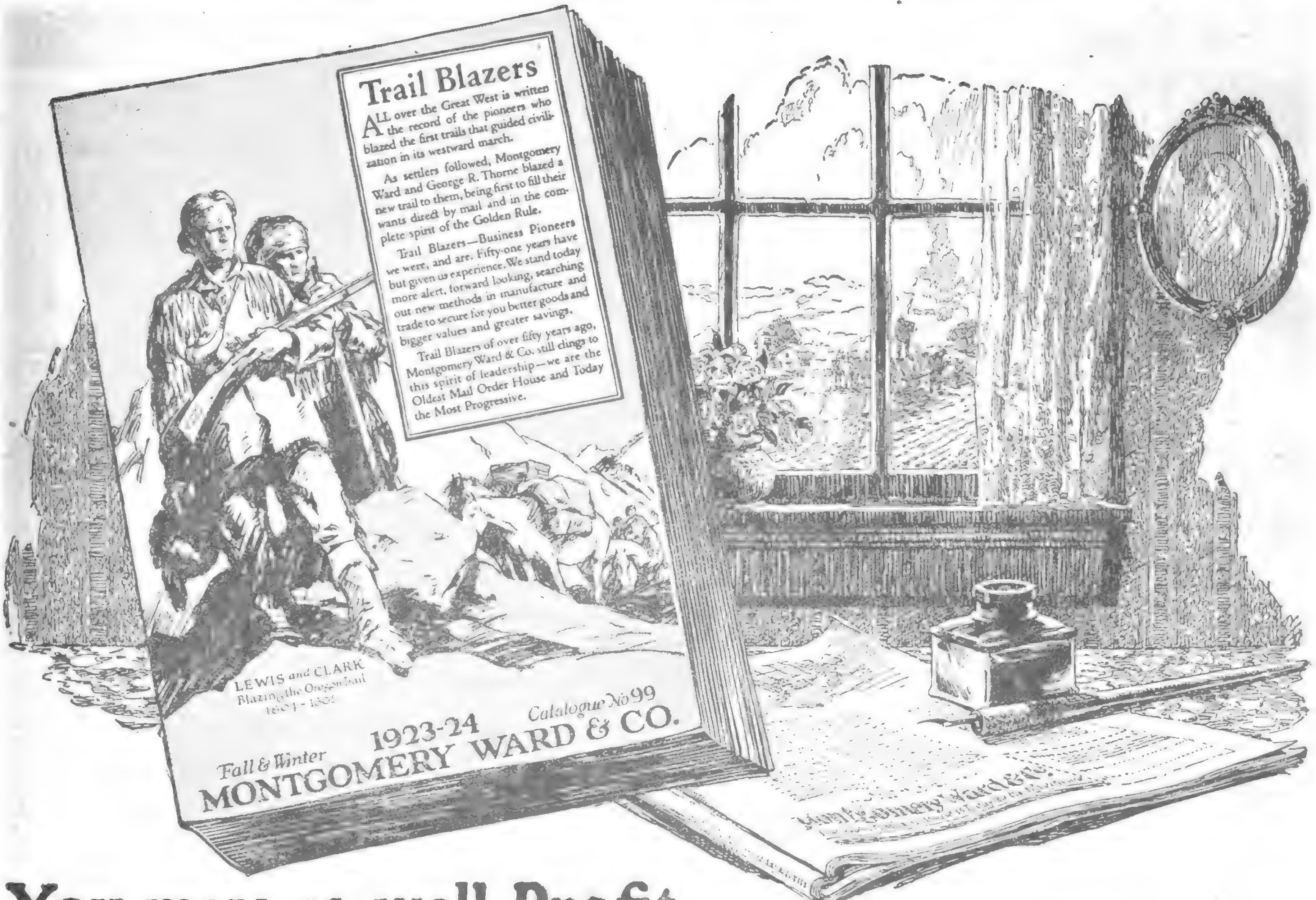

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A Cake of Pumice

"I wish I hadn't such ugly elbows," wailed a young girl of my acquaintance.

And her elbows really weren't pretty to look at. You know the kind—yellow and rough, instead of dimpled and soft.

But it would have been a simple matter for her to acquire the elbows she desired. The yellow color and the rough texture were both the result of neglect. In bathing, she had no doubt given her arms a hasty rub with a wash-cloth and assured herself that they were clean. But elbows need more consideration than that.

The girl who would have pretty elbows must possess a nail or soft bathbrush, and a cake of hand pumice.

We will assume, of course, that she takes a complete body bath daily, for without this she not only will fail in perfect cleanliness but her skin will suffer in time. So, when the daily bath takes place, this girl in pursuit of pretty elbows uses her brush and plenty of hot soapy water and scrubs those elbows of hers thoroughly. Not hard enough to irritate the skin, but much harder than she would scrub the other skin of her arm, for elbows are tougher of texture.

USING PUMACE FOR ROUGHENED ELBOWS.

A little cold cream massaged into the elbow after such scrubbing and thorough rinsing will keep the skin soft and pliable.

If the skin of the elbows is goose-pimply, or rough, then the cake of toilet pumice must be called into play. With this, before bathing, the elbow should be gently rubbed until the rough surface is somewhat smoothed. Use the pumice a couple of times a week until the roughness disappears. After applying it, follow with the bath and the cold cream.

Toilet pumice has other uses which makes it invaluable for the toilet. Too thick or impervious soles to one's shoes often produce callouses on the soles of the feet, through keeping them warm and moist. Such callouses in time produce corns on the soles. Both corns and callouses can become very painful, so the feet should be carefully watched and callouses disposed of as soon as they show signs of appearing. The feet should be carefully bathed daily, well dried especially between the toes, and rubbed with cocoa-butter. If they are inclined to be moist, omit the cocoa-butter and dust with powder, rubbing it in with the palms of the hands.

If callouses already exist, bathe the feet, soap the callous spots and then gently rub with a cake of hand pumice until the callouses are all rubbed away, after which rinse thoroughly so that no soap or pumice remains.

Stains on the fingers can often be removed by gently rubbing with pumice. In fact, a cake of toilet pumice is useful in many emergencies.

To avoid the callouses on the soles of the feet, be careful in selecting shoes. The feet must be aired, and if shoes are worn which have impervious soles then no air can get to the soles of the feet and the skin hardens, in time making a callous. That is why it is bad to wear rubbers except for the brief time in which one is walking in the wet. As soon as one comes under cover, whether in the house, at school, at the movies, at church, the rubbers should at once be slipped off. For the same reason, shoes which are soled in such a way as to be as impervious to air or moistureas rubbers, will produce the same conditions.

Comfortable feet are essential if one is to be happy, rested, pretty. With painful feet the face shows a tenseness, the nerves are strung to irritation, and both temper and appearance are spoiled, so it behooves us to be careful in picking our shoes.

Answers to Questions

Black Eyes.—If one cheek flushes while the other is pale, your circulation would seem to be out of order. You need exercises that will equalize the circulation, and should practice them daily. Take plenty of liquid, also, and try to eat nourishing foods—not necessarily fattening foods unless you need fat, but foods that give energy such as steak, broiled, roast beef, mutton, lamb, lamp chops, soup, eggs, soft-boiled or poached, or scrambled if you are careful that they are not allowed to harden. All these foods will give you strength and build up your blood. Milk to drink, cream on cereal and fruit, will do the same thing. Just what to eat depends on your weight. If you are over weight, you should avoid the milk, cream and cereal, if you are thin or none too fat, eat them as well as the meats I recommend and the eggs. A good exercise for you is what we call "sawing wood."

To Equalize the Circulation

Stand erect, knees straight, spine firm, chin slightly raised, chest out. Place the feet eighteen inches apart. Raise the arm high above the head, with elbows rigid and palms together. Now throw them out and down with great force and back between the legs. Breathe in as you raise the arms, breathe out as you throw the arms down. The knees must not be bent, but kept at all times rigid, the body bending only at the waist. Repeat this exercise from ten to twenty times; the lesser number until you have practiced it for a number of days and can increase the amount of exercise without tiring you or making you dizzy. Whenever an exercise makes you dizzy, it is time to stop it.

All arm and breathing exercises will be especially good for you. Remember the amount of fresh air you take into your lungs has a great deal to do with the purity of the blood, and this in turn affects the circulation. The bowels must be kept in good condition not by cathartics but by the foods you eat—stewed prunes, bran muffins, spinach, oranges, baked apples, whole wheat bread, etc., And of course you must give the body the material out of which to make good red blood.

Quince Seed lotion for the hair is made by soaking the seeds in hot water for several hours, then straining. A good recipe is as follows:

Quince Seed Bandoline

Hot water one-half pint; Quince seeds one and one-half drams; Cologne water, one-half ounce; Oil of cloves, six drops; Oil of lavendar, six drops.

After the seeds have been soaked in the hot water, the resulting thick liquid should be strained, and to this the cologne, cloves and lavender oils should be added. As a matter of fact, you can make a little bandoline at a time by using just a few seeds and hot water. It should not be too thick, or the hair will look pasty.

No, I do not think a marcelle once a week, or the use of a curling iron, will injure the hair unduly, provided always that the iron used is not too hot. A careful hair-dresser does not use too hot an iron, but rather goes over and over the wave to make it last. I think that with care in handling the hair, a marcelle once in two weeks would give you enough of a wave to last very nicely. Really the hair is much prettier after two or three days, when the stiff artificial marcelle is loosened, than when just dressed. And if you comb the hair but do not brush it, the wave will last very well. That is what I do. If you intend to have a round wave, and do your own curling, be careful not only about the heat of the iron, always testing it on paper first, but also about using it too frequently.

Missouri.—If you are five feet and six inches tall, you should weigh about one hundred and forty-three pounds when you are a few years older. At sixteen, you are entitled to weigh about one hundred and thirty-five. Weight depends somewhat upon the size of one's bones. A small-boned person can weigh more without looking large than a large-boned person. With your dark brown hair, dark gray eyes, and dark complexion, you could wear olive green, wine color, mahogany, a dark reddish purple, a dark pinkish tan. You should also be able to wear seal-brown and navy-blue. The brown could be touched up with trimmings with a little orange or red, the olive-green with yellow or turqoise blue. One way to secure a little variation in color is to use different materials together, as satin to trim broadcloth, or velvet as trimming on woolen dress materials. There is a difference in color through the difference in texture.

L. V.—It is dangerous to meddle with moles, as they sometimes develop into serious growths if they are picked or irritated. Large fleshy moles can sometimes be disposed of by tying a thread tight about their base. After a few days they blacken, wither and fall off. But again let me caution you that meddling with moles sometimes causes more serious troubles.

A. F.—I can't tell you how to remove the brown spots on your cheeks, but if you will regulate your diet, cut out coffee and tea and fried foods, eat sensibly and only at mealtime, drink plenty of water between meals, keep the bowels open so that they move twice a day, I think you may find that the brown spots will disappear of themselves. Practice the exercises given "Black Eyes" in this issue.

Gray Eyes.—There are certainly all kinds of eyes in the world, judging by the pen-names that come to me! Well, about that tan. If you could be with me as I write and see the fashionable young women working harder than they ever worked in their lives before trying to get a wonderful coat of tan, you would be inclined to smile. Here you are bemoaning your tan, and here are others bemoaning their lack of it! They sit out on a raft in the broiling sun an hour at a time, and then rush to a mirror to see what has been accomplished. With tan so fashionable, I shouldn't worry about mine if I were you, but if you still feel you wish to dispose of it, use a bleach, such as I will tell you how to make, and afterward watch your skin with care, wearing a wider-brimmed hat in the sun, and rubbing in a little cold cream always before going outdoors. Wipe off any surplus cream with a bit of cotton, and dust on some powder. Large veins in the hands usually indicate poor circulation, so practice the exercises I have recommended to "Black Eyes." Let your small girl's tanned skin alone. Another summer, see that she has broad-brimmed hats. As she grows older, merely protect her skin with proper headwear, and if it tans, let it! For the baby's hair, the best and only thing is massage. Feed the baby well, of course, so that it has plenty of good blood to nourish hair and make it grow thick; then every day hold it in your lap and gently go over its scalp, massaging it thoroughly. Slip your fingers each side of your child's hair under the hair, then pressing the fingers firmly move the scalp back and forth on the skull and round and round on the skull. Change the position of the fingers and repeat the treatment, and so continue until the whole head has been gone over. What do I look like? Oh, my dear, what an undertaking you have laid out for me! Could you describe yourself? Of course you couldn't! Now, here's that bleach.

Buy some almond meal and a jar of "theatrical face cream." Take one spoonful of the cream and into this mix meal until it is thick and smooth, then thin a trifle with hot water until it is easy to spread. Cut two squares of cheese-cloth big enough to cover the face, and snip a hole in the center of each for your nose. Dampen both, and spread the paste between. Bathe the face in very hot soapy water, massage for a minute, and then apply the mask, pressing it down so it touches the face in every part. Over this mask place two hot Turkish towels, folded, one over the upper half of the face to the tip of the nose, and one over the lower half of the face, leaving just the nostrils uncovered. You will need a bowl and pitcher of very hot water at hand, and the towels must be replaced frequently made hot again with the water in the bowl. Squeeze them out quickly and apply, each time. Keep this up for fifteen minutes, then remove pack, wash in warm, then cool, then very cold water. Take such a bleaching treatment twice a week for three weeks.

CONSIDER THE SOLES OF YOUR SHOES BEFORE BUYING.

Lassie and Laddie.—Your hair is dry at the ends, and probably does not receive enough nourishment, hence the split ends. Your method of shampooing is all right, and the time between shampoos is of proper length. But you probably need to build up your entire bodies a little, giving them more nourishment, blood-making food, so that there may be nourishment enough to extend to the tips of the hair. Brush your hair gently each night, clear to the very tips, thus spreading the natural oil the entire length of the hair. It might not be a bad idea to mix one teaspoonful of olive oil and one of castor oil, put just a little in the palm of the left hand, quickly whisk your brush across it, and then brush your hair with that brush. But wou should only have a couple of drops in the hand. Massage the scalp to make the hair grow, doing it every night. Keep the scalp well aired.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.—Adv.

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A Forgotten Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

entrance to the court. I could have touched him, but I got into a doorway. His face turned me sick, for I thought he was hanging round suspicious of me, to catch me and get his brother off.

"When he passed I went to Annie Sloane. She gave me a drink, and it made me careless. I saw her pick up a girl who fell in the street; but she had gold-colored hair, and I never looked at her face. A week after I went to Annie Sloane's again, because I was nearly out of my mind with nervousness. I knew the police were looking for me, and I didn't know why. And in Annie Sloane's house I saw Mary James, the maid, whom I had last seen in the cave at Hamilton Place.

"I ran out of the house and through the streets, for from what she said I was certain she knew. I never connected her for one instant with the girl who had been burned.

"I make this confession because I cannot otherwise die in peace. That there are two Lesards I can prove, and not I alone. On the night of Sir Simon Wellford's ball Victor Lesard was seen by Gillian and Jacqueline Hamilton. On that same night I, having taken advantage of my supposed master's absence to go to London, saw Louis Lesard dining at a cafe. I thought it was Victor, and followed him home, because I could not understand it. Even close to him, I could not believe it was not Victor, till I returned to Hamilton Place and found he had never left the neighborhood. It was after that I discovered he habitually used his brother's name.

(Signed) "JOHN BROOKES."

When the long document was finished there was silence as the judge summed up the case. But the jury did not even leave their box.

"Not guilty!" the foreman said promptly, and Lesard's iron composure gave way for the first time.

His lips trembled as he saw Gillian caught in Jacky's arms, as he saw her turn to him with a look that sent the blood to his heart. It seemed hours as he waited through the judge's address; he hardly knew or cared that Mrs. Gibbs would be committed for perjury, as well as for the old story of baby-farming, or that she stood raging that Brookes had cheated the gallows. But at last the prisoners were free to go, "without a stain on their characters."

Lesard looked neither to right nor left as he followed Gillian and Jacky out. His lean dark face was eager, his hawk's eyes misty, as he touched Vivian's arm.

"Where are they to go?" he said, and did not even look at Jacky. It was not here, before a gaping crowd, that he and she should meet.

"Bailey's Hotel," said Sir Charles calmly. "They can have my rooms. They can't go back to Blake Street."

Wife or no wife to a thief, he would take care of Gillian!

Lesard nodded.

"Best for now," he assented, and was touched to the quick as Vivian gripped him by the hand in silence, for only he knew that if all else failed Gillian and Jacky, Lesard would have lied himself to his death to save them.

But Jacky, standing at last beside Gillian in their own sitting-room at Bailey's Hotel, was nearer despair than ever in her life. Lesard had never spoken to her, had vanished into the street as they drove away with Vivian.

"He can't forgive me," she thought, "and he's right." Yet her heart swelled as she looked at her bandaged hands; surely she had tried to right the wrong her distrust of him had done.

"He's done with me," she said to herself dully; "done with me," and then she turned with a leaping heart.

The door had opened softly. Lesard—tall, dark, splendid—stood in the room. But there was a look on his face Jacky Hamilton had never seen.

With one glance at him, Gillian had slipped from the room. Just so had Victor Lesard looked to her when the world was young, and now he was a millstone about her neck. But no one saw her go—for once Jacky had forgotten her.

"Jacky!"

Lesard stood devouring her with his eyes, but she dared not look at him.

With a little cry she pushed him away as he would have caught her to him.

"You can't forgive me, I did it all," she said with shame, and coldly. "I never was loyal—never!"

For sole answer he lifted her bodily, put her in a chair, took the bandage from one half-healed hand.

"You—not loyal—when you did that—for me!" he whispered, and his eyes had tears in them as he saw the raw scars.

"I was almost too late—and I wrote those letters that nearly ruined you. Oh! if I had killed you what would I have done?"

"Lied for me, died with me, as I would have done for you," said Louis Lesard, lightly enough; but he stooped and kissed the hem of her fire-marked gown.

"My wife!" he said softly, as if he prayed.

It was long before either of them remembered Gillian; then Jacky, contrite and ashamed, cried out with self-reproach:

"Oh, poor Gill! And, Louis, Sir Charles! I'm sure he loves her and she's bound till she dies to ——" she could not speak the name.

Lesard gave a queer, short laugh.

"He says he will serve seven years for her, wait forever—but he won't need to! Victor has a wife in Canada. My lawyers stopped me to tell me so—that was what kept me. She has been married to him for five years, and she is coming over, nearly frantic, because she thinks it was he—not I—who was arrested. You knew we were Candiaans, didn't you? Victor went to the devil there, and only followed me to London because Canada was too hot to hold him. The reason I could bring no Canadian witnesses to my identity was that Victor was supposed to have been killed out there. I never spoke of him here because I knew what crimes hung over his head at home. He was my brother. I promised my mother to be patient with him, as, God knows, she was patient! But there'll be little need now. He daren't come back to England!"

Jacky started to her feet.

"Louis, I feel dreadfully about Annie Sloane!" she said. "She nursed me, and I repaid her by—you know what! What can I do for her?"

"Very little—till she forgets!" he thought; but what he said was quite different.

"Does she hate you? Then you shall go tomorrow and try to comfort her. You forget you have all the money you can spend now, Jacky. And some of it can go to Annie Sloane."

"Gill!" she interrupted him. "I forgot her. Oh, I must go and tell her!" Poor Gill, who would be happy to know that the man she had loved had deceived her!

Lesard caught her wrist in an iron clasp.

"You'd better let Vivian tell her," he said, with a queer laugh. "Would you have liked any one to come between you and me today?"

THE END.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

any of them were Cousins or not, I do not know. So if any of you cousins were bothered with three men, in a big green Chevrolet car you'll know we were it. Also, if any of you say the above described car with the words "PENN STATE TO MIAMI FLORIDA," painted on the back of it, with the motto, "FLORIDA OR BUST," added to it—IT WAS US. By "us" I mean that the party was composed of my pal I mentioned in my other letter, my brother and myself.

While my brother is thinking seriously of "back-tracking" for home, I am planning on going farther. I've been in this place long enough to suit me. Me for back where the trees grow, and where one sees grass growing. Down here all you see is sand, palmettos, etc., on the ground and pine and palm trees (where there are any trees at all). The ONE place I like in Miami is the Ocean Beach. And believe me, I surely spend a lot of time there (when I'm not working.)

And now for a little discussion: Ruth's letter needs some criticism, or I'm mistaken. And you all (Southerners say "yo' all") know my way—plain blunt criticism. Here goes: I am rather surprised to know that you "like" me. Perhaos it is as it is with me. I like you for your plain speech. I will never agree with you though—that a real He-MAN will use cosmetics. Perhaps if you'd see me now, you'd declare my appearance could be bettered by the use of some powder (for I look something like a Mexican). These tropical places are surely hard on a fellow's complexion. Or that is—as far as a fair skin is concerned. For I'm tanned and sunburned till my own mother would have to look twice to recognize me. But what's the use hiding it with powder? I'm not ashamed of it. Rather I'm proud of it—it shows that I love the out-of-doors, and am not ashamed of its effects.

I'm sorry old top but I'm thinking you'd have a bigger task on your hands than you ever had before, if you'd try to teach me to like the girls. Because I'd refuse to be taught. I need no teacher. What I learn, I learn by experience; thus have no one to thank. And it'd make a lot of difference in the girl's personal appearance, whether I'd take the trouble to like her or just know her. For first appearance generally tells me pretty near what they are. Human faces are like an open book for me, no matter how much they're disguised with cosmetics.

And to come direct to the point, the fact that you have your hair bobbed, lowers you in my esteem somewhat. Yes—it's a fact. I DO NOT like bobbed hair. Fact is, it shows to a certain extent that at least the girl is too much guided by fashion, instead of BRAINS. I do not mean to infer by this, that you haven't any brains. Oh no, that wouldn't be a just accusation, for you have displayed by your writing that you are equipped with a good brain. But it certainly played you false when you had your hair bobbed. A woman's hair is her "crowning glory" if she has such a glory. What a fool a woman or girl is who has nice hair, to cut it off just to please fashion—a false god.

Just add the knickerbockers, and a few other things of fashion's latest craze, and you have the typical girl of 1925. But I notice with relief that the skirts are almost full-grown this year in length—if not in breadth. Although a few of them persist in holding to the old style—I mean last year's style. And fashion has decreed that women wear long hair this year, so let's see you girls hustle a growth of two feet of hair. See if you can do it as quick as you got your locks cut short.

I pity Jack if he allows ANY woman to conquer him in five minutes, whether in a dark corner or a light one. And I pity the woman that tries it on me. I positively will not tolorate a flirt.

Well I guess I'd better "fade"; I've scolded quite a bit, and you girls are looking rather peeved, so I'll close. But not for good. Look for a letter at the end of my next lap. I'm only 1,000 miles from home yet.

Ever the same, AUGUSTUS H. TRICK.

P. S. I don't know where I'll be when this is published. Perhaps buried—with powder.

Well, old timer, here you are, emerging from your cloud of powder and pillar of puffs like an avenging six-cylindered archangel. I'm sure we are all (even Cousin Ruth!) glad to hear from you again and have news of the first lap of your "see the U. S." journey.

Gus, you sign yourself "ever the same", and the same you are, it is easy to see. Still a doughty champion ready to tilt against shams, false gods, and the inhumanities that keep us unhappy, separate and less than ourselves. You have a real gift, old boy, if you have the insight, the intuition, that can make faces "like an open book" to you. For the world turns out masqueraders of both sexes and in many disguises—of which cosmetics are often the least. As for these countenances being "an open book," Gus; have you noticed that some of 'em are like a pocketbook, but not an open one!

You tell Ruth that she has more brains than hair, Augustus; and I can fancy her reading this, giving her bobbed locks a valiant toss and seizing her ready fountain pen. Better step on the gas, Gus, and keep south of Minnesota. Your red curls may not always prove a charm to keep you from disaster and feminine wrath. Remember the girls are keeping their powder dry and you had best let sleeping puffs lie.

PILOT ROCK, OREGON.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

As I did not see my first letter in print, I am trying my luck again. I've been a constant reader of dear old COMFORT for several years and think it is the best magazine I take. Well, I guess I'm the first one to write from this county. I live out here in this wild west, as some may call it, but I like it fine. We live on a large ranch just eight miles below the Blue Mountains. We also have a large mountain ranch where we turn our cattle during the summer months. Our mountain ranch is covered mostly with timber.

So many of the cousins describe themselves, so here goes; I am seventeen years old, have brown hair and eyes, and weigh 120 pounds. Well, Uncle I'm sending you a picture of myself standing up on my own horse. So you see I love to ride horseback and ride after cattle. I would like to get letters from some of the boys and girls living in the Wyoming and Montana cattle country on ranches, and I will answer all letters received from these and any other cousins. I wish some of the cousins were here as I write, to eat cherries with me as they are ripe now. As it is almost time for the stage driver to be along, I will close now—and write more next time.

Sincerely your niece, AURA M. J. CABLE.

Aura, you'll never have to pay four bits to see the "Greatest Show in the World" when you are such a bareback artist yourself. I viewed with charm and astonishment that picture you sent, showing that you can horse-trot as well as fox-trot. Billy put the photo in a prominent place in the Wild West Division of his famous Album— which, by the way, now consists of twenty-seven volumes and an appendix.

When I read letters like yours, Aura, I breathe a little deeper of the gas and grease ozone that floats in through my window. I close my eyes and try to see the waving tops of fir trees and not the waving tips of some fur piece. And I say to myself: "Here is America; this is her voice. This is our great country where broad, sun and wind inhabited acres still spread below the Blue Mountains." None of the city's festering sores is under the shadow of Pilot Rock.

I'm sorry you had to cut your letter short to keep your date with that handsome young stage driver, Aura. You might have told us more about the life that is lived on your summer and winter ranches. Perhaps you have to carry a snow shovel at your saddle bow when you "ride after cattle" in January, up on the white slopes of the Blue Mountains.

DANVILLE, 184 SOUTH MAIN ST., VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

Will you permit a tar-heel to enter your circle? Although this is a tar-heel writing at present from Virginia. I dearly love old COMFORT and especially our page. Let everyone meditate for a moment over the splendid rules printed on our enrollment cards. These cover all the ground that the word "comfort" can imply. If each and every individual should conform to these simple rules, what a better place this old world would be in which to live.

Let me say a word in regard to the letters which we write; let us put our best efforts into these letters and strive to make them more and more interesting and beneficial. Uncle Lisha, in his monthly talks, puts forth real efforts and imparts to us some of his store of wealth of wisdom. These talks are practical and helpful. We must remember how many thousands of readers scan COMFORT. Some of our letters may make an impression on someone's mind which impression will last for good or evil. God forbid that it ever be the latter!

You are probably wondering who is talking in this manner. I can only say that I am a lad of twenty golden summers. Have been graduated from high school and at present I am taking a secretarial course. I was reared in the hills of old North Carolina, the best state in the Union. Don't get angry because I said that, for it's natural for every native to say his state is the best. I taught school this past winter and endeavored to train the dear children for better citizenship. I strive to be honest and frank in all walks of life and my personal motto is: U. O. 2 B. 2. Can you read it? As to looks, that is of no great importance as it is not what a man looks like, but what he is that counts. I might say that most people look up to me. Oh, I heard some say: "Some important fellow!" No; Nature has blessed me with more than six feet of stature, and naturally folks must look up to me if they see me!

You may judge from my letter that I am a serious fellow, but I am only a boy grown to the size of a man. I hope I'll always be a boy. I enjoy fun to a certain extent, but I believe that some of our people are not serious enough. Soon we all have to pass the last milepost and we will come to sum up our life's work—and the sum total will be "regret." We may find that we have not been a comfort to others and have been entirely selfish. As we go through the garden of life let us pluck the lilies of purity and leave the red rose of lust behind—for soon the leaves will be shed and nothing but the stain left.

With best wishes to all, I'll say "au revoir."

Your nephew and cousin,
U. B. COBLE—or "ole Ben"

You talk, Ben, with a lot of wisdom early harvested in those "twenty golden summers" you tell us about. Your first score is a good one in the game! To be honest and frank, that is to be truthful and sincere, is no easy end, much though it may be desired. Yet sincerity is perhaps found oftener in youth than in any other period along life's road. There is some of the rarest and sweetest of sincerity to be found on the lips and in the heart of a fine-souled boy of fifteen or sixteen. I have seen this, perhaps, three or four times in my life and it has been a remembered thing. It is rare and it deserves worship and praise. I am not ashamed to say that when I have stood before it I have metaphorically taken off the shoes of my soul—feeling that I was in a holy place. It is hard to see this fine thing, this beauty of frankness vanish. The delicate and perfect bloom is often soon gone in the soil and crowded handlings of life's passings. The fine light, the eager answer of truth to truth, of generosity to generosity, of love to love, can fade from eyes that, in the end, become only shadowed hollows that curtain what the years bring of untruth, dissimulation, and lost illusions.

I believe, harder than I believe many things, that youth deserves and needs more careful soul-handling than it receives in current treatment at home and in school and university. We could make a finer world by a little finer and more understanding handling of those who are to come after us. Our colleges, for instance, standardize youth to a spoiling of himself and his time. The teachings of these institutions, their trending and molding, is of a past generation—and the best of youth is always a dream ahead! Why must we put them back? There results too often a stultifying that injures. And the same injury works often at home. There is curb and criticism, not love and direction. There is the desire to hold and restrain, rather than the sympathy and understanding that builds and releases. Growing things seek sun, and young hearts need love. It is literally their water of life. When it is not given or found, there is a faulty growth.

Well, Ben, you started me going on a subject I could say a lot about. I've said enough to show you that I'm "serious," too! Ben, be a boy just as long as you can, with all of a boy's honesty and frankness to which you are able to hold. It will lengthen well out your "twenty golden summers" and give you golden days.

WILBURTON, BOX 327, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

Now I shall try my luck as a member of the League of Cousins—the Happiest Family in the World! Oh, Uncle, I was so proud of my button and certificate which made me a member of the happy bunch.

It is so hot today. These hot days are against the fleshy cousins aren't they, uncle? I'll wager you are fleshy, too, Uncle. Are you?

Well, I hail from the Indian Territory, as it was known before statehood—the home of the five civilized tribes—I being a member of the Cherokee Tribe! No, I don't look like an Indian, although my mother does. I am a mixed breed: Cherokee, English, Dutch and Irish. These are all I can think of just now.

I guess you are all wondering what kind of a looking person I am to be of so many nationalities. Well, I'm just a farmer's daughter and a large-sized brunette with dark brown eyes and hair (just bobbed). I'm five feet, seven inches short, and I weigh, ah-er-well, you can just guess at this and it will have to do you.

O—O—it's kinder cool again now, and the wind is blowing so I can hardly write.

My goodness, girls what are we going to do with such naughty boys? We girls have *so many* faults while the boys are *just perfect*. If they would just look around them a little they could find enough faults of their own without letting us girls down so hard—we poor brainless little idiots. Is it nice for the boys to drink? Is it good for them to chew, smoke and use this filthy snuff? Several boys have said to me: "You use too much powder," or "you have too much powder on your face." Oh, but I get back on them! They have as many or more faults than we. They are just *small* boys, so I don't pay any attention to them. Most of them haven't any sisters—they just haven't any nice sisters to contend with and to slap their jaws and teach them some sense. But, oh my! they just sure like these butterfly type girls all the same!

Uncle, why don't you tell us exactly how you look, or put one of your pictures in COMFORT so that we can tell what kind of a looking person we call uncle?

Yes, I got it in for you, Uncle, 'cause you don't like brunettes. If you don't print this I'll know it's because I'm a brunette. I'll answer all who send stamps if it takes three years. But I don't think so many as that will write to me. Now I must stop this chattering.

Your cousin and niece, OZELLA PITCOCK.

No, Ozella, I am *not* fat. Where did you get this plump idea concerning the lines upon which my noble figure is formed? The fact is that I am built somewhat like a good stout lath, or maybe like a two by four when you look at it from the narrow side. I am as lithe and graceful as an Oklahoma sunflower swaying in a June breeze. I can tie my shoes without puffing and run up five flights of stairs two at a time—and still have breath left to say "Good morning." I declare again that I am not fat, Ozella, and I am hurt by your suspicion. You should not risk any bets on my weight. Who could love a *Fat Uncle?* Yet as for bets, I'll just make you one; Zellie! I'll wager a quart of ice cream that you weigh more than I do! Now, come on! Confess and send me your weight—certified to by the Fairbanks Scales Company. I'll agree to let you get weighed before dinner and you need not give me a speck or spoonful of the ice cream if you win!

I'm glad you get some of that powder back on the boys who criticize you, Ozella. I saw a young chap the other night whose left shoulder was quite liberally whitened and I fancy some girl had been getting back at him some in this talcum game. You can't teach a boy anything by slapping him, Zella, no matter how hard you swat or how many times you land on the point of his jaw. They can take a lot of this punishment and still come up as smiling and conceited as ever. Look at Cousin Gus Trick saying the same old things in his letter this month. A boy convinced against his will is sure that he is dead right still.

No, Ozella, I am *not* fat. And I like *some* brunettes!

ELKINS, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

This is my second letter. Billy must have chewed up the first one. However, my motto is to try until you succeed, so here I am again.

First, I will try and describe myself: I am five feet, eleven inches in height, weigh 183 pounds, have steel gray eyes and brown hair. I am seventeen years old and good-natured when I'm not mad. So this is a pretty good description of myself at the present time.

I live one and a half miles from Elkins on a farm of 70 acres. The animals on our little burg consist of two horses, two cows, three hogs, some chickens, one yaller purp, and the old cat and three kittens under barn—which is quite an outfit, don't you think, Uncle Lisha?

I am going to start to High school this fall, which is at Elkins, a fine walk.

We have just finished stacking our oats and wheat and are expecting the threshing machine here in a day or two. Say, Uncle, did you or Billy ever thresh any? It sure is a hot job.

Uncle Lisha, I am very much interested in the letter that one of the cousins wrote from a place called Loveland—which place I intend entering some time in the near future. So, Uncle, you just tell that cousin I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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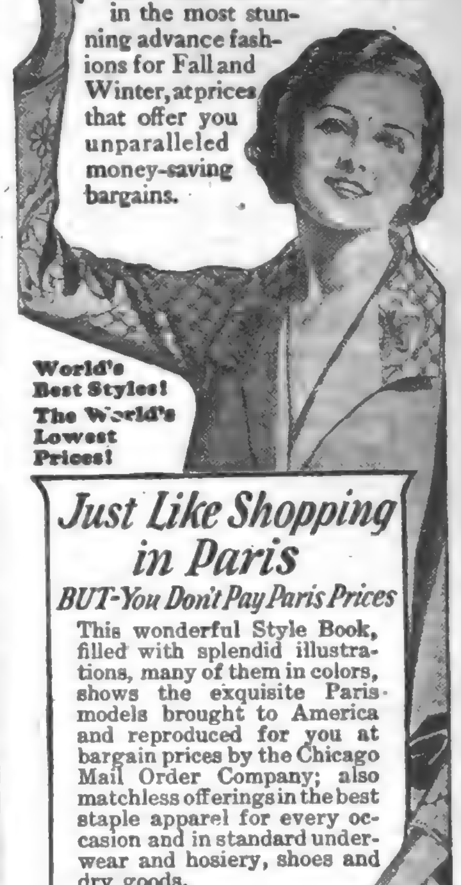

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Yet relief is easily at hand. Over the aching place, gently spread Sloan's Liniment. You don't have to rub it in.

Immediately you feel a warm glow of comfort, then — almost suddenly—the pain is gone. Get a bottle of Sloan's from your druggist today.

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Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex, pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with syrup, using either plain granulated sugar syrup, clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, as desired. The result is a full pint of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

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Through the columns of this department our Doctor's advice regarding maternity and child welfare will be given free in answer to questions by our subscribers. Address Mother and Baby Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and be sure to give your full name and address. Names will not be published.

Summer Diseases of Babies

DURING the last two talks we have used as our subject, summer diseases of babies, and this month we shall discuss cholera infantum, and while this is more often seen during hot weather, it may occur at any time of year.

Cholera infantum, or as it is often called, "Summer complaint," is an acute catarrhal inflammation of the stomach and bowels, the mucous membrane being irritated or inflamed, together with irritation of the sympathetic nervous system occurring with first teething. It is characterized by severe colicky pains, vomiting, diarrhea, and may be accompanied by fever with great prostration, occurring in babies who are teething but who have been previously healthy.

The symptoms are a simple diarrhea, followed by great muscular weakness, some nausea, spasms of griping pain in bowels, great depression, seems hard for baby to breathe, coldness or dampness of the whole or part of the body, cold, pale lips and tongue, great thirst, weak cry, and sunken pinched look to the face.

Cholera infantum is often mistaken for some of the other intestinal troubles of babies and it is important that you know at once what the illness is, for within a few hours you have a seriously ill baby with rapid wasting of its strength and flesh. The most important point to remember is the sudden and severe line of symptoms, that you will notice at once, the great weakness, prostration that comes on in a few hours. The movements from the bowels soon get watery, soaking the diapers or clothing and leaving a green stain, and you may get from ten to twenty movements per day.

The causes of this disease are teething or extreme heat which continues for several days at a time. July and August are the months that give us the most of these cases but it may occur at any time of the year.

The reasons for this are extreme heat, water supply at its lowest point as a rule, and containing more decayed vegetable matter.

Teething is a powerful predisposing cause of cholera infantum and you rarely see a baby ill with it before teething, or after the teeth get through.

Improper diet is another common cause, including sudden weaning or change in food, accidental or careless use of unwholesome food or milk, or unripe fruit or blueberries. Do not allow a baby to eat uncooked blueberries or blackberries until the child has its teeth and can chew them thoroughly and then they are not an ideal food. Unhealthy surroundings, dampness, decayed vegetable matter, poor water, water that has been contaminated by the soakings from cess-pools or sewers.

There are a few things that parents should bear in mind as preventives of cholera infantum; be sure your water supply is good and pure and not contaminated from privies, stable or henyard; do not allow vegetables to decay, or sewers or drain pipes to clog up, see that baby sleeps in well-ventilated room.

In a great many cases it is easy to find the causes of the disease, causes that are due to recklessness and carelessness and can be remedied.

There are parents who would cheerfully give their lives for the protection of their baby, but who through thoughtlessness will expose it to the serious dangers of improper food or water or allow it to breathe the foul air from an obstructed sewer-pipe or cess-pool.

The question most frequently asked is: How can I tell that my baby has cholera infantum and not some of the many intestinal troubles with disturbed stomach that cause frequent bowel movements?

The points of difference are as follows the season of the year, baby teething, the frequent severe vomiting, the sudden early weakness, the very rapid pulse, with or without fever, cool or cold surface of body, pinched anxious expression, sighing or irregular breathing, with great thirst and great prostration.

In a few words, a child ill with cholera infantum is suddenly, seriously ill with a line of symptoms that are characteristic of this disease alone, and while other bowel troubles may appear somewhat like it they are never attended with the sudden weakness which is almost a collapse, cold clammy skin, pinched look of baby as if it had been sick for months.

Preventive measures are very important in all diseases but in none more so than in cholera infantum; clean up your homes, inside and out before warm weather comes; clean out your cellars; see that the water you use is clean and pure and that there is no chance for it to become infected by its surroundings.

If you use well water, see that the well is cleaned out often enough to keep it clean. See that there is no chance for privy or stable to drain into it.

In some soils a stable or henyard will infect a well at an unbelieveable distance if the well is located on lower ground than the stable.

This is brought about by the soaking into the ground and then getting into one of the many streams that supply the well.

In regard to treatment, send for a physician at once and until he arrives put the baby at rest and use measures to relieve pain and support its strength; you may use mustard or spice poultices or turpentine stupes on bowels. Cool sponge bathing with alcohol and water is very good; also put cold cloths or ice cap to the head if it is very hot. Stop all food and give barley water, albumen water and fresh beef juice.

Five to ten drops of brandy with food or by rectum or hypodermicly if baby seems very weak.

Peptonized milk is very good food in this disease.

If baby is very thirsty give it small pieces of ice in a gauze well wrapped up and let baby suck it.

Subject for next month is *Diptheria*.

Questions and Answers

CURDLED MILK.—Can you tell me what to do for my three-months-old nursing baby as there are lumps of curdled milk in every movement from the bowels and this has been so ever since she was born?

Mrs. J. M. K., Randleman, N. C.

A.—Evidently your milk does not agree with baby. Should wean her and put her on modified milk.

LENGTH OF PREGNANCY.—How many days is a baby carried after the beginning of pregnancy?

Mrs. A. M. D., Dakota.

A.—280 days from the last day of last menstruation.

DATE OF DELIVERY, AUTO RIDING—LIME WATER.—When should I expect my baby? Last day of last menstruation was May 13th.

Would it hurt me to ride 284 miles during the latter part of August?

Would a tablespoonful of lime-water before breakfast hurt me? Mrs. R. R. A., N. Dak.

A.—(a) Feb. 17th (b) No, if you have a careful driver (c) No, absolutely not.

VOMITING OF PREGNANCY, DATE OF DELIVERY.—What can I do for vomiting of pregnancy and the headaches that follow?

When should I expect baby? Last day of last menstruation was March 24th.

Mrs. C. N. M., Duscall, Tex.

A.—Keep bowels regular, also be sure that kidneys are performing their function, avoid all excitement, sexual and otherwise; eat simple foods, liquid diet if vomiting often. (b) Baby should arrive Dec. 29th.

WORK DURING PREGNANCY, DATE OF DELIVERY.—Will it harm me to work in a factory during pregnancy?

Last day of last menstruation was May 10th. When should baby arrive? Mrs. O. F., Benton, W. Va.

A.—No, not during the early months if the work is not too hard. (b) Feb. 14th.

DATE OF DELIVERY, TIRED FEELING.—When should baby arrive? Last day of last menstruation was April 11th.

What can I do for myself as I am tired all the time?

Mrs. W. F. G., Defiance, Ohio.

A.—(a) Jan. 16th. (b) Get your druggist to put you up a bottle of Elix Iron, quinine and strychnine. Take a teaspoonful dose after each meal.

CHRONIC DIARRHEA.—My three-year-old boy has chronic diarrhea, not ill, but bowels move five or six times a day. He does not walk or use hands as he should on account of a slight paralysis following whooping cough. Please suggest diet for him.

Mrs. A. V. C., Knippa, Texas.

A.—Get your druggist to put up the following: Two ounces each of Liquid Bismuth and Elix Lactated Pepsin and give baby a teaspoonful dose three times a day; lessen dose as bowels respond to the treatment.

Give baby a quart of milk a day with tablespoonful of lime-water with each four ounces. He may also have toasted stale wheat bread, custards, coddled eggs, baked potato, cooked cereals, oatmeal, cream of wheat.

Should rub the arms and legs thoroughly each day with cocoa-butter; do not hurry him about walking or using arms.

CÆSAREAN SECTION OR LAPARO-HYSTEROTOMY.—Will you please tell me what the cæsarean operation is? Mrs. E. E. H., Wilsall, Mont.

A.—An operation which consists in cutting through the walls of the abdomen and the uterus and extracting the child, and while it is a major operation, the results are very satisfactory if done by a skilled surgeon.

NERVOUS INDIGESTION.—I am an expectant mother and am very nervous; also have lots of indigestion, pains in stomach and back.

Mrs. R. F., Frankfort, Ind.

Get your druggist to give you some tablets containing one grain each of Valerianate of Iron, quinine and zinc and take one every three hours. Keep bowels regular with teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia and after each meal take two teaspoonfuls of Elix Lactated Pepsin.

DIARRHEA.—Is it harmful for my bowels to move three and four times a day during pregnancy? Normally I am constipated. When should baby arrive? Last day of last menstruation was Jan. 28th?

Mrs. W. W., Nealsville, N. C.

A.—Yes it weakens you if you have this number of movements, especially if the movements are watery. Take five-grain doses of Bismuth Subnitrate three or four times a day. (b) Baby should arrive on or about Nov. 4th.

BRONCHITIS.—Can you tell me what to do for my four-year-old boy who catches cold easily and is inclined to be croupy? He wheezes at night when he breathes. Mrs J. T. L., Oakland, Calif.

A.—If your baby has large tonsils or adenoids have them removed, build up his general health with good nourishing food, also teaspoonful doses of Pepto-Mangan. After meals three times a day give him one-half teaspoonful doses of Syrup of Hydriodic Acid, (Gardner's) and I think you can clear up this bronchial condition.

SWOLLEN FEET.—I am an expectant mother. What causes my feet to swell, also blue spots on legs? When will baby arrive? Last day of last menstruation was Jan. 15th. Mrs. C. A. C., Elwood, N. Dak.

A.—The swollen feet appear to indicate that the kidneys were not performing their function; for this put teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar in pint of water, to which add a cut lemon, sweeten a little and try and drink every day.

Get some flannel, cut on a bias four inches wide and make some bandages twenty feet long (sewing ends together), and bandage swollen legs from the toes up to and above the blue spots, as these are varicose veins and the bandaging will relieve. (b) Baby should arrive Oct. 22nd.

CONVULSIONS.—When my last baby was born I had convulsions for twelve hours, but did not have any before baby was born. What was the cause? What can I do to prevent this occurring again as I am now pregnant? Last day of last menstruation was June 3rd. When should baby arrive?

Mrs. F. B. B., Lake View, N. C.

A.—The most common cause of convulsions is that the kidneys failing in their function, urea begins to accumulate in the blood and poisons the nerve centers and unless this condition is relieved causes uræmic convulsions. Aside from this the causes are, violent emotional disturbance, anæmia, reflex irritation due to indigestible food and fecal accumulations.

Have urine examined for albumen, be careful about condition of the bowels and there is not much danger of you having convulsions with the coming baby. (b) Your baby should arrive March 10th.

DATE OF DELIVERY, MARKING CHILD.—Can you tell me when to expect baby? Last day of last menstruation was April 14th. (b) Can a baby be marked during the first month or two, or can it at all?

Mrs. G. B., Vernon, Texas.

A.—(a) Jan 19th. (b) No, I do not believe a baby can be marked.

POOR CIRCULATION.—My right arm goes to sleep and if I hold a small article in my hand it gets numb. Please tell me cause and cure. (b) What do you think of dilators for constipation and piles?

Mrs. D. A. L., Ark.

A.—This numbness is caused by poor circulation and you can get relief by the following:

Put two teaspoonfuls of Epsom Salts in pitcher of hot water and hold the hand and arm in this with water as hot as you can bear it, do this for half an hour, adding hot water from time to time.

Get your druggist to put you up some tablets containing the following: Iron Reduced, one grain; Acid Arsenous one-fiftieth grain; Strychnine, one-sixtieth grain. Take one of these tablets after meals and at bedtime.

Would not advise dilators for constipation or piles; for constipation use Cascara Sagrada; for piles use Iodex suppositories.

WHOOPING COUGH.—What can I do to relieve the spells of coughing in my two babies, aged two and one-half years, and eight months, who have whooping cough?

Mrs. I. P., Cordova Ala.

A.—Cresoline in the form of vapor has a wonderful effect in whooping cough and you can get a Vapo-cresoline lamp and burn it in the bedroom while babies are sleeping. Tincture of Belladonna in two to five drops dose every three or four hours has a splendid effect on the spasms of coughing, but could not advise your giving this unless a physician or nurse was in attendance to watch the pupils of the eyes to note the effect of the medicine.

UNDERWEIGHT.—My three boys, aged 2, 4, and 8, weigh, 37, 35 and 27 pounds and do not gain in weight. What is the matter with them, and how can I make them gain in weight?

Mrs. M. B., Provident City, Tex.

A.—Give them plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, do not allow them to play too hard or too long at a time. Underweight may be a family characteristic.

SMALL NIPPLES, DATE OF DELIVERY.—What can I do to enlarge my nipples, as they are very small?

The last day of last menstruation was April 3rd. When should baby arrive?

Mrs. A. H. Olmstead, Ky.

A.—After baby arrives, hold over the nipples a bottle that is heated by hot water, then quickly pour out and applied, this will draw out nipple.

(b).—Baby should arrive on or about February 8th.

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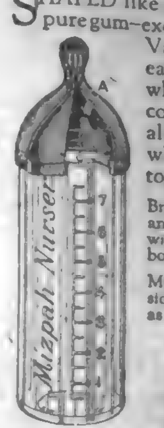
Number 76

SHAPED like a natural breast. Made of pure gum—exceptionally soft and pliable. Valve (A-B) makes nursing easy and prevents vacuum which causes colic. It will not collapse. Ribs inside of nipple allow food to flow freely even when baby bites the sides together.



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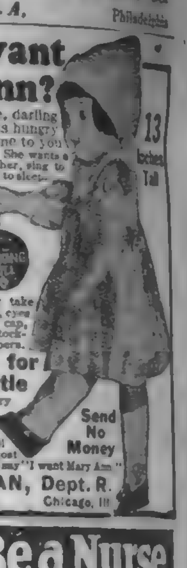

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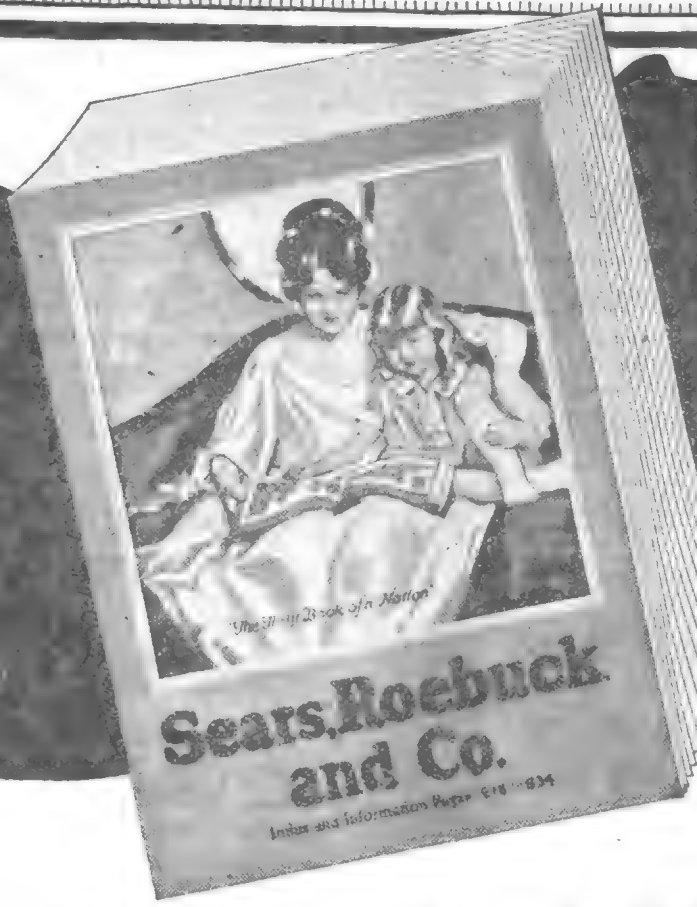
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A TOUCH OF ROMANY

By Felix J. Coch

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WHETHER it was the lazy langour of the early spring morning, or whether, perhaps, it was the result of having stayed up until—well, unknowable hours the night before,—the ideas would not shape themselves to the pen.

Dorothy took up a sheet of the thin, white paper,—wrote a heading, placed her pseudonym beneath; started a sentence,—managed to get half way through; then, crumpled the sheet in her stout little hand, and threw it aside. It would not do!

"What in the world the people do who have to live by their pens I'd like to know!" she mused looking wearily, and half-angrily out the window

GYPSY WOMEN BEGGING COPPERS IN ROMANY.

"That plot's just as plain to me—I see those situations just as clearly—and yet I simply *cannot* put things down in such a shape that they'll get by!"

Down in her heart of hearts the girl knew the exact truths, of course; she was tired; suffering from a plain case of brain-fag.

Dropping her pen, and pushing the paper back to the rear of the desk, she leaned into the cushions of the armchair. Her eyes wandered between the drawn curtains, fluttering lazily at the window, and out into the mass of budding foliage, to the avenue. There, just now, the spring sun danced on the wet highway, where snows had been just lately melting; a scissor-grinder called his trade, a nurse was trundling a little one; all the world seemed to be calling to come out-of-doors and play!

Accentuating this challenge to the *wanderlust* the more, just beneath the open window, on their own walk, Bridget was humming "Little Rover", as she plied her broom at the regular Saturday morning "outside-work."

Things at Roosa's moved as *per* time-table in the matter of day's work always. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, each had their set tasks, each of which took about just *so* long, and so began and ended at about a given period. So you might have rested assured that, weather permitting every Saturday morning, at about half past nine you might have seen Bridget, with her pail, out on the walk, plying the broom, or the brush, on the outside work. With quite as much accuracy might you have foretold that every Saturday morning, up in her boudoir, Miss Roosa indulged in her favorite avocation,—writing, let us hope *for print*

The spring breeze,—the rhythmic swish of the broom below; perhaps it was the theme of Bridget's song, sung in a voice that was not wholly unmelodious,—had their effect on the tired brain of the pseudo-literateur, and the girl began to find the thought-train flowing the more easily

She turned at the desk,—seized the big pen, and then—well, just then occurred the incident without which, it is safe to say there would not have been born the present story!

First, from far out of distance there came a strange jingling of bells, like distant sleigh-bells on a frosty morning

Next,—and then accompanying this, as it continued drawing ever nearer and nearer, there came the calls of children, their laughter, their shouts all the hubbub of a miniature mob almost, of girls and of boys, evidently following a mysterious something.

Looking up, Dorothy saw the something coming toward her from the lowermost end of the street and then out of a quiet cross avenue. In that direction there was only Brown's house; then came a broad vacant lot, then one had the Roosa's.

Whatsoever this unknowable something might be, it had stopped at Brown's, but, finding windows barred, and *for rent* signs about, it was now moving on.

The girl rose from her chair to study the mysterious comer, when Bridget knowing but too well the shortest cut to her young mistress's favor, burst into this sanctum of sanctums, to which no intrusion was to be made, on any count, except on cleaning days,—unheeding.

"Quick, Miss Dorothy! Where is your camera?"

"There's coming just the kind of picture you' been wantin' so long, an' as you been a tellin' me to keep an eye for!"

Even as she spoke, Bridget had the girl's hat from the closet-shelf near, and was bringing the little camera from a dresser-drawer, where the girl kept it handy for just such occasions as these. Pictures of such sorts helped tremendously both to sell the things she wrote, in the first place, and, in the second, to swell the checks which were then paid!

A GYPSY CHIEF.

Dorothy in turn, stopped not on the going

With a touch to her hair, and a touch to her cheeks, she seized the waiting camera and followed the maid to the porch, and then down the walk to where the gypsy-caravan was already halting.

The wagon in which this particular tribe was traveling was a model of its sort, she marked immediately. It was one of the newest styles of the homes upon wheels built for the richer tribes of gypsies who do not care for the home-on-the-motor-truck employed elsewhere now, that infest the suburbs of our cities in the spring.

At far front, a dusky driver had a seat; this set well back, with a pane of glass placed just before, to protect him from warm spring showers. Next to this driver's seat, in a recess, there was a place for the stove; this serving to heat the entire wagon through the chilly evenings, as well as for cooking when the rains poured outside.

Just behind this sector of the wagon, and reached by a sliding door that folded off, very neatly, into a niche in the wall, there was an improvised china-cupboard, scullery, linen-closet and fruit-cellar; shelf on shelf, crammed with just everything a gypsy heart might desire. The doors to this were open now,—evidently carelessness after belated breakfast here,—and the contents stood revealed to whosoever would gaze!

So much, then, for what one might have seen at first glance.

Even as Dorothy's well-trained eye marked each of the details, the wagon lumbered slowly on. Then a rear view of the van presented.

Berths to hold two persons each, and then set two high, were exposed at the rear here. Access to these was given by a winding stair, a miniature, almost, of those to the backs of the trams of London. At the edge of one berth, a bench these lower ones formed by day; the upper folding against the sides of the wagon; a gypsy woman sat, mending a shirt. Two little children were just across from her.

Behind,—perhaps in order to enjoy the great out-doors the more,—there was a gypsy boy of fourteen years of age or so; a girl, perhaps a year his junior; and then a big, black dog, who trudged along bravely in the highway.

Dorothy rushed off toward the caravan.

"Stop! Stay a minute! I want to get your pictures!" she called at them, eagerly.

The gypsy driver reined his team. Evidently, in the course of their peregrinations, he had fallen afoul of a very great many such enthusiastic picture-seekers.

The gypsy woman too, had heard; she was leaning out of the window at wagon-side to see just what would happen. Meanwhile the children and the dog drew close.

"Silver! You must give us silver, if you want our pictures!" the woman called now to her, covering the face with an arm, against a shrewd snap-shot, before Dorothy had half-ways aimed. The children slipped into the van and hid, the driver turned his back upon her

Meanwhile, the neighborhood boys and girls, the other children from nearby avenues who'd been following the van, laughed, and scattered themselves in the roadside grass to see what the outcome might be.

Dorothy knew but too well the value of such pictures as promised, in work of her sort, to stop at so slight a matter as "silver." Already the splendid types of genuine Romany had gone squarely to heart with her! She knew what their pictures would mean to the editors to whom shown!

She turned to Bridget, watching also.

"'Got any money with you?" she asked.

Bridget fumbled the big leather pocketbook, kept filled for hucksters, cash-grocers' boys and the like.

"I've only got a silver dollar in change, Miss Dorothy!" she replied

IN ROUMANIA—GYPSY FAMILY IN FRONT OF MUD HOME WATCHING FOR TOURISTS

"That ought to do. Lend it to me."

Then Dorothy proceeded to bargain.

"Now, if you folks'll drive the wagon just a little more into the sun there and gather around it and pose for me in a group, and then as I place you,—singly or in couples,—I'll give you this dollar."

The gypsy-woman, shrewder than her spouse, haggled a moment.

The girl, however, would not be blackmailed

"No," she fibbed exquisitely, "It's not worth more than that to me. Gypsies come through here ever so often and if you folks won't pose for that, I'll wait till the next tribe comes. I guess I can do without, as well as you can."

With that she turned, and stepped off, toward the houses

The gypsy woman was disconcerted. Her husband growled an unknown something, and a gypsy boy called out:

"*Now* Ma!"

Evidently dollars aren't picked up as easily as that, the long trails over, with Romany the days through.

"Come back, Miss! We'll do it for the dollar!" the woman called at last

Suiting action to his wife's word, the man drove the wagon into the most golden patch of sunshine visible; struck the attitude the girl requested, and the button was snapped.

Meanwhile the gypsy woman, came from the wagon for the group-picture to follow, stood in the path beneath the trees here, staring at the girl in a curious way; seeing, of course, but rather as does one whose thoughts are otherwheres!

Suddenly, waving the inquisitive neighbor-children out of hearing with a gesture that left no misunderstanding, she turned toward her caller, and said:

"You—are—Miss—Dorothy—Black?

"Your—father,—he—was—the—man what open the big coal-mines in Kentucky?

"Your father, he die by fall down shaft in coal-mine!

"You only child.

"You no cousins in this part country. You no aunts.

"You got lots friends. You much liked!"

The woman drew closer still, as one who would impart a tremendous secret.

Then she put a big, brown hand upon the girl's fair white one; smiled, as one would to show the kindest feelings to the *visavis*, and said:

"Remember what tells you now old woman from Romany:

"'Friends don't stay always friends!'"

Bridget had slipped away for some cookies for the gypsy children; she was back and distributed these.

Her mistress stood silent, looking, quizzically puzzled, at the gypsy woman.

Hard matter-of-fact, prosaic, and unromantic though the Anglo-Saxon likes to presume himself to be, the lure of the occult persists,—an inherited trace it is, perhaps,—in the veins and will out, given just half-ways the chance!

Romany,—the gypsies,—the chance to peer off to the future—it gripped her, it grips you, it grips me, howsoever much we may deny.

The gypsy woman, knowing her shaft to have struck home—as such shafts from her, she knew well, invariably did—stepped a bit closer still.

Quietly she turned the palm of the girl upon her own hand. Then she bent over, and scanned the white flesh closely. She took the dollar the girl had given her; crossed the palm, looked off to space, and in a low, far-away, almost musical tone of voice went on anew:

"Me see a parting of the ways.

"Me see that there is sickness by you."

The girl's mother was bed-bound; a lingering disease.

"Me see you often in big trouble, wondering who to turn to—to help you—to give good advice!

"Me see you worry over future.

"Everybody must someday say good-by for always to the dear ones.

"You no lose the dear one for long time yet—but, someday—she is like us all."

Manifestly the gypsy had studied hard to improve her English—such English as she must employ in telling fortunes where-so-e'er.

Subconsciously, Dorothy was wondering where woman had read such lines, or who it might be that had taught her.

Consciously, she could not help but finding herself marvelling!

Frankly, this reading of her mind—this stating conditions in which the girl was bound at this time—was small short of miraculous!

The theme of the lonely future was the one which played in Dorothy's mind more, perhaps, than any one other!

When Mother went across the Big Divide and she was all alone, well-to-do though, she might be, what then?

Accustomed to such seances as this, the gypsy man and his oldest boy were keeping the neighbor children away.

The gypsy woman pressed down the thumb of the girl a very little; then straightened two fingers.

"You got—" she paused a moment, "many friends.

"Three of these want to marry you.

"The one,—I see a needle—I see cloth——"

She must have meant Rendigs, the tailor.

"He nice feller, but—he too loose with his money! He not save; he cannot for himself now;—he wants rich wife.

"You take care!

"Next man—you, he—good friends now.

"But never last for life as friends.

"He older in his ways than you now. No theater—no concerts—no movies; no going out, see folks, no dances. He take you out now 'cause he want to marry you

"After you married—night to home always; no place—no movie-shows!"

Motion-pictures, strangely enough, were Dorothy's especial hobby. She attended very nearly every first national production to come to town.

Nor, in turn, did it take a Solomon for her to guess to whom the gypsy had alluded. Tom Hoard had been coming oftener and oftener of late. He took her here, there, the other place, but more times than once she had remarked how absolutely little interest he showed in the entertainment forming the program.

Once, especially, at the most thrilling bit of climax in the stupendous silent drama on the screen there, she had turned to him for an expression, only to note him half-asleep. Again, on their way home from a symphony concert he actually could not recall the soloist's last name

"Nice fellow, Hoard, but—perhaps the gypsy was right!

The woman bent the thumb back a little farther.

"Now," she continued softly, but a strange tremor in her voice the meanwhile," there comes the other:

"He love you very, very much.

"Now, he write a story to give you when it finished—because he know you, too, like to make stories here

"Long time 'fore he knew you, he spent all money can spare on books, on hearing big men [illegible] music.

"He know much as you do about moving-pictures—about all the things you love.

"You two marry—you be happy—[illegible]

The gypsy crone raised her dark, [illegible] to the girl's soft brown own and [illegible] might some magnet. She laid her soft [illegible] on the softer white one once more and [illegible] very gently.

Her tones were strangely low, sweet and [illegible]

"Me see that man—he be a teacher—and go on—and on—and on! Happy—so happy, love you much—Oh, so much! I see you [illegible] play months—on ships—on trains.

"You go England—our England. Someday you go down the blue river—the Danube—to Romany—our old home. You see the gypsies—Romany; then you remember the gypsy-woman—me—what tell you all this happiness if you *do*—you pick now—as gypsy woman says!"

The man on the wagon-seat called at this point. They really would have to go!

The little gypsies scampered aboard the wagon; the woman bowed, gypsy-wise, to the girl, and took her seat.

The wagon and its bells rattled on merrily toward the next house, where, again, the woman slipped to a door to tell fortunes.

The girl was left behind.

She threw herself to a porch-chair and thought!

Somehow, the gypsy's message was disconcerting!

Foolish?

Of course those things were foolish!

But, foolish or no, it was stran——

A GYPSY KIDDIE

There are thoughts left implanted in the minds of the best of us, at times, often by those of meaner [illegible] that sink home—that fall deep, and that [illegible]

The more we may try to forget the [illegible] more we ponder them. The more we ponder [illegible] more convinced we grow.

Dorothy returned to her desk, but the [illegible] she'd been writing, resting there half-finished [illegible] ed tame, lame, commonplace. She tore it up [illegible] threw the shreds to a basket at one side.

She tried another, then made another [illegible] Thoughts simply would not come. She gave up [illegible] disgust!

Finally, having no rest, she stepped to the book-shelf, and proceeded to scan the account the Encyclopedia gave of the gypsies. Next she dug [illegible] old book of her girlhood days and read more [illegible] these nomads.

But behind the tale—behind each printed page—there rose high the thought—the comparison [illegible]—of the three men, and, along with this the [illegible] ful truth and the accuracy of the gypsy's characterizations. The girl found herself pondering the matter ever more deeply.

By and by the sick mother waked from her [illegible] morning nap and Dorothy stepped to the [illegible] to tell her a part—but not all—of the morning's experience. They discussed the gypsies—what the girl had read of the subterranean hovels they [illegible] in Roumania and the like. Then came [illegible] life went on as it otherwise would.

It's a strange phase of human nature that we [illegible] often discover in people just what we seek to find.

The proverb has it that "To the good all things are good!" and whether that be true or not, the seeker there most assuredly comes—again and again—that for which he makes his search

"Ask and it shall be granted unto thee" it is written, remember.

Dorothy Roosa began to measure her suitors by the terms which the gypsy had set her!

Handsome Joe Rendigs was a mighty nice fellow—good dresser—good spender—attentive, but he had a dozen strings to his bow—was settling [illegible] counted all these girls as his friends, and so nothing would come of it.

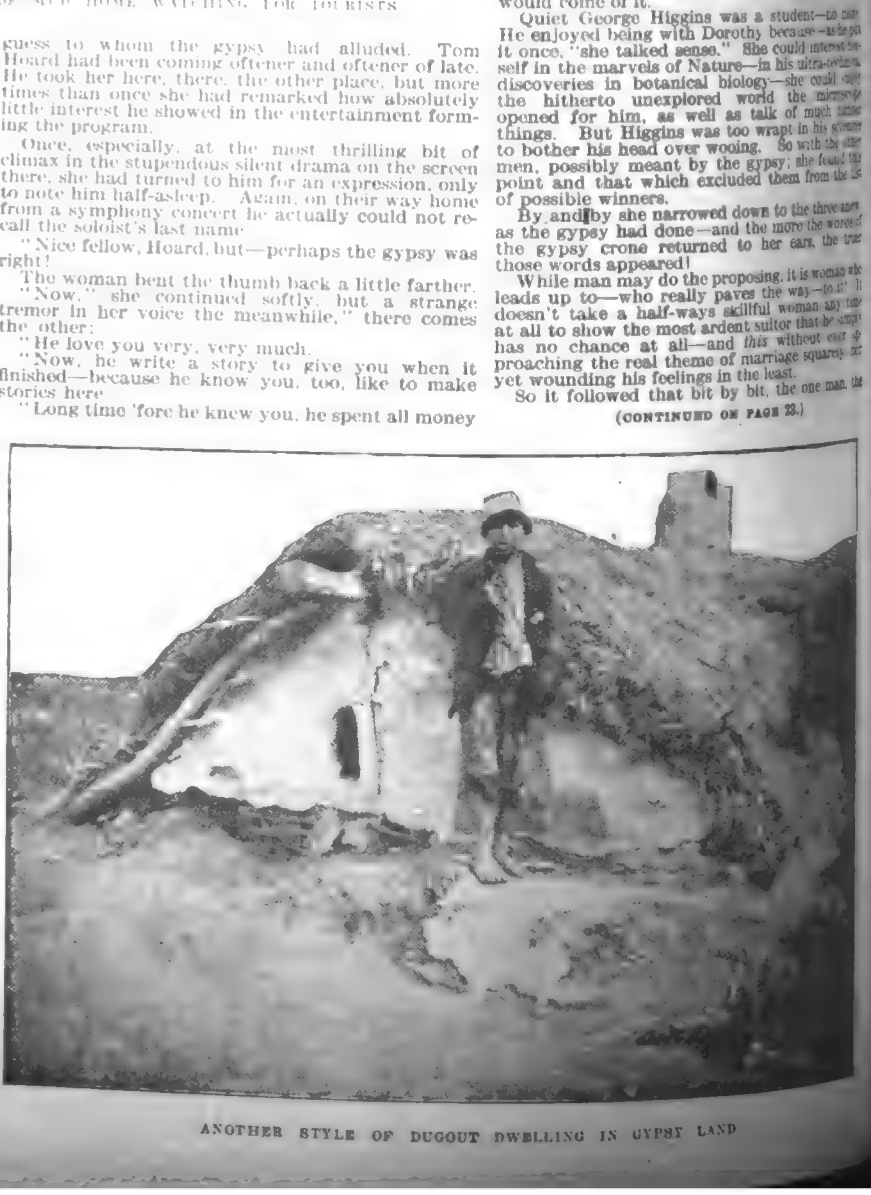
Quiet George Higgins was a student—[illegible] He enjoyed being with Dorothy because—as he put it once, "she talked sense." She could interest herself in the marvels of Nature—in his ultra-[illegible] discoveries in botanical biology—she could [illegible] the hitherto unexplored world the microscope opened for him, as well as talk of much [illegible] things. But Higgins was too wrapt in his science to bother his head over wooing. So with the other men, possibly meant by the gypsy; she found [illegible] point and that which excluded them from the list of possible winners.

By and by she narrowed down to the three [illegible] as the gypsy had done—and the more the words of the gypsy crone returned to her ears, the truer those words appeared!

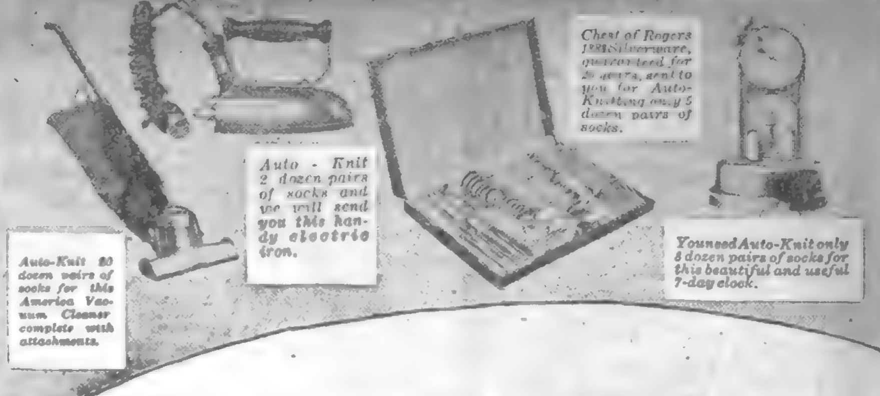
While man may do the proposing, it is woman who leads up to—who really paves the way—to it! It doesn't take a half-ways skillful woman any time at all to show the most ardent suitor that he [illegible] has no chance at all—and *this* without ever approaching the real theme of marriage squarely, yet wounding his feelings in the least.

So it followed that bit by bit, the one man [illegible]

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



ANOTHER STYLE OF DUGOUT DWELLING IN GYPSY LAND



Auto-Knit 30 dozen pairs of socks for this America Vacuum Cleaner complete with attachments.

Auto - Knit 2 dozen pairs of socks and we will send you this handy electric iron.

Chest of Rogers 1881 Silverware, guaranteed for 25 years, sent to you for Auto-Knitting only 5 dozen pairs of socks.

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A Unique Plan Now Doubles the Purchase-Value of Every Auto-Knitter Dollar—Paid for Spare Time Work at Home

A NEW kind of money will henceforth be paid to men and women who work in their spare time at home on the Auto Knitter. It is double-value money. It is money that does double duty in buying the things you want.

Let us explain the amazing new plan to you in this manner:

Miss Stasie R. Harabis, of Texas, made $400.00 Auto Knitting for 7 months in her spare time at home. That $400.00 under the new plan, would actually have $800.00 purchase-value.

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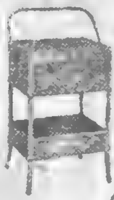
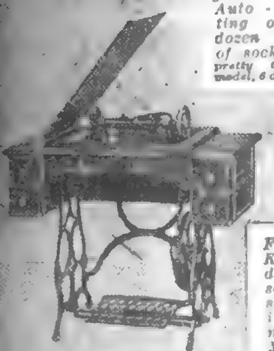
In other words, this new idea represents PROFIT-SHARING in one of its most generous forms. It gives you the greatest value for your spare time. It doubles the value of the money you earn — pays you in dollars that buy twice as much value as ordinary dollars.

As an Auto Knitter home worker you select your own hours, work as much as you please. For every dozen pairs of socks sent in by you we pay a standard, fixed price. The wage-rate now paid to Auto Knitter home workers is greater than ever before in the history of this organization. And now, through the new plan, your pay-check has just twice the purchase value!



Wicker sewing basket; yours for Auto-Knitting only 5 dozen pairs of socks. In pretty two-tone model, 6 doz. prs.



For Auto-Knitting 13 dozen pairs of socks we will send you this improved model Sewing Machine.

For Auto-Knitting 15 dozen pairs of socks you can secure this wicker set consisting of desk and chair. Desk alone, 10 dozen pairs; chair alone, 5 dozen pairs.

Auto Knit Those Wasted Hours Into the Luxuries You Have Always Wanted

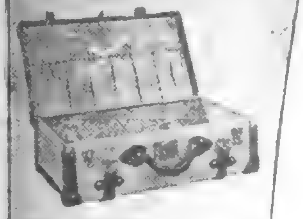
Our Big FREE Book Tells How

Perhaps it is an attractive new phonograph you would like to have. We will send you the one illustrated for Auto Knitting only 35 dozen pairs of socks!

Or it may be a sewing machine you want, or a new dining-room suite, or a vacuum cleaner, or a washing machine. See how you will be able to furnish your home by Auto Knitting those wasted hours and half-hours into double dollars—under the new plan.

Only 5 dozen pairs of socks bring you a 26 piece chest of beautiful Rogers 1881 Silver Plate, guaranteed for 25 years. Only 17 dozen pairs bring you a handsome white enamel Kitchen Cabinet, fully equipped. Only 8 dozen pairs bring you a Mahogany Davenport Table.

Our big Reward Book, now ready, illustrates the many useful and beautiful things you can now earn *double-quick* in your spare time. We will be glad to send you a copy free.



Handy valise, reinforced in leather. Sent for Auto-Knitting only 3 dozen pairs of socks.

Handsome phonograph with clear, beautiful tone. Yours for Auto-Knitting only 35 dozen pairs of socks.

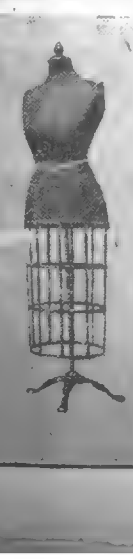
Send For Full Information

The coupon is a golden key that will open the treasure chest for you. Use it—today, before you forget. Thousands will take advantage of this great opportunity. You cannot afford to let it slip by.

Let us send you complete details. Just clip and mail the coupon—and it will bring you all the information you want regarding Auto Knitting and the new double-dollar plan. We will include a copy of the Reward Book.

No cost. No obligation. Just your name and address on the coupon. But send it off today, before you forget. THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY Co., Inc., Dept. 1010, 630-638 Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Knitting Wasted Hours Into Double Dollars



Auto-Knit only 2 dozen pairs of socks for this useful Dress Form in your size.

The Auto-Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc., Dept. 1010
630-638 Genesee Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

I want to turn the key to the treasure chest. You may send me FREE full information regarding Auto Knitting and how it turns wasted hours into dollars. Also all details concerning the new plan that now makes every Auto Knitter dollar worth two. This does not obligate me in any way whatever.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State..............

Note—The treasure is heavy. Please enclose a 2 cent stamp to cover cost of mailing to you.

Little Dog Angels

By Frances L. Garside

Copyright, 1923, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

"High up in the courts of heaven today
A little dog angel waits.
With the other angels he will not play
But he sits alone at the gates;
'For I know that my master will come,' says he,
'And when he comes he will call for me.'

* * * * * * *

"And his master far on the earth below,
As he sits in his easy chair,
Forgets sometimes; and he whisteles low
For the dog that is not there.
And the little dog angel cocks his ears,
And dreams that his master's call he hears,
And I know when at length his master waits,
Outside in the dark and cold
For the hand of death to ope the gates,
That lead to those courts of gold,
The little dog angel's eager bark
Will comfort his soul in the
shivering dark."

TO mention the Canine cemetery in the suburbs of Hartsdale, New York, a little town nestled in the hills thirty miles from New York City, is to start an argument. Those who have never known the comfort and courage found more surely in the love of a dog than in the love of a human being, contend that to lay aside ground in which to bury dogs, and to erect monuments to their memory is criminal. They mention, to clinch the argument, the poor children who might be clothed and fed with the money that goes into marble.

But those whose hearts are still tender over the loss of a four-footed friend can agree only so far, but no farther. It may be wicked to erect a mausoleum costing thirteen thousand dollars "to the memory of Sally and Toodles" when children the world over are going to bed hungry; but—a pause, the defender of those who love dogs, beyond the grave looks down. It is almost as if he felt a little cold muzzle pressed against his hand. He sighs, and lamely concludes:

"After all, it is their business."

It is their business, and so seriously do they make it their business that this little last resting-place for dogs has grown from thirty little green mounds the first year twenty-eight years ago to over four thousand, there being over four hundred interments in the past year. These faithful little friends are not buried, and then forgotten. There is never a mound that in time resembles the forgotten one in a cemetery for human beings; the little mound is promptly sodded, a monument is erected, flowers are planted in their season, a uniform covering of pansies in May, with the first snows of November hiding a coat of scarlet begonias. It is the most exquisitely kept cemetery in the United States and the largest canine cemetery in the world.

The idea had conception in the brain of Dr. S. K. Johnson, a veterinary surgeon of New York City, while traveling in Europe. There was one in London, one in Paris and one in Edinburgh—little cemeteries for good dogs whose days had ended. He came back to America, purchased the land at Hartsdale and from the beginning it found favor among those who had loved and lost four-footed friends.

"Ah," those who live in other sections of the country may say, "only New Yorkers would be so foolish as to go to such expense for a dead dog." But a man who moved with his family recently to New York state from Alberta, Calgary, felt the family circle was incomplete, and had the body of his dog disinterred from its resting place in his dooryard in Alberta and brought to the Canine cemetery in Hartsdale. Another man moving from New York to make his home in Switzerland (He was a Scotchman) took the body of his dog from the cemetery, placed it in a metallic casket and took it with him.

Again the argument ending with a translation of this expense into clothing and food for destitute children, and against the silence of the man who is thinking of a certain little dog angel.

The grounds, which at present cover more than seven acres, spread over the slope of a hill, falling in terraces to the paved street below. Above the entrance to the large iron gates stands a bronze and marble monument to the memory of the American War Dog. The money for this was raised by voluntary subscriptions. If any one felt that it was a foolish expenditure, he somehow was not so decided in his views after gazing on the walls of the cemetery office a framed obituary of a dog whose name deserves memorizing in marble.

Who's Who and Why

Obituary.

Terrier Fido J.

Son of Rover Terrier and Woofie of Yorkshire,
Born September 1, 1912,
In Squire McCormick's Hay Barn.
1914-1915.
Slew 34 woodchucks and 17 rats.
March 6, 1915.
Moved to City and gained Blue Ribbon at Dog Show.
July 7, 1915.
Rescued Child from Drowning in Park Lake.
August 28, 1915.
Gave chase and cornered kidnapper in park.
Nov. 6, 1915.
Tore seat from trespassing hobo's trousers.
Night of Jan. 7, 1917.
Hung on to notorious second-story man until master could cover him with a revolver.
June 9, 1917.
Rescued Italian baby from burning tenement.
July 24, 1917.
Led searchers of outing party to children lost in the heart of woods.
Oct. 5, 1917.
Joined Red Cross for War Relief Service in France,
April 8, 1918.
Killed in act of succoring wounded Americans.

After reading this tale of bravery and courage, one can appreciate the desire of people to make some effort to memorialize their own pets; perhaps they did not do such outstanding deeds of heroism as the war dog, but they were always "faithful and true."

These are the words "Faithful and True" that appear on monument after monument raised to the memory of a dog, a cat, or a horse, for canine are not the only pets that are mourned. There are some forty-odd cats, one lion, two monkeys, two horses, and a number of parrots and canaries sleeping in marble-marked graves in this last home for pets.

The inscriptions are on the whole in good taste, but occasionally one is a little disturbing. "To the memory of Nellie, Erected by her Loving Papa," rather shocks one, but the next one to it relating the fidelity of Bim is more fitting, and a visitor to the cemetery heaves a sigh of kinship with the man who erected over the grave of Gyp a stone that relates, "Home is not what it was when Gyp met me at the gate."

Mrs. Vernon Castle has a plot in which lie three dogs and a monkey. One inscription reads:

"My adored Zowie,
Died August 21, 1917.

I do not cringe from death so much
Since you are gone, my little friend.
Thy dear dumb soul will wait for mine
However long before the end."

There are monuments of the size and cost that would designate the last home of a bank president in towns of fifty thousand population; the mausoleum "To the Memory of Sally and Toodles" is larger than the mausoleums found in the average cemetery for human beings; one dog lies under a marble dog basket, selected and carved in Italy to serve this purpose. Some of the stones are adorned with set-in photographs of the pets lying below; many of the plots have rustic benches. When a dog is interred there are the customary floral offerings from friends of the family, and the little tiny mound has the same ghostly streamers of white and pink chiffon that wave in the breeze from graves in the cemetery for human beings in the valley below, a cemetery that, with its fallen stones, overgrown weeds, and general air of neglect, is a poignant contrast to the last home for what some call "Only dogs."

The price of a grave is fifteen dollars, ten dollars for a plain pine box, and two dollars for interment, making the cheapest grave cost twenty-seven dollars. But few are put away in plain pine boxes; there are coffins for sale ranging in price from ten dollars to $250. The cheaper ones are of wood; in the more expensive the inner casket is of steel with hermetically sealed top. All are lined with white satin. There is a receiving vault for holding coffins till the ground is prepared, but it is rarely used except in winter when frozen earth may render the digging difficult.

DOG CEMETERY AT HARTSDALE, N. Y.

The epitaphs show that very few of the pets died young. One of the tombstones relates that the cat under it reached the age of eighteen years. Some of the dogs lived to as ripe an age, many lived to be fourteen. Few stones give the date of birth, proving that the pet under the stone was a mongrel and had nothing but his love with which to make friends when he came into this world. Each owner to a lot receives a deed just as in other cemeteries. In 1914 the cemetery was incorporated so that its permanence for this purpose is assured. The average lot in the cemetery is 6 feet by 6 feet, costing $90.

To return to the thirteen thousand dollar mausoleum "To the Memory of Sally and Toodles," and the allusion it invariably invites to destitute children, is to go back to the difference of opinion between the man who has loved, and known the love of a dog, and the man who has not.

But remember that the two words seen most frequently on the markers of these four thousand little graves are "Faithful and True."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

least sent up for a long term or richly deserving both.
"Only this and nuthin' more."

BACHELOR BILL.

Welcome, Bachelor Bill! Where have you been these long, long years? The Sisters have been asking about you. You know you were rather a favorite with them even if they didn't approve of all you said about them.—Ed.

ANAHEIM, R. R. 5, BOX 175, CALIF.

DEAR SISTERS:

So many girls write about their ideal Husband that I'll tell of my Ideal Wife. I hope some day to get her. I want her to have blonde hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion and be five feet six inches tall and weigh about 130 pounds.

I don't want one of the baby-doll, let-mother-do-all-the-work kind. If a girl won't help her mother she won't help her husband. I don't care if she has bobbed hair for it is not so much trouble as long locks. I want her to be a good cook and neat housekeeper and keep herself as neat after marriage as before and have a smile for me when I come home. I want her to love music and play some kind of an instrument. I want her to be capable of taking care of at least eight children as my ideal home has four boys and four girls.

I am eighteen years old, have brown hair and eyes, am five feet, six inches tall and weigh 136 pounds.

CLYDE HORNE.

Now Clyde, don't you go and let yourself become a crank on efficiency and make your wife have bobbed hair, just so it will take less time to care for it. I suppose you'll allow her seven minutes a day in which to "do" her hair,—from 5.14 to 5.21. At that, somebody has got to be efficient in home-making to care for four boys and four girls and Father is usually It, so you'd better start in saving your money.—Ed.

ROCKFORD, WIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT NEIGHBORS:

I have been receiving and enjoying COMFORT for some time, but have kept silent. I am like some people who go to an entertainment; they sit, listen and enjoy it, but never slap their hand or give any expression to show that they are getting their money's worth.

I am inclined to turn a new leaf and express as briefly as possible my ideas—as this issue will be given over to the men.

We all know this quotation: "Experience is the best teacher," but how many young girls, who enter the state of matrimony will take advice from their elders—not many. They think life should continue the same after they are married as before—one continuous courtship. Doing nothing but following dances and shows.

Always bickering over the slightest trifles, not trusting their husbands out of sight for five minutes without getting jealous and starting an argument. Raising Cain when their husbands come home from work and read a paper because they don't give their entire attention to them immediately. Now girls and young women is this the kind of women you are going to make or are? Then don't get married before you have some sense, there is always plenty of time left, never any rush.

A husband always loves his wife, more than ever spoken, but give him half a chance, let him have time to himself when he is tired and doesn't want anyone to bother him. Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. Solitude gives him plenty of time for reflection. So if he has made a mistake he will surely try to amend it. Your husband will always live up to what you expect of him. But if you keep pecking away at him, accusing him of false things, he in the end will most likely deceive.

The links that God has coupled shall not be broken. Therefore, if ye take not God with you into your state of matrimony, don't expect to live happy in the future. But when two become one, minds pull in the same direction for a definite aim, there is sure to be happiness and success.

MR. R. MUELLER.

STEELVILLE, MISSOURI.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL:

May I come in for the first time? I have been a reader of COMFORT for a number of years and read it with delight and watch for its arrival. I always read the letters in the Sisters' Corner first and have found them interesting, especially those in the June issue in regard to the Ideal Husband and seeing an invitation open for the brothers to tell of their ideal wife, I will tell mine.

She must love me above everything else for which I will reciprocate; must be good looking, clean and neat, a Christian in the truest sense of the word, but not necessarily of the same religious belief as my own, must be my equal or superior to me, patient, cheerful and courteous with a good character and reputation, a companion, who will bear, suffer and enjoy with me everything that life would bring us. She must be a lover of her home and children and the great outdoors. She must have a good disposition and easy to get along with and not let worry and trouble take all the fun and joy out of life. She should be willing to make our home any place where it is to the best of our advantage. She must never nag or quarrel as that has ruined more homes than anything else. I don't expect her to be just perfect or not have any faults, because that's impossible and we all have them. I don't care if she is from the city or country if she can qualify. These are the things I'd ask of the girl I would marry.

I quite agree with Girlie from Tennessee referring to jealous couples, and also about the man that will not give his wife a dollar to spend, or trust her out of his sight. He may rest assured that in the end she will outwit and deceive him and be as false as he suspects she is.

I am five feet, eleven inches tall, dark brown hair, hazel eyes and am 25 years young, weigh 145 and am a lover of all sports. Hoping I pass the sisters' censorship.

Very sincerely, A. STENO.

CONE, TEXAS.

DEAR EDITOR:

My Ideal Wife must be what people call a flapper. She must have bobbed hair, well-penciled eyebrows, an artist at make-up, dress in the height of fashion, wear short skirts, high-heeled shoes and love to dance and travel. She must love me better than any other fellow though I don't care if she flirts with the other fellows, just for fun. She must allow me the same privileges she takes. I don't care whether she is a blonde or brunette, if I like her.

I have black hair and eyes.

GEORGE THETFORD.

Georgie, Georgie, what a broad-minded young fellow you are. You must be all of seventeen years old.—Ed.

WILD WEST, TEXAS.

HOWDY SISTERS:

I may not be much of a man as you will probably find out, but I do know what kind of wife I want—a buxom, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, full-breasted, bouncing lass, who can darn a sock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, chop wood, whistle with the boys, handle an oar, do a bit of fishing, and be a lady withal is just the girl for me, or for any other man to marry. But you, ye pining, moping, pale-faced, wasp-waisted, consumptive, music-murdering, novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a family of fourteen chickens. The truth, my dear girls, is that you need more liberty and less fashionable restraint, more kitchen and less parlor, more leg exercise and less sofa, more frankness and less mock modesty, lose yourselves a little, enjoy more liberty and less restraint by fashion. Breathe the pure atmosphere of freedom and become as beautiful as the God of Nature designed.

COWBOY.

My Dear Cowboy.—Where have you been and how old are you? Don't you know that the girl such as you describe went out of style and existence along with Grecian Bends and waterfalls? The girls of today are being censored because they have, or take, too much liberty and have no modesty—but I like them, and think they are a little bit of all right.—Ed.

KREMLIN, OKLAHOMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As the men are invited to tell of their *Ideal Wife*, I will tell of mine for she is surely my ideal. She stood by me through poverty and as better times came we would plan what next to do.

When this country opened to homesteaders on the 16th of September, 1893, at twelve o'clock, I made the race. I ran thirty-two miles on a cow pony and got a fine claim. It was a hard struggle to make a living and at the same time hold down a claim, but the country proved to be good farm land and we improved. Now, after thirty years, we drive to the city over paved roads, where I have chased the antelope in years gone by. Seven years ago we went west and got a ranch in Colorado. We kept a store on the trail for three years and did very well, but on account of the boy's education we came back to Oklahoma.

Now sisters, you see my *Ideal Wife* has helped me and at the same time helped herself. But don't think that we agree on all things for we do not. Therefore, we have a chance to learn something, as we found out long ago that neither one knows it all.

We have two sons, Cecil, 18 years old, over six feet tall and weighing 200 pounds. Russell is ten years old and large for that age. The Mrs is five feet, seven inches tall and weighs 160 pounds, and I am nearly six feet tall and weigh 212 pounds.

As we are getting old we will retire from active farm life and watch the oil derricks as they are being built nearer and nearer our holdings. But I don't have to sell out and go to the town in order to retire, but can live right here on the farm and enjoy life with my Ideal Wife.

J. E. HILL.

Mr. Hill.—It is splendid of you to give such a tribute to your wife while she is alive and can appreciate it. So many husbands wait until it is too late.—Ed.

ARKANSAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

As I have just finished reading COMFORT Sisters' Corner and found so many letters written on the Ideal Man, I have screwed up my courage to give you a few pointers on my Ideal Woman.

First, she must be good to look at, with perfect face and form, small hands and feet. She must be always neat, clothes never dirty or mussed up no matter what her work may be. She must honor and obey her husband, be ready to go at his least word of command, never talking back, but always cheerful and kind, granting her husband's least wish, always seeing

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

Home Sweet Home
Lullaby (Erminie)
Old Folks at Home
Sweet and Low
In the Gloaming
Annie Laurie
Ben Bolt
Old Black Joe
Auld Lang Syne
Schubert's Serenade
Comin' Thro the Rye
Last Rose of Summer
Kathleen Mavourneen
Love's Old Sweet Song
My Old Kentucky Home
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CULTIVATE YOUR MUSICAL BUMP

The Embroidery Basket

Conducted by

Beth Taske Brown

NOW that the Christmas season is approaching, a few suggestions for gifts are illustrated this month. It is so interesting to make gifts for your friends and, on the other hand, your friends will be so pleased if your gifts to them include a few stitches of your own making.

For the housewife, an apron is an ideal gift. This particular apron comes stamped on unbleached cotton cloth with all the cutting lines indicated, and also directions how to sew together. The design is of conventional flowers worked in two shades of brown and two shades of red with long and short buttonhole stitch. The number of strands of thread used in the flowers is three. The round flowers are brown, while the ones that wind out from the center are red. The centers of the brown flowers are solid in orange surrounded by black French knots. The clusters of French knots among the flowers are worked with six strands of orange floss. The larger leaves are worked in a long and short buttonhole stitch on the edge, while the stems and veins are outlined. The smaller leaves are worked solid in satin stitch. The apron is finished with a narrow hem all around and then a running stitch of black on the stitching line.

If one cares to further decorate the apron, trim off the hem allowance and finish the edge with brown bias-binding that matches the embroidery cotton. For some time unbleached cotton cloth has been effectively used in bedroom sets, curtains and table-covers, and now this material has found its way to milady's wardrobe where it is seen fashioned into aprons and slip-over dresses. This particular apron is new in design and will grace any occasion calling for some protection to the dress. Girls going away to school would be delighted with this stylish apron as well as the young matron who stays at home.

A very nice and also extremely useful gift is a towel of guest size. The one here illustrated is of simple yet very effective design. The ever popular wreath is easy to do, and this design of daisies, clustered a little to one side of the center of the wreath, is unusual and attractive. The girl, who is collecting articles for her Hope Chest, or, the housekeeper, who entertains will appreciate this excellent gift.

Towels have a way of wearing out and must be replaced, so it is always safe to include them in the gifts you make for your friends, for "the more the merrier." With the advent of the guest towel has come a departure from the pure white huck-a-back and damask to something more colorful and decorative. To use a towel daintily embroiderod by your hostess is a personal compliment.

Now the Kiddies are the ones who enjoy Christmas most, and how they do love to have a present they can wear. This cute little eating set provides a good-sized bib with a tray-cloth to match. The design is of interest to the children being a duck all dressed up in jacket and sunbonnet walking around in the grass. The whole design is outlined except the duck's eye and the buttons on her jacket which are done solid, the lower edge of the jacket which is buttonholed, and the grass which is done lazy-daisy. The color scheme used on the set is yellow for the duck, blue for the bonnet and jacket, black for the duck's bill and feet, and green for the grass. Three strands of the thread are used for all of the stitches on the set. For the finish around the edge of these pieces the blanket stitch is used, done in three strands of the blue.

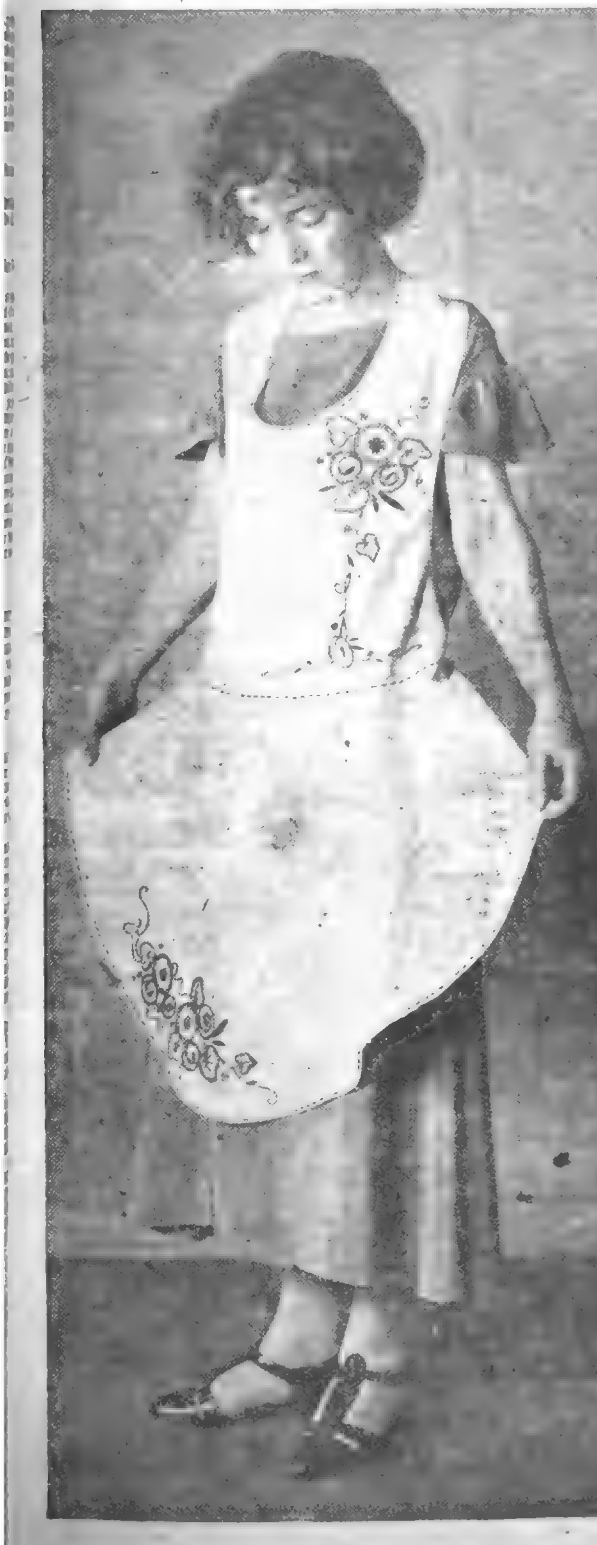
Giving a child this attractive eating set on Christmas is making the mother a gift as well, for the bib-age is a trying one and there never seems to be an over-supply of changes. A square of thin rubber sheeting under the bib and held in place by tiny gold colored safety-pins is a great saving.

No one ever seems to have too many bureau scarfs. A change every little while is welcome. Also, it is a treat to be able to match a scarf with a pincushion. Covers that have become spotted and otherwise disfigured, yet are too good to entirely banish, may be used in less conspicuous places, while new ones replace them for more particular wear. Many a faded and stained cover has been made to do further duty by being dipped into a strong tea bath. Here we have a scarf and pincushion set to match, which is embroidered in solid, outline and knots. The daisy flower is done solid in white, and outlined with three strands of a light shade of pink. All the rest of the embroidery with the exception of the knots, is also done in three strands of light pink. The knots are made of six strands of dark pink.

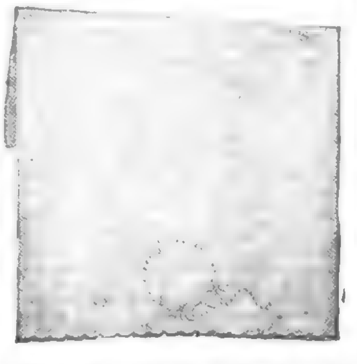
The edge of this set is effective, yet so very simple that any one can do it without much effort. First draw a thread out about a half an inch from the edge of the cloth, then turn and baste a very narrow hem to that space. This drawn thread gives a line to go by so that the crochet stitches will be even. With No. 30 crochet thread and number 8 crochet hook, single crochet over the hem into the space made by the drawn thread, *s c again about one-eighth inch from first s c, ch 4, and make p cot into top of that stitch, s c again about one-eighth inch from second s c, ch 3, s c one-quarter inch from previous s c and repeat from *. The pincushion is finished in the same way and has four eyelets in order that ribbon may be laced around the cushion at either end. This idea of a pincushion top just laid on top of the cushion saves laundering two pieces and lacing the two pieces together.

While designed for a bureau scarf, this cover is equally useful on the sideboard, buffet, a table that sets against the wall or a commode.

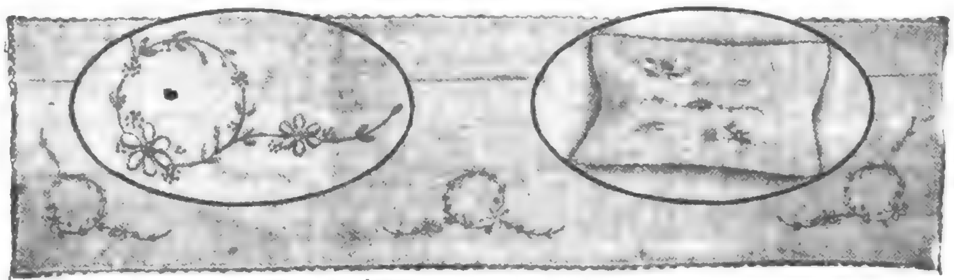
One of the greatest charms of a gift lies in having it in perfect condition and daintily wrapped. If it is a piece such as illustrated on this page, the work should be kept in a fresh sewing apron or towel while in process and when finished rolled in a wet clean cloth until evenly dampened and then pressed dry. Hang to air before folding. Wrap in tissue paper and tie with bright narrow ribbons or fasten with Christmas seals. Where the gift is simple it may be accompanied by something from the pantry shelf, such as a tumbler of jelly, some choice apples, a square of rich cake wrapped in paraffin, or if the giver lives in an evergreen section, a Christmas wreath will extend the message of good cheer.



APRON W-8—AN IDEAL GIFT FOR MILADY'S WARDROBE.



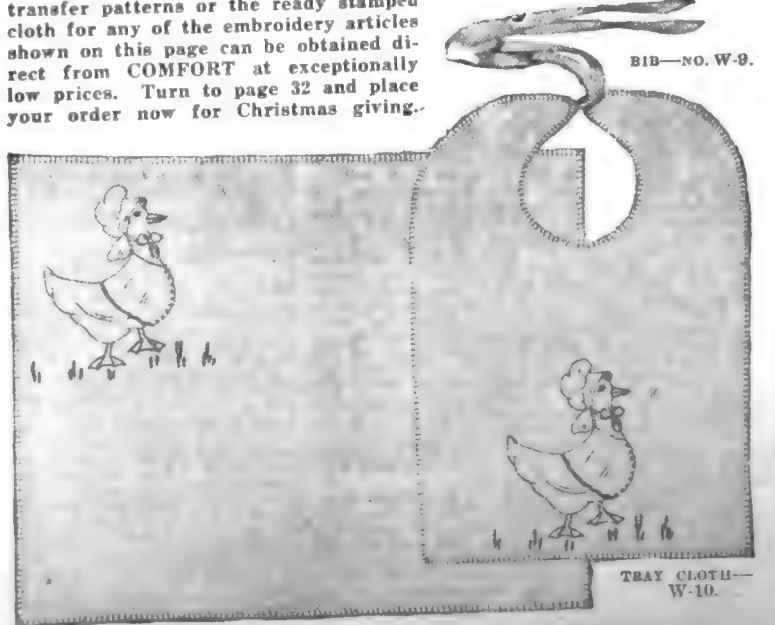
TOWEL W-7—WHO EVER HAS TOO MANY TOWELS?



In the oval above is shown an enlargement of the design worked on the scarf.
SCARF W-5.

PINCUSHION W-6.

Perforated stamping patterns, hot iron transfer patterns or the ready stamped cloth for any of the embroidery articles shown on this page can be obtained direct from COMFORT at exceptionally low prices. Turn to page 32 and place your order now for Christmas giving.



BIB—NO. W-9.

TRAY CLOTH—W-10.

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Flower Pot Medallion	8, 16
Dresser Set of Scarf and Pincushion	9, 15
Black Eyed Susan Luncheon Set	9, 10
Dining Room Curtain with Basket of Fruit	11, 16
Basket and Bowknot Centerpiece	12, 14
Jonquil Between-Meals Centerpiece	13, 14
Bedspread Stripes and Blocks	17, 18
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Crocheted Fringes	19
Crochet Stitches	21

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"What A Creole Is"

By Felice de Valence

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THROUGHOUT the country an ignorance prevails concerning the Creole

"Oh!" someone will say, "the Creoles are all of negro extraction."

Or, perhaps: "I hear that the Americans refuse to associate with the Creoles."

Through misrepresentation of these people by writers, because of ungrounded superstition, and unverified reports, the most amazing mistakes are being continually made, simply because most persons have never had the truth clearly explained.

The word Creole was originally Spanish, and was applied only to American descendants of Spaniards. However, the term spread to the French West Indies, and was brought up to Louisiana by the San Domingons. The earliest settlers in Louisiana, who were mostly from New Brunswick (Acadia), Canada, and Paris, never used the word. In the course of time, the term came to include all people of French descent, except the Acadians. *For many years the real Creole has been considered: a person born in or near the tropics, with absolutely no negro blood, but of pure French and Spanish extraction.* The term, Creole negro, was used to distinguish a negro born in this country from one brought from Africa; he he was never spoken of as a Creole, but always as a Creole negro.

The Creoles are a charming people, quick-witted, intelligent, with gracious manners; they enjoy life thoroughly, are eager for amusement and pleasure—gloriously care-free. But they are very devout in their religion, very warm-hearted, generous and sympathetic, and most loyal to what is held dear.

The girls are noted for their beauty. They are usually small and slender, with oval faces, regular features, great brown or black eyes and very lovely dark curly hair. Their complexions are particularly noticeable, being usually light olive, very clear and soft and of a becoming pallor. Their vivacity of expression, and their lithe grace add much to their attractiveness.

The Creoles of the better class speak pure French or Spanish, sometimes both, but more often French. Those of the lower classes use a *patois*—a literal translation of bad English into corrupt French. All the people prefer to speak in the foreign tongue, and do so on all possible occasions. In every shop and store in New Orleans there are French speaking salespeople; many restaurants cater almost exclusively to the Creole trade. At the beautiful old St. Louis Cathedral, in the midst of the Vieux Carte (French Quarter), at ten o'clock mass on Sundays the sermon is preached in French.

The fame of the Creole cooking is justly widespread. Strangers in New Orleans immediately inquire where the delectable, highly-seasoned, distinctly original dishes may be had.

In the old days the Creoles mingled with no outsiders. They were antagonistic towards the English-speaking population, which lived above Canal Street on the other side of the city. But of late years the two peoples are much together—to the pleasure of both.

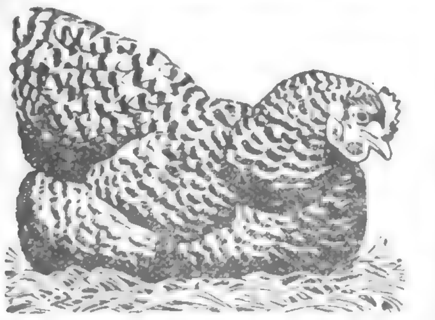
The Creoles have played an important part in the history of Louisiana, and the descendants of the aristocratic families are very proud of their heritage—a distinguished one—of brave service, generous loyalty and strong devotion towards all that was worthy.

The Beginning of the Royal British Navy

It is interesting to note that the British government, despite the fact that the English were a great seafaring nation, even in the ancient time, accept the building of the ship "The Royal Harry" in 1488, as the beginning of the Royal British Navy.

It was Henry VII, who had ordered its construction and within the 10 years following 30 ships patterned after that model were launched.

The famous British Navy List, without which no navy department the world over would consider its records complete, did not appear until 1914, when the celebrated actuary, John Finlaison, prepared the first edition of this historic publication.



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thanks to Reefer's More Egg Tonic

Says one COMFORT Reader

" 'More Eggs' Tonic is a Godsend," writes MRS. MYRTLE ICE, of Boston, Ky. She adds, "I was only getting 12 eggs a day and now get 50."

15 Hens—310 Eggs

I used "More Eggs" Tonic, and in the month of January, from 15 hens I got 310 eggs. MRS. C R. STOUGHTON, Turners Falls, Mass.

"More Eggs" Paid the Pastor

I can't express in words how much I have been benefited by "More Eggs." I have paid my debts, clothed the children in new dresses, and that is not all—I paid my pastor his dues. I sold 42½ dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some, and had 1½ dozen left. MRS. LENA McBROON, Woodbury, Tenn.

1200 Eggs from 29 Hens

The "More Eggs" Tonic did wonders for me I had 29 hens when I got the tonic and was getting five or six eggs a day; April first I had over 1200 eggs. I never saw the equal. EDW. MEKKER, Pontiac, Mich

160 Hens—150 Eggs

I have fed 2 boxes of "More Eggs" to my hens and I think they have broken the egg record I have 160 white leghorns and in exactly 21 days I got 125 dozen eggs. MRS. H. M. PATTON, Waverly, Mo.

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Poultry Farming for Women

BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Food That Will Fill the Egg Basket in Winter

IN August and September we discussed the matter of housing and selecting stock, so now we can turn to the general care and feeding of the birds kept specially for winter-egg production.

Don't lose any time in getting your young pullets into winter quarters. The sooner they are settled, and winter rations started, the sooner they will commence to lay. Don't forget that to produce eggs they must have plenty of water to drink, and, as they have no teeth, need grit to grind the food after it passes into the gizzard—animal food, vegetables, and lime in some form. Brooks and outside drinking troughs are sure to be frozen; small stone and sand ditto. So when the farmer throws down the corn, which is greedily eaten, the hen profits little, for she cannot digest it properly, and in consequence is unprofitable. Insects (the natural animal food supply) are not to be had, nor is there any vegetable matter available. So the fowls return to natural conditions, which means no eggs until springtime, when they are again able to find the different ingredients from which eggs are formed

BUFF ORPINGTON COCK. BY REQUEST.

Now the real poultryman who depends on his fowls for his living knows by experience that it pays to provide Biddy with all these things when she cannot find them for herself. Besides, there is another advantage, the chicks which will be hatched in the spring will be stronger, and make quicker growth, than those hatched from eggs laid by poorly fed hens.

Don't overcrowd your house There is nothing more detrimental to egg production or strong chicks in the spring as overcrowding stock in the winter. Twenty well-cared-for hens, with plenty of house room, will produce more eggs and better birds next spring than fifty which are crowded. Besides which, if a lot of hens are crowded into small quarters in the night their breath and the moisture of their bodies is more than the air can carry off, so it rises to the roof, where it freezes during the night and melts during the heat of the midday sun, so causing a recurrence of moisture day by day, which soon makes the house damp and unhealthy. Plenty of cold fresh air continually circulating through the house keeps it fresh and dry, and is beneficial to the bird

The breed of chickens you keep, the part of the country in which you are located, must influence to a great extent the general care and feeding of your stock. In sections of the country where the weather is extremely cold, hens require rations rich in fat and oils to keep them warm On the other hand, in the southern states they require only enough fat-forming foods to nourish their bodies and produce eg[illegible]

Hens must have a variety of food to produce eggs in winter The best way to convince you of the fact is to give you a chemical analysis of the [illegible] albuminoids, [illegible] al matter, [illegible] necessary for the egg no[illegible] as to expect a biddy to produ[illegible] provided with the nece[illegible] complain that hens lay nearly [illegible] eggs in the spring, when they are hardly worth the trouble of marketing, and stop as soon as the prices go up in the winter. And it is true of most farms, simply because in the spring hens can find all the elements necessary for the formation of the egg, but after frost destroys green grass, clover and insects, they stop producing because they have no materials from which to make the egg.

During the last two years we have almost entirely changed our plans for feeding the laying hens, and find the new method much better than the old. Instead of a wet mash at eight o'clock in the morning, we now give the following dry mash at 2 p. m.: Ten pounds of wheat bran, ten pounds of ground oats, ten pounds of ground corn, ten pounds of white middlings, ten pounds of old process oil meal, and ten pounds of freshly cut green bone. If you can't get freshly cut green bone, use twenty pounds of any one of the commercial brands of animal feed specially prepared for poultry. Mix the above quantities very thoroughly and keep in a barrel for daily use. When fresh green bone is used, don't mix more at one time than will be used in a week. Feed the dry mash in shallow pans, as much as the birds will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. At suppertime a mixture of corn, wheat and cracked corn, in the following proportions: whole corn, twelve pounds; cracked corn, eight pounds; wheat, eight pounds. This mixture we scatter over the litter about 4 or 4.30 p. m., according to the light.

The birds are always eager for the whole corn, and in rushing about to pick that up, push the smaller grain down into the litter, so rarely get any of it at night. But when they get off the roost the first thing in the morning, they are hungry, and start looking for the small grain, which compels them to take just the vigorous exercise which they need early in the morning to set their blood circulating, and to warm them after the long night on the roost. About eight o'clock in the morning we fill up the drinking fountains with water enough to insure its being warm after it is poured into the cold galvanized pans. At twelve o'clock the drinking fountains are again filled with water, and about a pint of cracked corn is scattered on the litter for every forty hens. They also get their vegetable food at noon. In the early winter this is usually cabbage or beets, but later in the season we depend entirely upon sprouted oats, each bird being given about a square inch of the sprouts and matted roots. Green vegetable food is most important, and is usually the most difficult for the farmer to provide during the winter, but now that the price of grain has gone down, it will pay to sprout oats for the laying and breeding stock. There are several sprout cabinets (as they are called) on the market, which are well worth the price, which ranges from five to fifteen dollars; but there are plenty of people who don't want to spend five dollars, so I am going to tell you about a home-made cabinet which only costs two dollars.

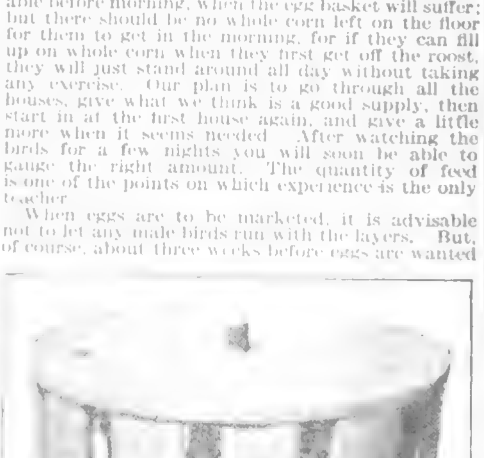
Get a case from the village store, five feet long, two feet wide and two feet deep. Line this with zinc at the front end, running the zinc up to about fifteen inches. Then set the box up on end, making what had been the top the front, and from loose boards make a top to fit it. Then get eight pairs of iron shelf brackets from a five-and ten-cent store, and put the first set of four brackets, two on each side of the cabinet, six inches from the bottom, and the other two sets nine inches above. Make legs nine inches high, to lift the bottom of the cabinet from the floor, cut a hole four inches square in the center of the bottom to permit the chimney of a lamp to go through and strike on the bottom of the first tray, which rests on the first set of brackets. This tray must be made at a plumber's shop, but it won't cost more than seventy-five cents. The three other trays can be made of light wood. The strips of wood at the bottom of the trays must be left open, and a piece of burlap tacked over to prevent the oats from falling through. A brooder which has a tin chimney is the best to use, so there is no fear of smashing. When in use, after the chimney has been pushed through the hole in the bottom of the cabinet, a block of wood must be placed under the lamp, to raise it high enough to hold it firmly in place, and bring the top of the chimney within an inch of the zinc tray, which is kept filled with water. The oats are put into pails of warm water the night before the trays are to be filled, and then spread two inches deep in each tray.

I almost forgot to explain that there was another hole two inches square in the center of the top of the cabinet, which was covered with flannel, to act as a ventilator. When the door of the cabinet was closed and the lamp lighted, the heat kept the water in the zinc pan steaming slightly, and insured a moist, warm temperature throughout the cabinet.

The three oat trays were made about an inch smaller than the inside of the cabinet, to permit the moist air to circulate all round them. Naturally the bottom tray, getting the most heat, is the first lot of oats to develop sufficiently to feed, and at that point it can be removed, and the trays dropped down so that the second and third trays are at the bottom, and what was at the bottom is at the top. If you have only a few hens and don't think it worth while to make a cabinet, a few shallow boxes will do almost as well. A shelf behind the kitchen stove, or some other warm spot is a good place to keep them. Make several holes at the bottom of the boxes for ventilation, and cover with burlap or wire cloth to prevent the oats falling through. Soak the oats in a pail of water over night, and in the morning spread them about two inches thick in the boxes and cover with a double thickness of newspaper Each morning, remove the newspaper and stir the oats with your hands; spread evenly, and sprinkle with water until the oats begin to show, after which don't disturb the oats, but still sprinkle every morning. Replace the paper after sprinkling, until the sprouts are over the edge of the box, as it keeps them from being dried and toughened by the dry outer air of the kitchen. In about nine days the oats will be a thick mass of fine roots, and the sprouts will be two or three inches high, and ready for use. Break into small pieces, so that each hen will get a share. The whole mass of roots is to be used, as well as the sprouts, for there is as much food value in one as in the other. A piece about seven inches is enough for twenty hens. After once commencing to use the sprouts, start a box every day or every other day, according to the size of the boxes and the number of hens to be fed, so that you will have a continuous supply. The oats are ready to feed when from two to five inches high. Just cut a sod—roots and all, of course—and feed to the hens at noon—the improvement in the egg yield will surprise you. A sod six inches square is enough for twenty-five hens. Divide it into small pieces before feeding, so that they are all sure to get a fair share. Don't neglect roosters, for a fair percentage of sprouted oats in their rations insures fertile eggs, which will mean good hatches when the incubators and broody hens get busy.

The quantity of night feed you will have to gauge by what the birds will eat Hens must go to roost with full crops or they get cold and miserable before morning, when the egg basket will suffer; but there should be no whole corn left on the floor for them to get in the morning, for if they can fill up on whole corn when they first get off the roost, they will just stand around all day without taking any exercise. Our plan is to go through all the houses, give what we think is a good supply, then start in at the first house again, and give a little more when it seems needed After watching the birds for a few nights you will soon be able to gauge the right amount. The quantity of feed is one of the points on which experience is the only teacher

When eggs are to be marketed, it is advisable not to let any male birds run with the layers. But, of course, about three weeks before eggs are wanted for incubation, your best hens should be selected, divided into small flocks of from seven to fifteen, according to the breed you are keeping, and as good a rooster as you can afford to buy introduced to each flock.



WATERING TANK FOR A DUCK YARD, MADE FROM AN OLD BARREL.

I tried an experiment last winter with ten pullets, which may be serviceable to some of our folks who only keep a few birds. Their rations consisted of oats scattered in deep litter at seven in the morning; at eleven o'clock, sprouted oats and beets, buckwheat, Kaffir corn mixed in equal parts—one quart. At three o'clock, a warm mash made of potato peelings or small potatoes which have been mixed and mashed with beef scraps, oil meal and ground oats. About two tablespoonfuls of scraps and half a cup of oil meal and a pint of oats to every quart of mash peelings; two quarts of the mixture. For supper, they had buckwheat and oats mixed—one quart The potatoes, buckwheat and oil meal are all fattening, so of course generate heat, which is necessary to winter rations, and balance the want of these qualities in the oats almost as well as corn would have done.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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A Touch of Romany

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

other man, of the triumvirate of gallant wooers came to find, despite themselves, that somehow, Dorothy Roosa after all wasn't quite the girl for them. There was something lacking, something gone from her manner towards them—some charm that had held them before!

Simultaneously, the star of Stanley Wilkins had been just as proudly ascendant!

The more the girl saw him, somehow, the better she liked him. There was something in his very enthusiasm—in his half-boyish exuberance over just the things she loved—that appealed to her.

"I played 'hookey' from the aluminal-banquet the other night," he confided, "to finish a story I'm working on.

"You know, I've got what I call a bully plot for a love-story: fellow parts from a girl after some silly gossip—goes to a mining-camp—makes a strike—shared with a rich magnate in developing the claim, both work like Trojans.

"Motion-picture man comes to take pictures of the miners at work—induces the young boss to pose in these as he makes his round.

"Film is shown the country over, with captions telling how the hard work of that young owner accomplished all of this.

"Picture comes to the girl's own town; people recognize the man; chatter of what he's accomplished. Set the girl to thinking—then investigating. Slips out to a town near the mine, and learns all sorts of nice things. Finds, among other things, the gossip untrue—writes the man this—begs his forgiveness for the things she'd said—and you can guess the rest."

Then they discussed it together.

Another time he had declined an invitation to an ultra-fashionable ball—in order to hear a quartette playing the city that night only. So there had been many other little happenings that gave her insights into his nature.

It's a poor rule, of course, that won't work both ways and as the woman came to admire the man the more, his love for her too, grew the deeper.

Spring had grown to summer; summer to fall; fall had turned to winter.

People had already drawn their conclusions; the other men were "staying away," as they said—realizing that the girl was won. Everyone said that Wilkins was engaged to Miss Roosa—everyone except Wilkins and the girl.

Wilkins, master mind at many arts and crafts; a power though he was in the community here, had something of brave Miles Standish in his make-up. He would go up to the cannon's mouth; he had won the Croix de Guerre and the D. S. C. in France in the war—but he dared not face the *no* of a woman!

Little by little Dorothy came to realize how the land lay.

Things grew ever tenser till there came a winter-evening, and he had come to call as usual.

The ordinary commonplaces of greeting over this night, however, Wilkins drew from his coat-pocket a budget of booklets issued by leading ocean-steamship lines—diagrams of the staterooms to the major boat of the Shipping Board, schedules of sailings and the like.

"Do you know," he said, more enthusiastic than he'd been in some time now, "this is going to be my septennial year, and so I can celebrate.

"Six years have I labored and done all my work—toiled and saved, and so on—without vacations of which to speak. Now, on this seventh, I will rest!

"I want to see Europe—see the homes, the haunts, of the masters. I want to stand at dusk in Stratford and look at Shakespeare's tomb in the church-floor. I want to see the spires of Notre Dame in Paris—to *feel* my history, if you please, on the spots where it occurred. I want to visit Belgium and mark what those plucky folk are doing by way of rehabilitation.

"And *say*, do you know, since you've shown me the pictures you took of those gypsies that day, you've rekindled in me the first *wanderlust* I suppose I ever knew—'wanting to go back, on their trails, to Roumania—the ancient home, in Europe at least, of the gypsy. All of my life—ever since, when a child, I hid behind some tree lest the gypsies who passed kidnap me for sale somewhere—I've wanted to go to the Balkan States they are today—to that starting-point for the long trails of the gypsy.

"Grandmother, dead these many years, no doubt whetted that desire tremendously in my youth—she used to tell me of the gypsies *she* knew in Europe, and of how her father, in turn, had traveled through their mud-cities along the Danube.

"I want to see those towns and then I want to hear the genuine gypsy-music, as it's played in the *cafes* of Buda Pest, and elsewhere, Hungary over."

The man's enthusiasm at the treat in store was quickly getting control of him. The exuberance come of near-realization of a life-time of hoping and planning would not be contained.

"The girl sensed, somehow, that something else, too, was in the offing; that the man had a something he would say first and yet—he did not dare.

She entered into his enthusiasm quickly; it was woman's eternal privilege—her proper step into the breach. Would he go here? Would he be there? Would he visit——?

He *would*—and the joy of it all broke the fetters. All the long, carefully-plotted campaign leading up to the point he had sought, all the things he had drilled himself to say, by rote if he must, at this time, vanished from memory, as if in thin air!

"Dorothy," he whispered quickly, sharply seizing her hands for very eagerness before he knew it, "I've just received a call as full professor at the University here—a life-time job—at a salary that's too much for one, it's surely meant for two

"I want that trip as a sort of finishing touch of preparation for the post," and then—well then, before he realized it, it was said, "I want you along—you—my wife!"

He halted.

He read her answer with the guilty eyes with which he faced her.

Then:

"Since you say so," and he stooped and kissed her, "we will proceed to the making reservations for our spring-time wedding-trip."

* * * * * *

Just far enough removed from the shore-line of the Danube to be safe from the perennial overflows of the river and best reached by the sluggish *droschkies* which one may hire at Gradobor or other neighbor district-towns, the gypsies throw up burrows like those of the garden-mole, except that they are upon a much huger scale. In these they live for a season or two; while the men and the women and the children "hire out," to till the fields of the nearest landed proprietor.

Gypsydom is picturesque in its poverty here, and travelers on the Danube do well to break their journey long enough to stop and see.

One glorious late-autumn afternoon, roughly a year and a quarter since the day of the gypsy-caravan's meandering into the quiet suburb there in Cincinnati, a *droschky* of the sort suggested drove, full-tilt, toward just such a gypsytown—an American tourist and his wife.

"Dorothy," and the man's voice quivered with his tense excitement as the nearer of the burrows began to undulate the horizon here, "do you know that coming in view of this gypsy-village is marking a red-letter day in my life for me?"

"It's the concrete symbol—the 'visualization,' I suppose I should say—of what actually served as the starting-point for the wooing of what is now my wife!"

His words were stumbling just a little in their meaning; excitement had the best of him.

The woman looked, a trifle askance.

"Just what do you mean, dear?" she asked him.

"I mean that I have prepared for you just the very best sort of a plot for a double-barrelled love-story, or a triple-barrelled hymeneal scenario, that the big Anglo-Saxon writing-game has probably ever known!"

He straightened on his seat, struck the attitude of the proverbial raconteur, and then went on:

"Once upon a time, and really not so many, many years ago, a poor young instructor in a big Mid-Western college loved a girl very deeply. True to all form, with stories of such sort, while he loved deeply, he also loved almost hopelessly, for while he labored and strove to secure such promotions as would mean a salary upon which a girl of her sort might be kept, other luckier suitors—sons of rich men, whose influence, if nothing else, gave them *entree* to just such positions—were not staying behindhand in their own pursuit of her hand.

"You can spin that part of your story, your script, out just as far as you like, of course. Burning the midnight oil, going dinnerless and supperless to save, tutoring in holidays, and all the heartache and the pining that you please!

"Finally, seeing himself lagging more and more behind the rest, if but for the attentions they could pay—theater, motorings, little suppers, flowers and the like—the man reached the conclusion that he must turn to the drastic and then there came home to him the ancient axiom that 'all's fair in love or war!'

"You can have the slovenly, but good-hearted char-woman who cleans his garret-room and who knows his secret remind him of that—or wake him to the need of action, if you wish to, in your tale

"So, to repeat a bit, the man settled himself on a bench in the park to deliberately campaign for his lady!

"Campaigning, he reviewed every phase of the battle he must wage upon rival suitors.

"Measuring thus every friend of the girl that he knew, he reached the conclusion that there were really just two who seemed about closing in, one or other, for the winning.

"And, in justification of his act for a reader, and audience, always demands moral justification for any seeming unfairness otherwise; as you know he *knew* that neither of these men could make the girl anywheres nearly as good a husband as he would himself."

The man stopped a moment perhaps to survey the colony of hummocks all about them here, perhaps to let so much of the story—the opening chapters of the "double-barrelled romance," as he had called it, the resolve of the poor man to win the girl from her rivals, whether or no to sink home.

The woman beside him sat severely erect. Woman's intuition made her half-fearful, half-desirous of knowing just what was coming. Not every wooer of what *he* would have become his bride was clever enough to deliberately sit down and campaign thus. But, a woman doesn't exactly like to have herself looked upon as a subject for deliberate campaign.

On the box, the Roumanian driver whistled the *Kara-George March*, utterly oblivious of his charges' word. The wind from the Danube played the river reeds and set them to creaking and groaning.

"Pondering and repondering the matter, the lover fell back upon a something his college professor of psychology had emphasized—the value of driving squarely *home the* desired notion—the desired idea.

"'If you want someone to do something,' Dr. Slaughter used to say again and again and again, till all of us, of his classes knew the sentence by heart, 'get them to *want* to do that very thing, and this by driving all possible advantages for them to doing the thing squarely home. Don't let them feel driven—let them believe they're leading, driving. And give them time to dwell, of their own parts on the idea.

"I don't know if I'm making myself altogether clear," the man swerved a little from the thread of story. "Briefly, the lover should be shown, in that script you're to write, as resolving to resort to a proper use of what is often called the 'dominance of an idea.'

"You *sabe?*"

Beginning to understand, or believing that she did, she nodded, affirmatively; but—severely!

"Happening into a motion-picture show—seeing some gypsies upon the screen there, the man was seized with the idea that builds the actual thread of the story!

"He would turn conversation, next time that he called on the girl of his heart, to the motion-pictures; a simple matter. He would tell of having seen this film, with its marvellous gypsy-pictures—an obvious step then. He would lead conversation on to what he'd read from time to time, (and, incidentally, that next evening, at the Public Library, (all a 'purpose), of the gypsies. He would fill the girl with interest, wonder, enthusiasm for these nomads of the public ways. Nothing marvellous at all in such step-by-step procedure.

"Having shown mi-lady the romance, the fascination, Romany Rye presents to all who'll simply stop and see, he would urge her to weave her own tales about them. He would urge that she write a story, a motion-picture script, of life among these home-land gypsies.

"Her story must be true to life, of course; every bit of local color must be exact. Audiences, readers, both, demand such things.

"And to get that local color?

"What so simple as to have all the good folk about keep weather-eye open for the coming of some gypsies to town; and then take snapshots, to refresh memory, of those gypsies?"

The man laughed a little.

His wife's face glowed anger—and she was still more beautiful for it!

"Now you *are* understanding, aren't you?" he laughed a little.

"But, we're almost at the stopping-place, so I must hurry on.

"Having interested the woman in the subject of Romany—gypsies—the next step in the plan that stole home to him as he watched the movie that first day, required the coming of the gypsies she'd require to some point where she might reach them!

"A little thought to this part of the subject, and the man resolved to find a gypsy-band.

"Broadcasting return post-cards to police-headquarters of some twenty cities near at hand, finally brought word of the presence in the suburbs of one of these towns of a band.

"A week-end trip to the city, to the camp-site, cost little when weighed with results obtained.

"Nor did it cost a great deal—weighed with those results again—to arrange with those gypsies to alter their route to include the girl's home-town—Cincinnati, it just chanced to be," he put in archly here—"and then to make a point of passing—*at an appointed hour* daily—the girl's father's very attractive suburban place.

"Naturally," the man hurried to conclusions, 'the gypsies would camp just outside that suburb, and if, by any chance, things miscarried first time, they would pass, and repass, the girl's home, until somehow the two parties to the story simply *would* connect

'Then, well—then the girl would take the pictures! *We know* she would

'And then—well, then the gypsy-woman would tell her fortune—and thereby send the good word, that the girl *must* pick the stated suitor, *home!*

"So, then, there would be 'planted,' Dr. Slaughter liked to put it, 'the dominant idea.'

"Bridget, of the girl's home, bribed to help on, as result of a meeting, on her day off, arranged with her by telephone—would assist in the 'playing that idea' 'in the girl's mind the while.'

"'Bridget had seen the gypsy-movie.' Had her mistress seen it? No—then she should. Back in Ireland, Bridget knew the gypsies. Wonderful the accuracy with which they can foretell!

"Bridget, too, would bend every effort to advise the gypsies, by phone to the nearest drug-store, just the time when they should pass.

"And Bridget saw to it that when they passed, she called her mistress.

"As for the rest of the story, you——", but the gypsy children and the gypsy dog were clamoring so loudly, all about now, he could not finish.

The driver bowed, as is these drivers' fashion, and helped the lady to the ground.

The gypsy-leader approached to welcome these strange guests, as is the gypsy custom always here.

The woman rose, her eyes flashing; half in anger, half, and more though, to confess it, in mute admiration for the skill, the cleverness, the innate brain-power, was the way she put it to herself there, of this man—*her* husband; used to just this one end and that to win *her!* Neither the tailor nor the other man, nor the legion of admirers otherwise, would ever have thought of that!

"You're a mean, nasty thing, *so there!*" she flung at him, while the gypsies, understanding the tone, if not words, of her message laughed.

"Come on and hurry! I want to snapshot these gypsies while the light's right!"

And, without further reference to the plot for script, or script of story he'd prepared for her, that day at least, she led on, squarely to the heart of the gypsy-town—to the very heart of old Romany Rye, as both he and she had so long pictured it—and the goal of their wedding-journey!

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

would like to have that cousin write and tell me something about the mysteries and joys of that Loveland of hers.

Uncle, can you play any music? Or Billy? I can play the violin and guitar until it makes your head ring and your feet think of the song: "Let the Rest of the World Go By."

Well, I'll say *au revoir* for this time. If any of the cousins write, I'll try to answer all I can.

Your nephew and cousin, GLENN HELMICK.

Glenn, there are no reliable guidebooks to Loveland. Such information as one can gain is always a little out-of-date or misleading. The journey must always be one of discovery and sometimes there are shipwrecks, desert islands and bobbed-haired natives to be met with on the way. It's a trip full of dangers and delights, Glenn. However, I'll wish you "bon voyage" and hope you will write and tell us what you think of the country and its inhabitants—both blonde and brunette.

I do not produce any music, Glenn. I buy mine all canned and ready to eat. It's safer in the long run—or if you can't run fast enough to escape the neighbors. I try to profit by Billy's experience in learning to play the saxophone. You never heard about this? Well, he and I were waited upon by a committee of near-residents who, after a session of remarks and expostulations, ended by saying that either Billy or they would have to be chloroformed. They said that life simply could not go on as it was. They seemed so pained and earnest about it that I persuaded Bill to make a wall ornament out of his saxophone and now he has it hanging under the record of his grandfather's services in the Civil War. It seems that the old chap ate up the uniforms of two Confederate generals and so won a pension for eighteen years before he finally died in 1897 of acute indigestion.

FERRIS TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

I will try my luck for once! I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for several years and I certainly enjoy it.

Uncle, I surely must agree with some of the cousins about the powder puff, for I do not like it—although a wee bit sometimes helps the looks.

My, doesn't Cousin Maude Parker boost Arkansas? I live in the black land section of Ellis county where it takes four good mules to pull an empty wagon after a rain. Some mud!

I am just a common Texas farm boy with dark brown hair and eyes and dark complexion. I have five feet, nine inches to my height and you can guess my age between 21 and 25. I'm still single.

I would like to hear from all that care to write, and I'll answer all I can.

With love to Uncle and all, I remain,

Your nephew and cousin, W. L. HEATHERLY.

You seem to be enduring cheerfully your lonely bachelor life down in all that Ellis county black gumbo, W. L. It certainly seems a waste of good mule power to use four of these noble, sweet-tempered animals to pull an empty wagon. And why do you want to go after rain? Surely a wagon load of rain would only make more mud, or so it seems to my dusty brain. I never heard much about Texas mud, W. L., or that it was any worse than even Cousin Maude Parker's fabulously famous Arkansas can produce. But I have heard a lot of talk, some of it rather impolite and vigorous, concerning Texas sand and its way of not remaining long in one place. In fact, Texas sand seems to want to be traveling all the while. It never stops long except when it gets in somebody's eyes or ears. I heard an extravagant Fort Worth man say once that half of Oklahoma and two-thirds of New Mexico had been formed from sand blown out of Texas. He claimed that replevin proceedings ought to be started from Austin against both states. I hope your mud doesn't reach as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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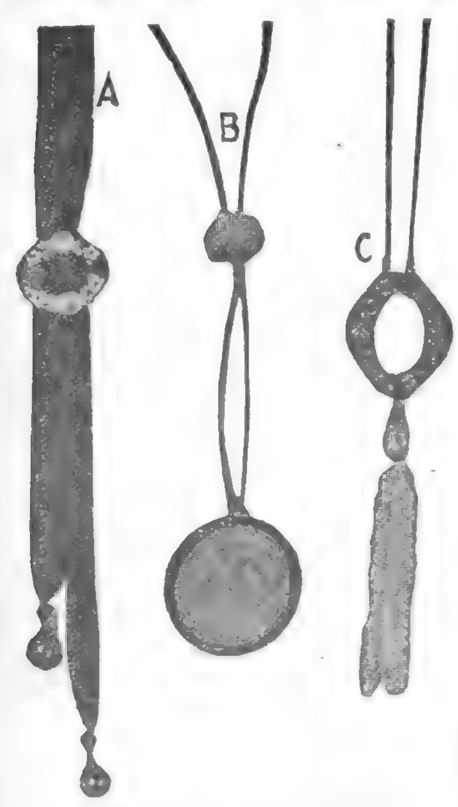
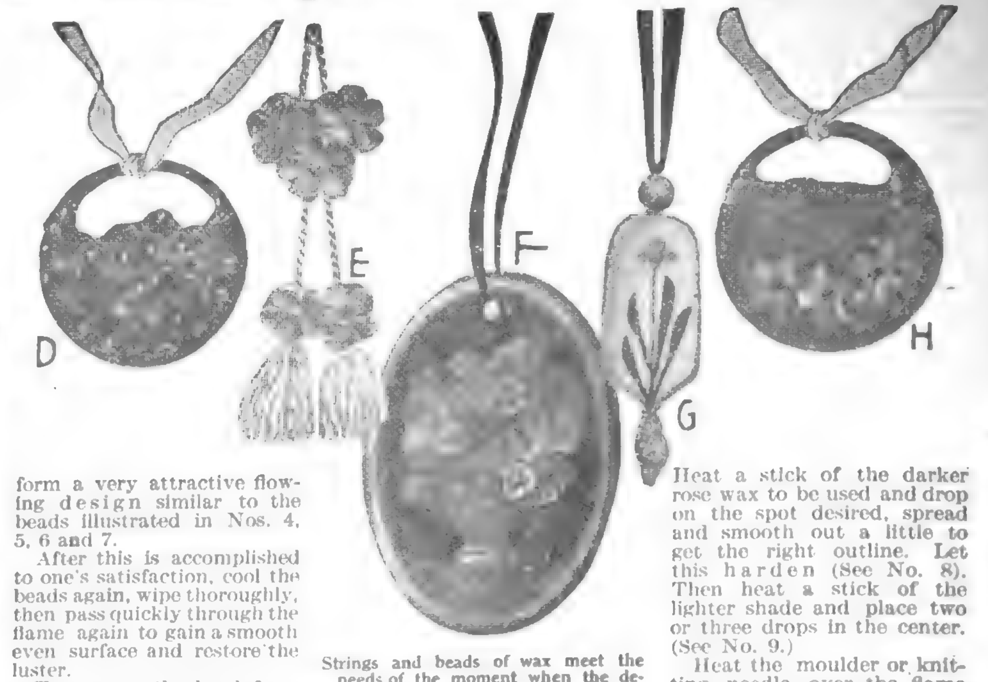
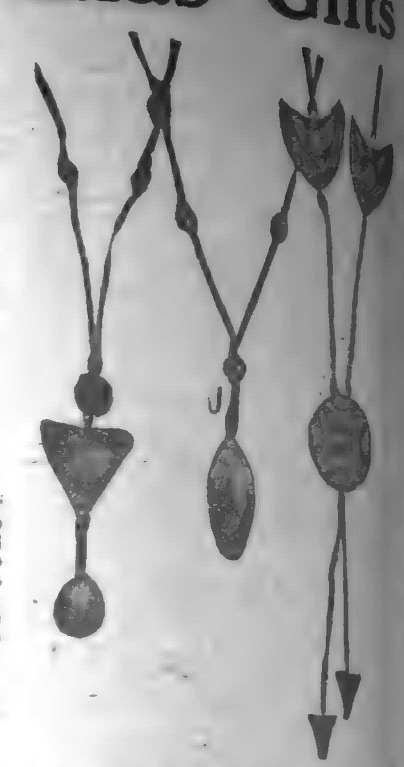
Novel and Inexpensive Christmas Gifts





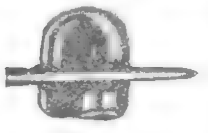
Strings and beads of wax meet the needs of the moment when the demand for an endless variety of necklaces and pendants is so great.



Sealing-Wax Decorations

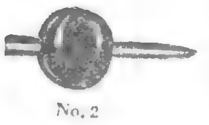
THE collection of articles shown on these pages this month illustrate some of the many ways in which ordinary sealing wax can be used as a decorating medium.

This modern and fascinating art and these examples of how it can be employed we feel sure will help to solve the gift problem for many of our readers this year in a new and also an economical way.

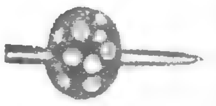


No. 1

The wax can be used in several different ways. First by softening and forming into shapes, over a small flame or applying directly to glass, celluloid or cardboard, or it can be made into a sealing-wax enamel by combining it with alcohol, and then applying as paint or enamel with a small brush.



No. 2



No. 3

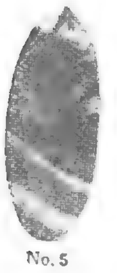
It is a very flexible medium and the art of using it effectively can so easily be acquired, that any one can successfully learn how to make beads, pins, earrings, fancy buttons, girdles and bracelets, and also decorate boxes, bottles, toilet articles, vases and a host of other things so that they resemble the lovely luster wares.

Sealing-Wax Beads

As the beads are so easily made it is best to begin by practicing on these. For equipment one will need only a few sticks of the wax, an alcohol or chafing dish lamp, an ordinary steel (vegetable) knife, No. 12 steel knitting needle, a wax moulder (orange-stick may substitute), a glass of cold water and some soft clean cloth. Use one piece for wiping the beads dry and one for keeping one's tools clean and free from wax.

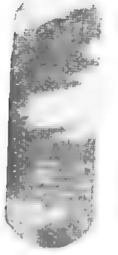
No. 4

If possible secure a piece of glass or marble on which to work, or even a child's ordinary slate, then the beads and pendants can be partly shaped by pressing and rolling on this smooth surface as the beads cool.



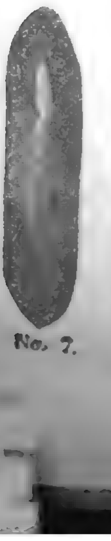
No. 5

The warmed blade of the knife is also sometimes useful in shaping or the heated point of the knitting needle. This is especially good to score or make lines on the beads running either horizontally or vertically.



No. 6

To make beads, cut the sealing-wax sticks into pieces about the size of the bead desired with the heated blade of the knife. Use one stick of wax as a foundation color. Heat the end of the knitting needle over the alcohol lamp and press into the wax as shown (see No. 1.) If large beads are desired press one piece of wax on each side of the needle. Revolve slowly over the flame, being careful not to melt the wax too much. Work slowly and shape the beads gradually as the wax softens. (See No. 2). As the bead takes on the correct shape dip it into the cold water once or twice to harden. Always dry thoroughly with the cloth before heating again for if any water remains on the surface bubbles are liable to form. When the foundation wax is symmetrical in shape if a combination of colors is desired, heat the ends of the different sticks of wax one at a time and dot on the cool bead (See No. 3). Revolve slowly over the flame again until the wax softens then turning as seems best. With a little practice one can blend the colors so as to form a very attractive flowing design similar to the beads illustrated in Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7.

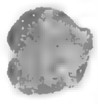


No. 7.

After this is accomplished to one's satisfaction, cool the beads again, wipe thoroughly, then pass quickly through the flame again to gain a smooth even surface and restore the luster.

To remove the bead from the needle, heat the needle either side of the bead, but do not let the flame come near enough to be in contact with the wax or it will soften enough so that the shape of the bead will be affected while it is being removed.

As the knitting needle becomes hot, the bead can gradually be loosened. Slip it back and forth two or three times before it is finally slipped off then the hole through the center will be clean cut and smooth as shown in illustration No. 4.



No. 8

As the sealing wax comes in some three dozen different shades lovely blues, greens, reds with black and gold can be combined in almost limitless ways.

Fancy Shaped Beads

After cutting the wax into pieces the size of the beads desired for large beads such as Nos. 6 and 7 cut each piece of wax again lengthwise and proceed as directed for smaller beads.

No. 9

In addition to round, oval and long beads, the shapes of each of these forms may be varied by flattening each side of the beads while the wax is still warm and before it is removed from the needle. No. 6 is a flattened inch and a half long bead with rounded end.

No. 10

No. 7 is a well-rounded bead with oval pointed ends. Long beads can also be finished with almost square ends.

A large square, diamond or fancy shape such as No. 11 can be used for the slide or center of a pendant.

In shaping beads care must be taken to work when the wax is not too hot, and the fingers should be moistened slightly when handling the wax

Bead Necklaces

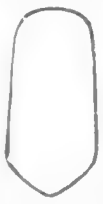
Wax beads of the same or graduating sizes may be strung together closely or beads of the same size showing spaces of cord between are the simplest arrangements.

Fine silk cord of any color may be used, but for many of the necklaces, as the beads are of colors, black cord is really most effective.

In stringing beads tie a knot on either side of each bead to hold it in place. See I and J above.

To fasten a "drop" to the center of a necklace use a small piece of wire cut from an invisible hairpin. Double the ends of the wire together to form a loop. When the "drop" is partly shaped slip to the end of the needle. Heat the end of the wire loop, press into top of the "drop", cool, wipe, then complete shaping and slip off the needle. Fill the hole with a bit of wax and round off the end.

For variety small glass beads may be combined with wax beads.



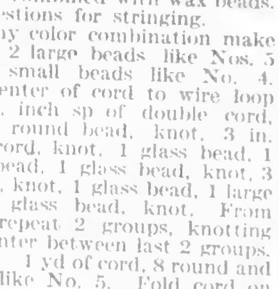
No. 12.

Suggestions for stringing.

Of any color combination make 1 drop, 2 large beads like Nos. 5 or 6, 3 small beads like No. 4. Knot center of cord to wire loop in drop, inch sp of double cord, knot, 1 round bead, knot, 3 in. single cord, knot, 1 glass bead, 1 round bead, 1 glass bead, knot, 3 in. cord, knot, 1 glass bead, 1 large bead, 1 glass bead, knot. From center repeat 2 groups, knotting cord together in center between last 2 groups.

Suggestion No. 2. 1 yd of cord, 8 round and 3 oval wax beads like No. 5. Fold cord on each side 9 in. from center tie knot, on each cord string 1 round bead, knot, 2 in. space, knot, 1 round bead, knot, repeat again, 3 in. space, knot in oval bead, 4 in. space, knot both cords together, 1 oval bead, knot cords together, then finish each end with 1 round bead.

Suggestion No. 3. Flattened square drop, 1 small glass bead, round wax bead, glass bead all strung closely. Five-inch space of cord on either side then group of 1 glass bead, 1 round wax bead, 1 square flat bead, 1 round wax and 1 glass bead. Knot between each.



No. 11.

Pendants

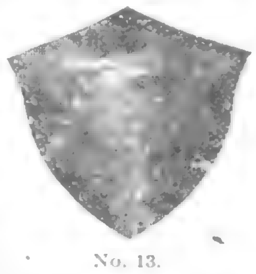
For many of the really exquisite little pendants such as are illustrated, card foundations are wax covered and then decorated with flowers, fruit or conventional forms.

After a little practice well-shaped flowers, especially roses can be indicated with a few strokes of the moulder.

For these two or three shades are necessary. Heat a stick of the darker rose wax to be used and drop on the spot desired, spread and smooth out a little to get the right outline. Let this harden (See No. 8). Then heat a stick of the lighter shade and place two or three drops in the center. (See No. 9.)

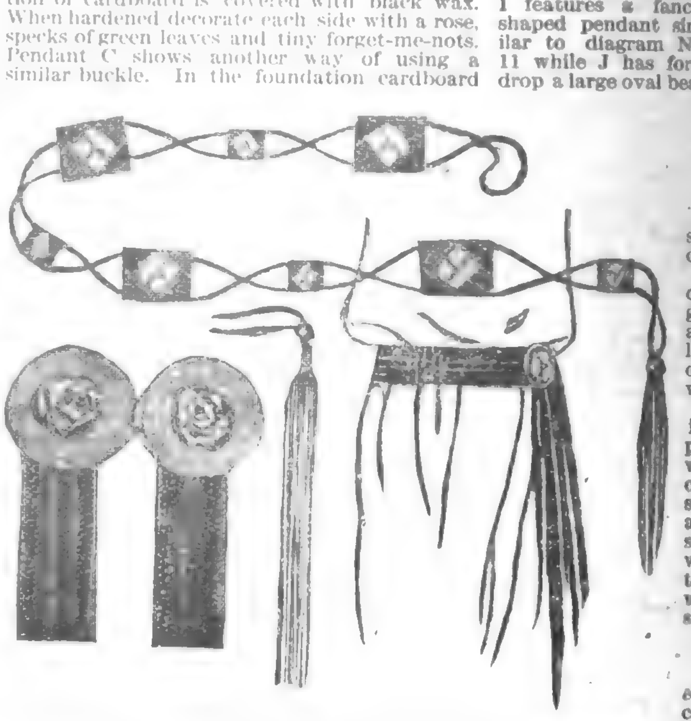
Heat the moulder or knitting needle over the flame and make a round hole in the center of the mound of wax. Then reheating the tool as is necessary, work round and round, making cuts here and there and pressing the wax outward to form little petals. (See No. 10.) and the center of the side clasp finished with little roses.

For leaves use green wax, working a drop out into a leaf like shape while warm. For wild roses and forget-me-nots place a tiny bit of softened warm wax in position for each petal, then shape with strokes from the center outward. For the centers use a bit of yellow wax or a small glass bead.



No. 13.

Pendant A. Black grosgrain ribbon run through a small buckle. The foundation of cardboard is covered with black wax. When hardened decorate each side with a rose, specks of green leaves and tiny forget-me-nots. Pendant C shows another way of using a similar buckle. In the foundation cardboard make holes for tying in the silk cord and the tassel of small glass beads.

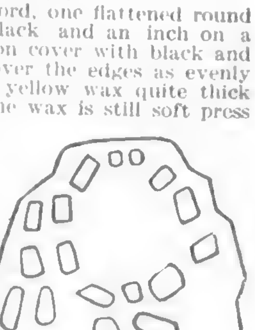


A SIDE CLASP AND GIRDLES WITH SEALING-WAX DECORATIONS.

Pendant B. Silk cord, one flattened round bead of yellow and black and an inch on a half circular foundation cover with black and then yellow wax. Cover the edges as evenly as possible, have the yellow wax quite thick and onto this while the wax is still soft press any article, such as a fancy button or a medal, heat slightly and cool to restore the luster.

Pendants D and H. These gay little basket-like shapes have for their foundation ordinary tin-rimmed tags. Cut the upper part of the cardboard away as shown, leaving only the tin rim.

The first design (D) features a group of purplish blue grapes and green leaves on an apple-green background. For the grapes cut, heat and stick in place the wax for the grapes, dot on wax for background as needed. Heat and blend. When foundation is nicely covered, add wax to the grapes, soften and round up.



No. 14.

Design H has a blue-and-gold blended background decorated with three white flowers with yellow centers. These flowers can be made on court plaster as are the forget-me-nots and pressed into position while the wax is still warm.

Forget-me-not Design E. Pink silk cord and tassels. Flowers cut from court plaster, two pieces for each flower. The petals are tiny as each flower when wax covered should be less than a half-inch in diameter.

Cover one side of each flower with blue wax, place on the cord and on the back press another flower. Hold together closely. If necessary shape edges of petals with a pair of small sharp scissors. Heat and round over edges with wax. Finish the center of each flower with a bit of yellow and a dot of coral.

Design F. This two-inch oval cardboard is covered with turquoise blue wax finished with a moulded rim of grey. The basket is of brown, marked with the end of the knitting needle, and filled with flowers of the brightest colors. This odd but attractive combination is hung on a narrow black ribbon.

Design G is shaped of cardboard as shown in No. 12. Wire loops as before described are used to attach both the oval drop and the small round beads which are of wax.

The pendant is covered with amber wax, decorated with a white lily and green leaves.

Designs I and J are simple but effective ways of stringing. I features a fancy-shaped pendant similar to diagram No. 11 while J has for a drop a large oval bead such as No. 15 of varied colored wax.

No. 15.

Design K. A circle, crescents and two small triangles of bright blue scarlet and green. The colors are laid on in a conventional design and strung together with black cord.

Such a design as No. 14 is particularly good for a pendant of one colored wax. Say jade, coral, blue or amber. Punch holes as shown in the foundation and on the two or three solid places round up the wax into a mound. Use a toothpick to smooth the wax in the holes. No. 15 shows the finished pendant.

Gift of Girdles

Any article which is so essential to our present costumes can not fail to be a pleasing gift.

Heavier silk cords will be needed for these as the beads or other wax motifs used are larger than in the necklaces.

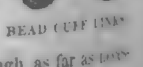
For the side clasp illustrated use two and one-half inch wooden button molds covered smoothly with black velvet for the foundation. To the edges on the under side sew securely a large hook and eye.

ROSE DECORATED WAX-COVERED BUCKLES

Decorate the center of each button with a wax rose made as illustrated in No. 10. Cover the velvet completely with black wax and finish each button with several strings of small black beads.

A tassel for the end of a cord or side panel may be finished with sealing-wax beads or a shaped wax-covered top.

A very handsome girdle of wax medallions can be made up of blues, greens and reds combined with black silk cord. The simplest shapes are most effective alternating motifs of two sizes. For closing the girdle loop the cord through the finished end drawing it through as far as necessary.

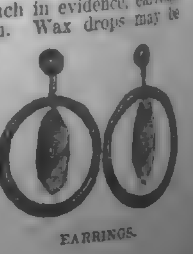


BEAD CUFF LINKS

Earrings

As jewelry is so much in evidence, earrings are again the fashion. Wax drops may be made in many ways but space will only allow of one suggestion.

For these shown, two small brass rings, a bit of wire and the top of a ten-cent pair of earrings

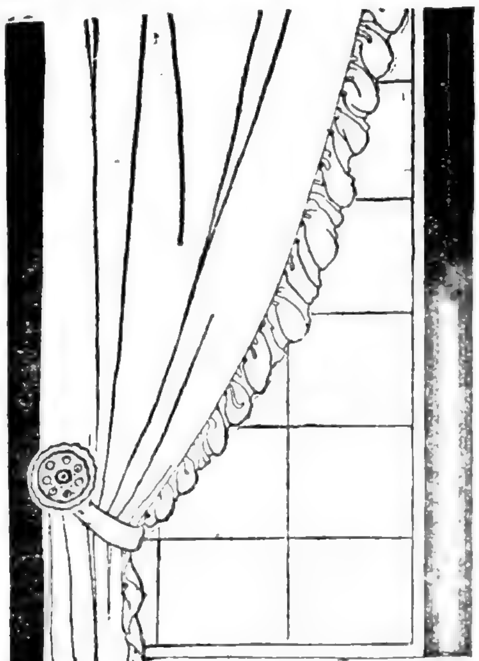


EARRINGS.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

Fashioned from Ordinary Sealing-Wax

Humble bottles, boxes and even a ten-cent sherbert glass can be converted into charming little affairs by the addition of a few flowers or a coat of sealing-wax enamel.



TIE-BACKS FOR CURTAINS.

Sealing-Wax Enamel

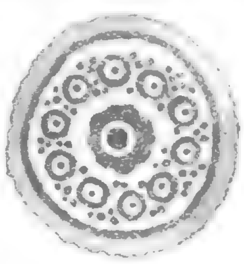
FOR use on glassware, crockery, tin, celluloid, ivory or wood; if one is going to cover a fairly good-sized surface it is perhaps more satisfactory to make an enamel and apply it with a brush.

The sealing-wax comes in large and small sticks. The larger ones are more economical for vases, candlesticks, bowls, flower-pots and other articles which require considerable wax to cover the surface.

To make the enamel, a glass jar with a screw top cover is necessary, a smooth wooden stick for stirring, an asbestos mat and some alcohol (not wood alcohol).

The wax should be cut up into small pieces and placed in the dry clean jar. Set this on an asbestos mat on the back of the stove, or over the low flame of a gas or oil stove. Leave the jar uncovered and heat until the wax is melted.

The wax must not boil and the heating has to be done very carefully so as not to crack the jar. When the wax is entirely melted, remove the jar from the stove and allow the wax to cool somewhat. Then slowly, drop by drop stir in a little alcohol. If there is a sputtering the wax is still too hot. Continue the stirring and add alcohol until the wax is thin. One part of alcohol to three of the melted wax makes a smooth heavy enamel which can be applied to large surfaces with a good-sized brush.



DETAIL DESIGN OF CURTAIN HOLDER.

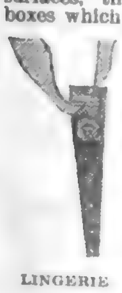
For a painting enamel one part alcohol to one part of wax is a good proportion. After the enamel is thoroughly mixed it will not harden even when cool. To keep, screw the top on the jar.

If too much alcohol has been added leave the jar uncovered until it thickens a little by letting the alcohol evaporate.

To save cost and the work of covering large surfaces, the painted tin candy and lunch boxes which are now so popular can be given a touch which will make them entirely different by the addition of a few wax flowers.

In doing this it is necessary to scrape or scratch the paint from the portion to be decorated, roughing the surface up a little or the wax will not stick.

Another dainty little gift which is quite "Frenchy" looking, is made by partially covering one of the small gift powder boxes with blue, pink or lavender wax and then working out a spray, garland or group of small flowers on the cover.



LINGERIE RUNNER.

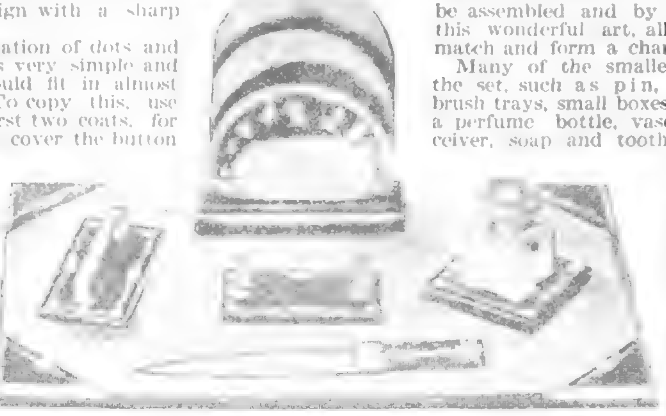
Curtain Tie-Backs

Particularly effective holders to use on curtain tie-backs which are again in style, are but another one of the ways in which wax can be utilized.

Very good imitations of the old glass Colonial designs may be used by employing conventional sort of rosette designs worked out wholly in one color such as amber, amethyst, blue or ivory white, or an opal like combination can be made by blending blues and pinks with white.

To make the foundation proceed as follows: cut a two and one-half-inch circle of cardboard to the center of one side, attach a small brass ring by thread or a bit of wire. Cover back and front with one coating of enamel and while the wax is still warm press on to the center of the cardboard a two-inch wooden button mold. When thoroughly dry, cover all completely with a second coating of enamel. Dry, then on wax indicate the design with a sharp pencil.

The combination of dots and circle shown is very simple and in coloring would fit in almost any room. To copy this, use gold for the first two coats, for the third coat cover the button only with peacock blue. Next run a line of black around the edge of the button. Next round, dot on ten drops of orange, leaving about a quarter inch between each. When dry put dot of white in center of orange. Dry thoroughly, now surround the orange with small violet dots, care being taken not to run them together. Put a small violet dot on centers of white. Let dry. Paint irregular violet center over the blue, dry, then all but cover this with a coat of geranium. Next a quarter inch dot of light blue, then finish the center with yellow, orange or gold.



A WAX-DECORATED DESK SET.

Such a pattern as this can be carried out very successfully as it is so simple. Several can be made very much alike if the different colors are painted on each one in succession. Do not work to get an even effect but make one stroke answer, any resulting irregularity really being an addition.

Desk Sets

Such a set as is here shown would surely be an acceptable gift.

The various articles needed including a small inkstand, letter rack, paper-cutter, etc., can be purchased, the blotter-pad bound with pasteboard corners easily made, and then all decorated to match.

In this set roses cut from crepe paper are grouped on a black background on the letter rack and arranged in a running border on the other articles. A coating of this wax enamel applied to a shabby leather set will make it almost as good as new, unless of course, the leather is actually worn out and ragged.

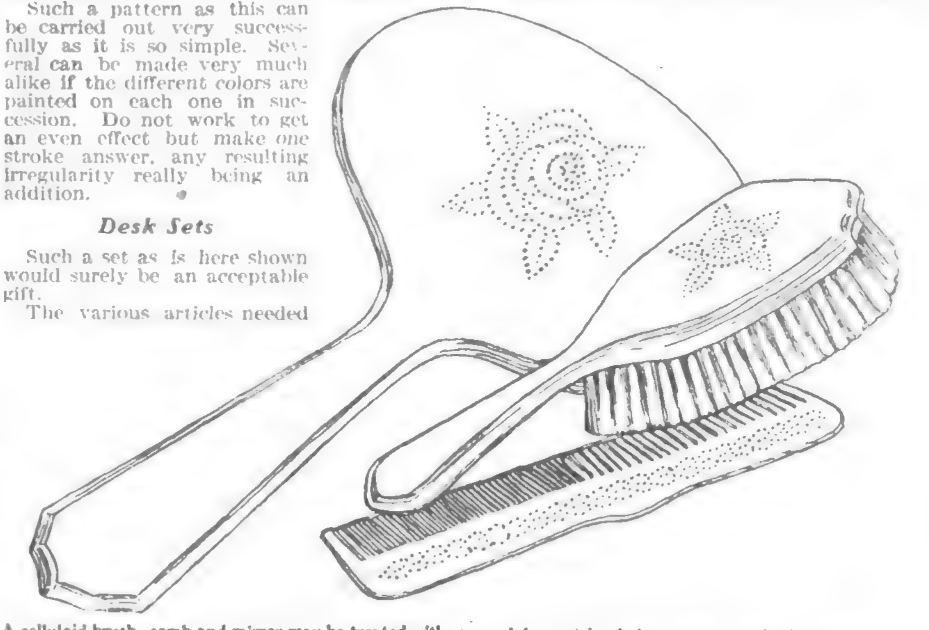
Toilet Set

A worn set for one's own use can be made to look quite attractive by coating with wax enamel or new articles can be assembled and by the magic of this wonderful art, all decorated to match and form a charming whole.

Many of the smaller articles for the set, such as pin, comb and brush trays, small boxes for powder, a perfume bottle, vase, a hair receiver, soap and tooth-brush cases and all the various manicure implements can be found in the ten-cent stores. The brush and mirror will cost more but need not be of an expensive grade of celluloid.

When several pieces are to be decorated it will cost less to use the larger sticks of wax for the foundation color at least. Thin the sealing-wax enamel as directed to the consistency of milk.

With a flat brush apply this in thin coats, giving every article at least three coats and allowing each one to dry thoroughly before applying the next coat. On the brush and mirror paint each side, each time allowing it to dry before turning over and painting the opposite side.



A celluloid brush, comb and mirror may be treated with enamel to match a hair receiver, powder box, cream jar and other toilet accessories.

When the background is thoroughly covered with a smooth even coating of color select any colored design and place in position or if an outline pattern is to be used, trace it on to the wax by means of a sheet of carbon paper and sharp pencil.

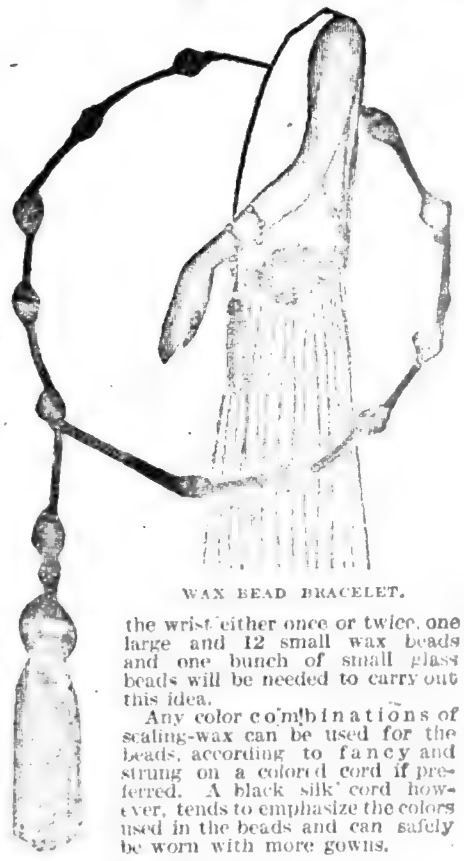
For a raised design of dots forming a continuous outline such as is here shown, use a thicker enamel and place the dots at regular distances apart.

In this example a mist or very soft grey enamel was used, the rose design being dotted in on this with a copper bronze.

Other light colors such as rose or blue combined with gold, old blue or coral with white, or black and white combinations are all very pretty and effective.

Novel Bracelet

Enough fine black silk cord to encircle the wrist either once or twice, one large and 12 small wax beads and one bunch of small glass beads will be needed to carry out this idea.



WAX BEAD BRACELET.

Any color combinations of sealing-wax can be used for the beads, according to fancy and strung on a colored cord if preferred. A black silk cord however, tends to emphasize the colors used in the beads and can safely be worn with more gowns.

King Tut Turban

These popular and pretty turbans which come in a straight length and are draped snugly about the head to keep one's hair in place, are made of two and one-quarter yards of water-proof maline or georgette.

An ornament is used in the center of the front and under this the ends are tucked.

The ornament can be made very easily of wax, selecting and utilizing a design as suggested in these columns and cutting a working foundation from cardboard or court-plaster.

KING TUT TURBAN.

How to Get Designs

Ideas and designs for use in this work can be appropriated from color pictures, crepe paper and paper napkins. Cut out the design carefully and paste it on to the object to be decorated. If this has already had one coat of wax, simply spread the design out and press into position while the wax coating is still soft. With a small brush now paint over each color with thin wax enamel, duplicating the original colors used in the design.

In the case of flowers or fancy ornaments such as the side clasp and the front turban ornament a raised effect can be obtained by waxing some parts of the design much more heavily than others.

Waxing Large Pieces

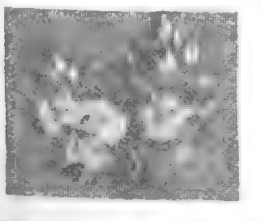
For vases, jars, pots and bowls well blended combinations of different colors are the most popular as these effects can be so easily obtained. The flower-pot and fruit bowl are good examples of this variegated decorating.

In covering a large surface use the wax rather sparingly, and place dots of the same color some distance apart, heat, blend and then add more wax as needed.

The small jar to the left of the pot gives one an idea of what can be accomplished with the simplest sort of outlines, the colorings selected suggesting earth and sky. For this little landscape use bronze blue a third of the way up from the bottom, then a band of canary yellow and above this lighter blue to the top.

Sketch the outlines of the trees and

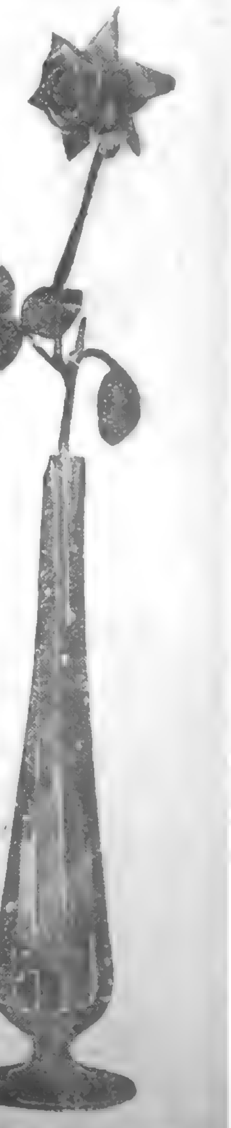
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)



Candlesticks covered with wax add an attractive note of color to a room. The smaller one illustrated is an inexpensive wooden one coated with black wax and decorated on the bowl and base with rose on leaves arranged as shown in the detail above.

The flowers are more attractive if two or more shades are used. Do not putter but form each petal with one or two strokes.

See directions for making roses on page 22.



Vases, bowls, candlesticks, flower-pots and other articles may be entirely covered with hot wax or wax enamel. If wax is applied direct, dot colors on from end of a stick, hold article over the flame, revolve slowly, always in the same direction, allowing the wax to melt and blend. Add more wax as needed.

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30x3½	$2.00	$1.15	32x4½	$3.50	$2.25
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31x4	3.00	1.50	34x4½	4.00	2.50
32x4	3.00	1.75	35x4½	4.25	2.50
33x4	3.25	1.85	36x4½	4.25	2.75
34x4	3.50	2.00	35x5	4.25	3.00

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Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$1.90	$ .90	32x4½	$3.50	$1.65
30x3½	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.60	1.65
32x3½	2.25	.90	34x4½	3.75	1.65
31x4	2.50	.90	35x4½	4.00	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.00	1.65
33x4	3.00	1.40	35x5	4.00	1.95
34x4	3.25	1.40	37x5	4.00	1.95

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30x3½	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.75	1.65
32x3½	2.50	.90	34x4½	4.00	1.65
31x4	2.75	.90	35x4½	4.25	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
33x4	3.25	1.40	35x5	4.25	1.95
34x4	3.50	1.40	37x5	4.25	1.95

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Connecting Rod Adjustments

THE connecting rod bearings are subjected to severe service. They should be inspected at least once a season and adjusted if loose. There are two kinds of connecting rods in general use, one kind having the cap hinged to the rod and using but a single bolt to clamp the parts together. This is termed the hinged type of connecting rod. The other kind of rod known as the marine type, bolts are used on both sides of the cap. The cap must be entirely removed before the rod can be released from the crank shaft.

All connecting rods are not adjusted in the same manner. Same rods are provided with a number of thin shims between the rod and cap. In the event of the rod becoming loose, one or more of these thin shims or laminations may be removed.

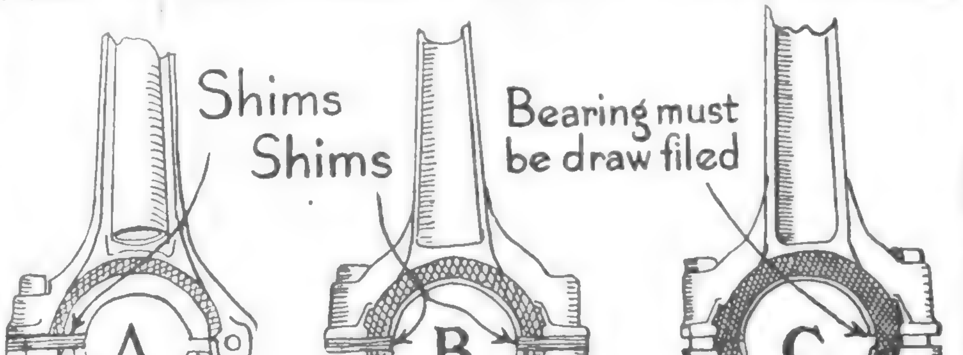
Other rods are not provided with shims and any wear can only be compensated for by removing some of the metal from the rod cap. Such an adjustment is made by removing the cap and catching it in a vise. The ends of the cap are then draw-filed a little at a time. Frequent replacing of the cap and drawing up of the bolts is necessary in order to determine the fit.

After tightening up a rod, the fit can be determined by opening all relief cocks and pulling the engine over either with the hand crank or flywheel. It is unnecessary and even dangerous to adjust a bearing until it is difficult to turn the engine over. After properly adjusting one bearing it is well to slack off on the adjustment and then adjust another rod. Proceed in like manner until the last rod has been adjusted and then tighten all rods. If locks are provided to prevent the bolts from backing out make certain they are in place

When it is necessary to tow a car in order to loosen the bearings it is an indication of poor workmanship.

When the bearings are tightly adjusted, there is danger of the babbitt melting out providing care is not exercised to run the engine very slowly at the first.

The majority of manufacturers have exchanged propositions on connecting rods. Whenever a rod is burned out a new one can be obtained by sending in the old rod to the manufacturer or authorized dealer at a price ranging anywhere from 50 cents to two dollars.



HINGED TYPE. MARINE TYPE. MARINE TYPE.

Rebabbitting the rod by the owner is not advisable unless he possesses a special jig in which to form the bearings. Usually the manufacturer's exchange proposition affords the biggest saving

Leaky Rings

When the engine is lacking in power, it is well to test the compression of the cylinders. In the absence of a compression gauge, a fairly accurate check may be made by turning the engine over with the hand crank and noting the resistance offered by each cylinder. When little resistance is offered, it is easy to determine whether the rings or valves are at fault by raising the hood and placing the car close to the cylinder block. If, when the engine is turned over slowly with the hand crank, there is a prolonged hissing sound, the indications are that compression is leaking past the piston rings. No hissing sound is produced by compression leaking past the valves

Grade Crossing Menace

Highway Commissioner Frederick Stuart Greene of New York has recently authorized the use of a distinctive method of warning motorists and all others of the presence of railway crossings. The grade crossing is still a menace to travel and although different safety methods have been taken the death toll at such places is still heavy. The Commissioner intends to mark the pavement. The first warning will consist of two wide parallel stripes painted one foot wide and placed five feet apart. These stripes will stretch across the pavement and will be placed 230 feet from the nearest track. At 125 feet from the nearest track will be another warning stripe, this also being one foot wide. Still as a last warning of the presence of a railway crossing will be another signal 25 feet from the nearest track. This signal will be two feet in width and will resemble the markings on railway crossing gates inasmuch as it will consist of diagonal bars in black and white. This method surely gives all travelers plenty of warning of the presence of railway crossings and should be the means of reducing crossing accidents to the minimum

Lights Fluctuate

When the car lights brighten and dim at the different motor speeds it is an indication that the battery is weak. As the speed of the motor increases the generator picks up the load and supplies current for the lights. However when the motor speed is decreased beyond a certain point, the load is shifted back to the battery. The battery being weak causes the lights to burn dimly. The remedy is to have the battery recharged and to make certain that the terminals are not corroded.

Many times one light will refuse to burn constantly. Pulling the cable or jarring the lamp will often cause the bulb to resume burning. When such a condition is experienced, the trouble is usually due to a loose connection. The remedy is to release the terminal and tighten the screws which hold the cables. If the two wire system is used make sure that the two wires are insulated against each other. Clean the terminals before connecting to lamp.

Useful Pointers

Close Parking

In places where parallel parking is in force, one will sometimes see a space in which he believes it possible to park but due to position of the cars in front and rear of this space, maneuvering is necessary. Running head in is usually impossible under such circumstances as it is impossible to run the rear end of the car into position. The best way to park when the above condition is presented is to run parallel with the head car and then back into the space. Once the rear end of the car has been moved against the curb, but little maneurvering is necessary to place the front end in position.

Use Hand Throttle

When driving over rough cobble stones or on roads that are extremely rough it is difficult to use the foot accelerator and maintain an even operation of the engine. This is due to the condition of the road causing the uneven foot pressure on the foot accelerator. When such a condition is presented it is much better to discard the use of the pedal and control the engine operation with the hand throttle. This lever can be set or manipulated so that the jerky action of the engine can be avoided.

Balloon Tires

A new type of pneumatic tire for passenger cars has recently been placed on the market. This tire is much larger, thinner and lighter than the standard tire and for these reasons has been termed "balloon tire." This tire gives greater cushioning to the car.

Out of Matches

One of the pathetic sights in life is to view a smoker out of matches. While the smoker usually attends to the supply of matches carried on hand, it will no doubt be well to know that should the supply run out, he can obtain a light from the engine. If there are relief cocks in the cylinder head, one of these will supply the necessary torch when opened. Fire spits through an open relief cock when the engine is running. A cigar or cigarette can often be lighted by placing the end of it against the hot exhaust manifold.

Garage Shades

The housewife pulls down the shades to prevent the sun from fading the draperies. The owner who keeps his car in a garage having windows exposed to the sun should take this leaf out of the wife's copy book. The car is usually run into the garage in a certain position The sun coming through the window will strike a certain part or parts of the car. Naturally these parts will fade out the finish quicker that the balance of the car. While light is desirable for the garage, the windows should be fitted with shades which can be drawn to exclude the sunlight

Draining Crankcase

Draining the crankcase and refilling with fresh oil is beneficial to any engine if properly handled. However, too many owners believe that the operation merely consists of taking out a plug, allowing the oil to drain away and then refilling with a fresh lubricant This is not sufficient as the oil in the splash basins cannot be drained away in this manner, neither will all the lubricant drain out of the pan. If there is a pint of dirty oil remaining in the engine, the addition of three quarts of clean oil will not produce 3½ quarts of clean oil. It will give 3½ quarts of dirty oil After the old oil has been drained off about one quart of flushing oil should be poured into the engine. Flushing oil is light and can be purchased at any oil station. It is inexpensive and is produced for the purpose of cleaning out the engine. Run the engine a few minutes and then drain off the flushing oil. The fresh oil can now be poured into the engine. Save the old oil drained from the engine for lubricating the spring leaves

Prevent Chattering

The time required to grind in Valves to a perfect fit can be greatly shortened if the seats are first recut and the valves refaced. When this is done, the register is assured and the grinding is only needed to remove one or two high spots If the workman is not familiar with the work of recutting valve seats he is apt to allow the cutter to chatter. When this is done, considerable more work is involved than would have been the case if the work of recutting had not been attempted. Chatter marks cannot be removed by continued cutting as the cutter will only follow the chatter marks. If the flutes of the cutter be filled with grease before using, the chances of chattering is reduced to the minimum

Speed Cops

Not all speed cops are mounted on motorcycles. Some cities now have automobiles on the road driven by officers in plain clothes. These cars travel the streets at the speed prescribed by law. Any drivers who pass this car are speeders and the registration number is taken. A car of this kind operating in a city known to the writer brought in more revenue than the three motorcycles combined.

Answers to Inquiries

PUMPS OIL EVEN WITH OVERSIZE RINGS.—My 1920 model Ford car has pumped oil ever since it was new although I have put in two sets of oversize rings, but without much benefit. I don't think the [illegible] ever fitted tight enough. When turned [illegible] you can take hold of the tops of them [illegible] in the cylinder. There is about as much [illegible] the thickness of a tin snuff can. Do you [illegible] ten or fifteen thousandths oversize would [illegible] the oil-pumping?

B. [illegible]

A.—Too much is often expected after [illegible] or oversize rings in an engine. Merely [illegible] rings will not correct a certain trouble, [illegible] fitted. If the cylinder bores are worn [illegible] the rings cannot be fitted. Before [illegible] the cylinders should be measured with [illegible] eters. If the measurement discloses that [illegible] have worn oval shape, they should be [illegible] the next largest size which will restore the [illegible] Regarding the piston clearance do not be [illegible] about the purpose of the pistons. They have [illegible] to do with the leaking of oil or the holding of [illegible] pression. A piston could have .040 inch [illegible] and still do its work providing the rings fit the [illegible] The piston having this clearance would [illegible] but the compression would not be affected. The [illegible] are the pieces which hold the compression. [illegible] know the exact clearance allowed Ford pistons [illegible] the usual allowance for cast-iron pistons is about [illegible] while aluminum is given about .005 to .007 [illegible] termine the fit of the rings and condition of the [illegible] bores. When the motor is reassembled, a few [illegible] holes drilled in the lower piston ring groove may [illegible] the oiling trouble.

PISTON RUSTED TO CYLINDER.—Owing to the fact that I left my motor-boat engine in a three-[illegible] with the spark plug out, the piston rusted to the [illegible] der. How can I get the rust out so the piston [illegible] move? Also please tell me where I can purchase [illegible] piston rings; they are 3—¼.

J. W. L., Jacksonville, Fla.

A.—Remove all the water from the cylinder [illegible] and then pour on top of the piston a mixture of [illegible] and cylinder oil. This mixture will in a few [illegible] attack the rust sufficiently to allow the piston [illegible] broken loose. You should be able to purchase [illegible] piston rings at any accessory store.

REAR END TROUBLE.—I have a D-45 1916 [illegible] Buick, and have put in two ring gears on [illegible] and two pinions within the last eighteen months. They broke out one or more teeth. Can you [illegible] what is the cause of this trouble and how to [illegible] it? Do the Buick people make gears especially for hard service?

F. L. T., Fayetteville, [illegible]

A.—You do not state whether or not the new gears were purchased direct from the Buick factory or an authorized dealer. Frequently an owner will purchase such parts from dealers in pirate parts. These parts are inferior to the standard parts and will not give the proper service. The manufacturer uses the proper steel, heat treated to a certain formula to give just the right amount of toughness. These are the parts that give service. Pirate parts may be purchased for a few cents less than the parts made by the car manufacturer, but experience has taught thousands that the money saved is poor economy. If, however you have purchased the manufacturer's product then it is to be assumed that the alignment is affected. The housing on which the ring gear fits may be sprung. The face of the case may need truing or a new case may be needed. If you have purchased Buick parts it might be well to write directly to the Buick Motor Car Co., Flint, Mich., and state your trouble. An instruction book will assist you in making the correct adjustment.

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30x3	4.95	1.35	32x4½	8.85	2.40
30x3½	5.65	1.40	33x4½	9.00	2.45
32x3½	6.50	1.50	34x4½	9.15	2.50
31x4	7.00	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.60
32x4	7.50	1.85	36x4½	9.45	2.70
33x4	7.85	2.15	35x5	9.75	2.80
34x4	8.10	2.25	37x5	9.85	2.90

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SEND NO MONEY! We require no deposit. We make shipment C.O.D. subject to your approval. If not fully satisfied on examination, your money promptly refunded, including shipping charges. You take no risk at all. ACT NOW—MAIL YOUR ORDER TODAY!

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires
30x3	$7.25	$11.95
30x3½	8.25	13.35
32x3½	9.45	15.95
31x4	10.65	17.45
32x4	11.65	19.75
33x4	12.45	20.90
34x4	13.25	21.95
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Glorious October Days

"They's somethin' kinda hearty-like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and the buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin': and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny mornin' of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock."

WHEN James Whitcomb Riley wrote those lines about October, he felt just as you and I feel—but somehow he had the knack of putting his feelings into words, words that will endure throughout the ages. Riley loved October, and told us why; we all love October, but we lack the power of choosing words to express our high regard. Why, every farm boy loves the month when the walnuts, ripe and brown and tempting, are fairly calling to him from over on the hillside—calling to him to come, stain his hands by shuckin' 'em, then earn a scolding by his teacher. The older boys—and Dad and even Gran'pa fall in the class of *boys* at this time—feel the strong urge to shoulder a gun and "play hookey" a-huntin' squirrels or rabbits. Perhaps there are teal and mallards down along the creek or in the marsh? Maybe the fence over there needs mending, so we take the gun along. Queer, isn't it, that such a coincidence can be discovered in a time of need? Why, even old stiff-jointed Toller and young Bell, the rabbit hounds have been actin' odd of late, they know it's October and time to be out in the woods while the dew is on the ground! Better catch the spirit from them, folks; get out and enjoy October, for it comes but once a year. Youth and health must ever be considered in the same breath—and remember that youth is really a condition of the heart, not of the body!

October Reminders

If you wish to brighten the windows this winter at a small expense, now is the right time to pot some of your brightest annuals. You can pot petunias, verbenas, portulaccas, in fact almost any of the free bloomers you like, and they will produce abundant flowers indoors. In truth, most of them will bear larger and finer flowers than they produced outside. Snapdragons with finer spikes than you ever saw in the garden will reward your efforts; sweet alyssum too seems to like house culture, for the spikes are larger and heavier and the blossoms are brighter, larger and seem to last longer. Before potting any of these, severely cut them back. Use rich soil and large pots, then keep the soil moist and the results will be truly surprising. Few of the regular house plants will be prettier; besides, these annuals must be considered as *extras*, simply added for good measure. And how Mother will love them, and her callers will admire them, adding a full measure of pride to her personal pleasure.

October is a busy month for everyone in the farm family with little time in which to enjoy the bounties which the month has to offer. Many "chores" must be attended to by all, indoors and out around the fields and barns alike. But one necessary chore that often remains undone, to come up to haunt us throughout the winter every time we pump soft water for wash day or for our cleansing basinful to lave our face and hands, is the cistern; there never was a cistern built that did not need cleaning out occasionally—annually would be far better. Then there are the gutters and rain pipes. These fill with leaves and twigs and trash, to block the flow of water, causing a low water level in the cistern. Clean them out before heavy frost, clean the cistern too, if it is not too full, then go into the winter with full assurance of a supply of clean cistern water.

Needle Grass Damages Lamb Carcasses

The barbed seed cases of a plant commonly known as "needle grass" have been the cause of a great deal of damage to sheep and lamb carcasses in the southwest. The seed of this grass which is common in sheep-raising sections of Texas and adjoining states, matures in the latter part of May and is shed in June or July when dead ripe. The dry seed cases, about one inch in length are hard and sharp and are provided with retentive barbs which enable them to work through the skin and into the flesh. Sometimes abscesses are formed as a result. In other cases the wound heals and the "needle" when found may be mistaken for a small tick. The irritation it produces causes the greatest objection to "needly" carcasses.

Before the meat can be marketed it is necessary for the packer to trim out these spots and sometimes parts of the outlying muscles in several portions of the carcass must be cut away. As many as six needles have been found within an area two inches in diameter and occasionally has been found infecting a region four or five inches square. Needles seldom go deeper than an inch into the flesh, but they do move about over a considerable area in some instances.

Careful observation by inspectors of the Department of Agriculture stationed at the Fort Worth packing plants show that needles are found more often in the carcasses of lambs or young sheep than in those of older animals. Two possible explanations for this have been offered; the first that the grass grows little more than a foot high or not tall enough to reach the more expensive cuts of larger animals; the second that for some reason not fully understood the fleece of lambs picks up and retains the needles to a much greater extent than does the fleece of grown sheep.

The damage done by needle grass is costly to packers and sheep raisers, as is shown by the fact that packers are often forced to sell lambs costing around 13 cents live weight, or 22 to 24 cents dressed for a price as low as 10 cents a pound. In one lot of lambs examined by the Government inspector, out of 95 lambs 29 were found to have needle grass infections. In another lot of 100 lambs, 40 were infected. Therefore some method of prevention is imperative.

As a means to that end, it is suggested that needle grass be heavily pastured in the early spring while it is still quite tender and before seeds are matured. In this way it will be kept down and seed formation would be prevented to a considerable extent. Thus the cause of the trouble would be lessened.

Fall Management of Lambs

Lambs bought on the fall market for fattening must be accustomed gradually to rich green feeds such as rape, soybeans and cow-peas. The method most commonly used by experienced feeders is to put the newly purchased lambs on a comparatively dry timothy of bluegrass pasture when they arrive on the farm. Here they are allowed to rest and fill up on grass for two or three days. Good, fresh, pure drinking water is highly important at this time, and an abundance should always be easily available. Do not make it necessary for lambs to *hunt for water* while they are still strange to the place—a not uncommon mistake that often proves expensive. After two or three days on the dry pasture, turn the lambs into the corn field for an hour but not until they have had their morning fill on the dry pasture. When the hour has expired, bring them back to the dry grass pasture and keep them there until the next day. Increase the time allowed in the corn field by half an hour each day over a period of a week; at the end of this time they may safely be allowed to remain for a full day in the corn

Lambs will eat the leaves of corn, at the same time trimming cut weeds and grass that may have grown since the corn crop was laid by. They will also eat the stalks that are "down," but they will not break down erect stalks to get at the ears as long as there is plenty feed within easier reach. Therefore, when it is intended that the ears as well as the lower leaves are to be pastured off, the stalks must be broken down for lambs. Just enough stalks should be broken down each day to satisfy the lambs and furnish the grain they need. If more is broken down at one time it will be wasted.

Remember that *feed* makes the fat lambs. Remember, too, that as the fall season advances feed becomes more scarce and less palatable. This applies particularly in cases where lambs are given the run of cropped land, to pick up a living in the fence corners and on the stubble fields. But even for lambs kept in the corn field the same facts hold true in a measure. They should not be kept there too long without some additional feed, if they are to be marketed as fat lambs. This is particularly true where rape is not available. Some of the largest and most successful lamb feeders begin to feed silage as early as November 1st, allowing as much silage as the lambs will "lick up clean" in an hour morning and evening. Provide plenty of salt and fresh water. See that the lambs get sufficient exercise to keep them healthy and lively. Provide some sort of shed or barn in which lambs may take shelter from wet weather or storms, but do not make the mistake of close housing in dark, damp, poorly ventilated buildings. A shelter shed open to the south or southeast and with a gravel or dirt floor that does not become muddy in wet weather is all that is really required in the way of shelter in most regions.

Sand Blowing Prevented by Trees

"Sand blows," or areas of shifting, drifting sand, are a serious menace to agriculture in many regions. Still worse, they are on the steady increase, due to the removal of timber by logging, by fire and by clearing of land for agricultural purposes. Land that has "stayed put" for centuries while covered by timber, soon dries out and commences to drift when the timber is cut off. This is especially true of certain sandy regions in the lake states and here we find experiments under way to determine the best remedy for sand blows.

Willow and poplar cuttings placed one foot apart in rows have been found to give the best results, according to the Michigan Forestry Department. Poplars made a remarkable growth of from four to eight feet in a year. Even though the original root collars of many of the young trees were covered by 6 feet of sand, the trees showed a 100 per cent. survival. Though willows did not make as rapid growth, they stood the effects of deep burying equally well. The particular usefulness of both willows and poplars was in barriers or screens planted several rows wide along drainage ditches and on the windward side of farmsteads where the presence of the trees effectually prevented sand encroachment and consequent damage.

Beach grass was useful in helping to hold in place, but it was found to be useless for use in barriers. Small spruce and pine trees did not survive deep burying when planted alone, though the western yellow pine, *Pinus ponderosa*, did well under the adverse conditions. The experiments proved the advantage of planting willows and poplars as temporary shelter for longer lived trees such as spruce and pine, however. Given shelter and protection while young, these will soon become established and independent and in time will produce a valuable crop of timber on land that would otherwise be waste.

Kerosene Cure for Thistles

Most farmers worry more or less about that troublesome weed pest, the Canada thistle. Some farmers worry because they have the pests well established on their farms; others worry because they fear that they will get the pesky things. Then, too, some farmers do not worry, even though they have the thistles and have them *bad*. Such men are not given to the worrying habit—but it would be far better for themselves and for their neighbors if they were more prone to lie awake nights thinking of ways to rid their fields of the prickly weeds with the pretty blue-purple flowers.

Here is a new remedy that is now coming into use, and with good results, to judge from many reports received. It is known variously as the kerosene method or the kerosene cure, and it is especially useful to eradicate thistles from pasture land or from fence corners where they may not be easily reached by tillage implements. For thistle patches in cultivated fields, summer tillage persistently and carefully practiced is still the most favored, the cheapest, and by far the easiest and most satisfactory method of eradication.

To get rid of thistles by the kerosene method, cut off the plants with a tile spade, leaving a sharply defined cup in the earth. Strive to have the cut-off root exposed at the center of the bottom of the cup. Then simply pour a cupful of kerosene into the hole. Keep a careful watch for new growth that will be likely to spring up from old, well-established roots. This is almost certain to happen and patience is necessary if eradication efforts are to be successful, for a second treatment of all new growth must be performed in about ten days after the first "dose" was administered. Do this at intervals of a week to ten days throughout the season, if new growth persists in springing up. Sounds like a large undertaking, doesn't it? But it is not such a chore as it sounds. As a proof of the effectiveness of the kerosene cure, a patch of Canada thistles numbering somewhat over 3,000 plants was reduced to *four* by the second treatment Another case reports that a patch of 10,000 plants was killed except for fourteen by the first application, and the second dose got the upper hand of these survivors. Still another case reports that in a patch containing some five square rods, only one thistle survived the second application. From this we feel safe in saying that the kerosene treatment for Canada thistles, if carefully and persistently followed, will give good results.

Hints on Wintering Bees

Winter killing is responsible for heavy losses in northern states. Average losses run from 15 to 20 per cent, but 30 per cent. losses are not uncommon, and beekeepers have even reported losses running as high as 80 to 90 per cent. in large apiaries where 100 or more colonies are kept.

Successful wintering with little or no loss is possible when proper temperature is maintained during storage when liberal quantities of good stores are provided and when bees of the right age are wintered over. Winter care of bees covers three distinct periods. The first, or fall, period extends from September 20 to November 20, this is the period of preparation of bees for winter. It is important at this time to see that every colony has a young queen not more than two years old, whose maximum egg-laying period has not yet been reached. Provide plenty of good stores and allow the bees to arrange their own brood nest. Have the bees well protected and sheltered from prevailing winds. Do the feeding before the first week of November when cold nights prevail.

During the second period, or winter period, extending from November 20 to March 21, the bees may be expected to remain in the hives without flight and should not be disturbed except under extreme conditions. Those in storage should be in absolute darkness and the temperature of the bee cellar held at a constant range of 45 to 50 degrees. Excessive moisture will not be apparent if the proper temperature is maintained. Ventilation of the bee cellar is likely to do more harm than good. The third or spring period is from March 21, or the time when the bees are sent out, until the middle of May. This is the period for rebuilding the loss of colony strength caused by winter conditions

To insure greater success place the bees in a location where they will positively be protected from direct wind; to do this provide some kind of a wind break if necessary. If colonies of maximum strength are desired at the beginning of the honey flow provide each colony with some outside covering or packing as soon as the bees are put on their summer stands. Provide every colony with more stores than you think it can use during the months of April and May. If you do not have combs of honey, use sugar syrup. Give 40 to 50 pounds; the common allowance of 10 to 20 pounds is not half enough. The strong colony will need 75 to 100 pounds of stores to build up during the spring and if the bees cannot get it in the field the beekeeper must supply it. Bees must have ample room, and the beekeeper who has swarms in May should not be proud of the fact as it is a sure sign of neglect in one way or another, possibly overcrowding.

Copper Carbonate Prevents Smut

Dusting seed wheat with copper carbonate prevents stinking smut, and the new dusting treatment is preferable to the old formaldehyde treatment, according to findings of the Minnesota Agricultural Experiment Station. Several reasons are advanced in favor of the dust treatment over the dip treatment formerly used so extensively. Dusting with copper carbonate saves time and labor; the seed may be treated at any time before planting, then held in readiness for planting; as the seed does not become wet, it is not injured by freezing, nor is there any danger of heating or sprouting if it is held for a long time prior to planting. Another advantage is that the drill need not be set to handle swollen grains, as is the case following the formaldehyde treatment. Copper carbonate dust does not injure the seed as formaldehyde sometimes does. In fact, the dust has a stimulating effect upon seed germination, thus increasing wheat yields.

Copper carbonate dust can be purchased at any drug store for around twenty cents per pound. Two ounces of dust will treat a bushel of grain. Treating is best done with a home-made barrel mixer that operates similarly to a concrete mixer, for the dust must be thoroughly mixed with the grain to gain best results.

Copper carbonate controlled the smuts of oats, and it is thought likely that the dusting treatment will prevent rye smut and covered smut of barley, as well as kernel smut of sorghum and the various millet smuts. Further experiments will be conducted to fully determine its value as a preventive of these diseases. Certain smuts against which formaldehyde was not successful, such as loose or naked smut of wheat, timothy smut and corn smut, have not been prevented by the new dust treatment.

Storing Vegetables for Winter

At least twenty kinds of garden vegetables can be kept in a fairly fresh state for winter use if proper storage methods are employed. This list of course includes the commoner vegetables, such as potatoes, onions, parsnips, rutabagas, carrots, cabbage, pumpkins and squash, but in addition there are a number of others that can almost as readily be stored. These are horseradish, salsify, leeks, celery, chicory, winter radish, dry beans and others.

Temperature in the storage cellar should be low enough to prevent decay, but at the same time sufficiently high to protect from frost. For most vegetables this is from 54 to 38 degrees, but for pumpkins and squash a temperature of around 50 degrees or more is required. Good ventilation is necessary, as dead air favors decay and accumulation of moisture on the roof and walls of the storeroom. Potatoes and root crops that are to be stored should be carefully sorted over and only those that are entirely free from bruises should be placed in storage. Do not make the mistake of having the vegetables bins too large nor too deep. A depth of four to five feet will allow sufficient ventilation to prevent overheating, but shallower bins are better where they can be used. Onions, squash and cabbages keep best in single layers piled on open racks. Since excessive moisture favors decay, the storeroom should have perfect drainage; the damp floored cellar is never satisfactory.

Cleanliness in the storeroom is an essential factor. Clean up the storage cellar before it is used, for bacteria and fungi of decay flourish in rubbish and decayed matter left over from last season. Do not permit vegetable tops to mix in with roots in storage, for to do so is to invite early decay.

Onions should be thoroughly ripened and cured and dried in the field, in drying sheds or on slat trays, before they are placed in storage. Soft onions and those with thick necks and loose skins do not keep well. Even while the best selected onions are kept in storage it pays to go over them occasionally, picking out the few that will be found to be turning soft. Thus decay is prevented from spreading.

In the storeroom fitted with movable bins and slatted racks, it is easier to take these fixtures out of doors for cleaning than to do the work in the cellar. Besides, the benefits of a "sunbath" will add greatly to the success of your cleaning. Scrape off old dirt and fragments of decayed vegetables that are sure to adhere tenaciously to planks, then wash thoroughly with scalding water, reaching all parts. Then leave out in the sun for a day or two in a place where there is freedom from dust and roosting chickens. Move back into the cellar, which has been put in order in the meantime. Look at the windows to see that they are in good "working order," then everything is ready for the arrival of the vegetables that we are all so glad to see on the dinner table in cold weather.

Fresh Rhubarb in Winter

To provide a supply of fresh rhubarb for winter use on the farm is a comparatively simple matter where good lusty roots may be dug out of the home garden. The juicy, tasty, tender stalks secured by "forcing" in the cellar will be so greatly relished by all the family during cold winter months that the work required to grow them is in reality a pleasure. Here is how to go about it:

Lift out the root clumps with a spade after the first killing frost, but before the ground has frozen hard. Two working together can lift out the roots better than one, we have found; if two spades are forced into the soil simultaneously from opposite sides of each root clump, the root is disturbed less and more soil adheres to it. Pile the roots in a heap, with the dirt adhering to them, then cover with six inches of straw or hay and leave until they have frozen. The best place for the pile of frozen rhubarb roots is in the shelter of a board fence or building, where they are left to be taken into the cellar as needed. A few at a time, the roots are taken into the cellar, spaced close together in a row, with about three inches of loose soil scattered on the floor. For convenience choose a corner of the cellar where the forcing may be done out of the way, and where the temperature never ranges more than ten degrees below or above 50 degrees F. After the roots are in place scatter more soil to fill in between them and to cover the crowns a couple of inches deep.

Soak down the forcing bed thoroughly, using lukewarm water if that can be conveniently done, as water that is slightly warm gives quicker and better results. Darken all the windows of the part of the cellar in which the forcing is done; use old burlap bags or pieces of carpet to shade the windows. Where forcing is done in an open cellar where the windows cannot be conveniently darkened and where it is not advisable to partition off a small room to be used as a forcing room, use old porch awnings, stack canvasses or large pieces of burlap to make a screen that will effectually shut out light from a small enclosure around the roots. This may be done by simply tacking carpet, burlap, etc., to the ceiling and joists, allowing it to hang down to the floor. Keep the roots watered and be careful to prevent too great changes in temperature, as extremes in either direction will be harmful.

From the time the roots are set in the cellar to the time that the delicate pink stems are ready for the table will vary from three to five weeks, a month being the average. The stems produced will be juicy and fine flavored, less "woody" or fibrous than the ones grown in the garden, and the leaf growth will be extremely small if light is excluded. To keep up the supply of fresh rhubarb, bring new frozen roots into the cellar from the outdoor storage place every two or three weeks, then set and care for as directed above. Before the soil freezes in the late fall, it will be found a good plan to fill a large box with rich soil from the garden. This, if kept handy in the cellar, will be ready when necessary for making new beds—a much simpler arrangement than striving to dig the necessary dirt after it is frozen. For the needs of the average farm family, six or eight roots planted at a time will be ample. Try forcing rhubarb this winter. Once tried, you'll never be without it.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

POISON FOR RATS.—Will you please tell me the best way to get rid of the rats that cause so much annoyance and damage around my buildings? I have tried trapping, but they soon get wise to the traps. Dogs and cats may help some, but not enough to keep the pests within bounds. Poisons have not come up to expectations for them; besides I'm a bit afraid of them, with chickens and children around the place. The fall and winter months are the worst time, so if you can tell me how to get the upper hand I will feel greatly indebted to you. John C. McQ., Ohio.

A.—Poisoning is the quickest and best all-around means of controlling rats, but much depends upon how the poison is used and a lot more depends upon how thoroughly the job is done. Here is how to use it: Always offer rats a variety of poisoned baits. For instance, make one meat, another vegetable, and the third miscellaneous. Meats may consist of Hamburg steak, sausage, canned salmon, bacon or fat trimmings. Vegetables include fresh fruits, cantaloupe, tomatoes, green corn, baked sweet potatoes, mashed bananas, or even a spoiled can of jam or jelly. Miscellaneous baits may be made of eggs, cheese,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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The Woman with the Hoe

By Laura A. Smith

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THERE has always been strong affection between Mother Nature and her human daughters. The outward and visible sign of this affection may be one little dwarfed plant, trying its best to grow in a pot on a tenement window-sill. Or, it may be shown by the woman with the hoe, out in the open, cultivating her flower garden or tilling the larger fields. Women have always been equal co-workers with men on the farm. There is nothing new in this situation, some will think. Yet, there are several new and interesting features about it. First, there are now in the United States, 770,055 women engaged independently in agricultural pursuits. That is, they are not listed as "helpmeets." They are farming for themselves.

Another interesting item concerning the woman with the hoe is this; the real woman farmer, daughter of generations of tillers of the soil and wife of one today, is emancipating herself from drudgery. All throughout the West, these women have installed domestic machinery in their kitchens. For every utensil or machine the farmer uses to lighten the labor in the fields and barns, the wife places one in the kitchen and dairy to lighten the labor there. The washing machine, vacuum cleaner, carpet-sweeper, dishwashing machine, fireless cooker, now do much of the work for the farmer's wife. She is making good use of her leisure time thus gained. She has an automobile, she attends the Farmer's Institute where she exchanges ideas with other bright women. She subscribes to the Reading Circles and State circulating libraries. She travels through the United States and abroad with her husband when the harvesting is over. The rural free delivery, the trolley, telephone and big mail order systems have connected the farmhouse with all the cosmopolitan centers. The woman of the farm is taking advantage of these improved conditions to rest from her drudgery and improve herself intellectually.

The city woman of means, the worn-out business woman, the woman who stands for higher education—these are the ones to whom farm life makes the strongest appeal today. Literary women, college professors, actresses, women of each and every profession, go about their daily tasks with the chicken farm or some other farm bee buzzing in their bonnets. Take them through the ranks, from the one with the letters of several college degrees after her name, to her who scrubs other people's floors, all are hungering for the smell of new-mown hay and country life. The woman farmer of the last generation is becoming emancipated. The urban woman is harking back to Mother Nature for rest for tired nerves, health for weak body and stimulants for the mind and the soul. She wishes to lay her head as it were, on Mother Nature's kindly conforting breast. She wishes to change gilded mirrors and all the trappings with which the city surrounds her for reflections in shady pools. She wishes to fill her soul with the health-giving odors of garden, orchard and fields.

Steeped in education, her life ordered by theory, the would-be woman farmer is timid. She dreads entering a new field and traveling a new path alone. "I must farm," she says, "but I must have some theories to work upon. I cannot just take a hoe and a rake and go out and raise crops." Recognizing her desires and her needs, big colleges, Columbia for example, are adding an agricultural course and inviting women to take it. All throughout the states women students are plentiful in all the agricultural colleges. They are fast finding out one or more women can live independent, congenial lives on farms. They can have better food at less cost, can save immensely in the matter of clothes, can learn to conserve their forces and farm intelligently and market to exclusive patrons at good prices.

Near New York City a young woman who is a practical and successful farmer has agreed to allow her farm to be used as a school to show other women how to farm. A woman who spends the winter near Columbia University devotes the rest of the year to raising clean, sanitary pigs. She sells these at her own price. She is a woman who likes to experiment. She found physicians would pay 60 cents a dozen for eggs from hens fed on celery and similar food. These seemed fine eggs to give the patients. One year she cleared $900 by selling newly hatched chicks. She raised turkeys for a few families, novelties in winter vegetables, and made a penny here and a penny there. Her latest venture was to seed down an abandoned Connecticut farm with white pine. This is free from taxation and in twenty years she will have the timber for the cutting.

This is only one up-to-date woman with the hoe. Of the entire 770,055 in the United States some devote themselves to flower raising, roses, violets, old-fashioned garden flowers or gather and sell flower seeds. A South Carolina woman is a tea grower. A Massachusetts woman, who moved to Mexico runs a coffee plantation. A woman in Arizona has a successful ostrich farm. Three sisters, and scores of other women run cattle ranches in the West. A California woman, herself a successful farmer, organized a union for the purpose of encouraging women to take up farming, and dairying, stockbreeding, poultry-raising, fruit and flower growing, landscape gardening, cultivating vineyards and managing estates. California women farmers engage especially in horticulture as New England ones, market maple sugar. The navel orange is said to have been introduced by a California woman. Shipping bulbs to retailers is a California industry, and one bright woman saw the possibilities in marketing the plume-like pampas grass.

The woman inclined to harken when Mother Nature whispers: "Come and make your home with me," has a wonderful variety of work from which to choose.

She may have pastures and herds and market milk, butter and cheese. She may have an attractive poultry yard in small space with white frames, wire netting—as dainty as she chooses. Several years ago, two sisters stopped teaching school and bought a farm. They decided it should be a white farm. They raised white chickens, ducks and geese. "No," they said, "there is no extra profit in white poultry but it looks so pretty running about on the green grass. Besides after twenty years of blackboards wouldn't you want to look at something white?" Unanswerable argument, because a woman's. Beehives and honey, vegetable and herb gardens, hothouses radiant with flowers, fruit and olive orchards, vineyards and wide-spreading meadows, cornfields and timberlands may be her work shop.

> "A garden is a lonesome thing, God wot,
> Rose plot, fringed pool, fern'd grot
> The veriest school of Peace; and yet the
> fool
> Contends that God is not—
> Not God! in gardens! When the eve is cool?
> Nay, but I have a sign!
> 'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

About a century ago the woman farmer was everywhere, and perhaps at her best. The slave women of the South tilled the rice fields, planted tobacco, sowed the cotton seed and helped in the harvest. On the farms it was the women who raised the garden truck, vegetables and herbs. They tended to the poultry breeding. They milked the cows and made and sold the butter and cheese. More than this, they became so adept in spinning and weaving flax and wool from their fields and flocks, that when the spinning mills were established, the women workers were all ready and experienced. They stepped right in and became a big majority of the factory workers of the New England States.

At one time there was great excitement over raising silkworms and making silk in America. James First sent over the silkwork cocoons. Prizes of money and tobacco were offered for spinning and weaving silk, and history recounts that women won the far greater share of the prizes. It was they who fed the worms, reeled, spun and wove the silk. Even before Revolutionary days, three women were noted as silk growers. They were Susanna Wright, Grace Fisher and Mrs. Pinckey. Today our Government is making experiments in silk culture in some states and employing women to look after the work.

A young girl and her girlish vanity led to the manufacture of straw goods in Massachusetts in 1789. Miss Betsy Metcalf of Dedham wishing [illegible] head, experimented with meadow grasses. She bleached and braided these and sewed the braid into so comely a bonnet that all her neighbors admired and copied. Out of this little experiment, grew straw works at Dedham which employed over 7,000 women. No small part of woman's work in that period, was the raising and distilling of healing herbs, and making of family medicines. Each farm was a factory in itself, a world if you will, for thereon grew or was manufactured everything which human life needed for its sustenance. We know that the women of the past century were unusually wide awake and active, that they were considered by historians as far ahead of their times in all save the reading of light literature. The men fully appreciated the good work of their wives and other women relatives. When in 1870 the western farmers formed the Grangers Association they made it a rule that no grange could exist without women members. In all the Granges and all the Farmers' Institutes and all the work done by the Government toward helping farmers, the demands of women are given equal prominence with the men. They hold a conspicuous place in the United States Agricultural census as producers of national wealth.

The world's record obelisk has been unearthed at Assuan, Egypt. It is 113 feet long, 14 feet at base, and eight feet at narrow end, and weighs 1,200 tons. Cleopatra's needle is 68½ feet and weighs 180 tons.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

peanut butter, stale bread soaked in milk, kitchen leavings, or cereal either cooked or dry. Mix the poison thoroughly with each kind of bait so that rats cannot eat even the smallest portion without eating poison also. Mixing is easy with Hamberg steak, cheese, cereal, etc., using a spoon to work in the poison. Other baits are better treated by spreading the poison on with a knife then working it in. When the three kinds of baits are prepared, divide into portions of about a teaspoonful each and place them freely about premises where rats are known to be numerous. Place baits carefully, not haphazardly; set a meat bait, then a fruit bait, then a bait of a third kind. Set them ten to fifteen feet apart. Never mix the baits, or set them in a group. Do your baiting in the late evening, but before dark. Next morning make the rounds early, gather up dead rats and *pick up* the baits that remain. Make a note of the kind of bait that has been found most attractive by the rats and use this for several days or until the rats "get wise" to it. Then try three new kinds of bait. Bait every night and pick up in the morning as long as there are evidences of rats around the place. Don't stop too soon; your work will have been done to no avail, for the rats will soon be as numerous as ever. Keep poison baits out of reach of dogs, cats, fowls and children. Do this by using good judgment in selecting the places where baits are placed or by protecting baits from anything larger than rats. Placing baits in the evening and picking up remaining baits in the morning also is a protection.

FILTER BOX FOR CISTERN.—Please give me a formula for filling a filter box for purifying water with which a cistern is filled. We depend on irrigation water to fill our cistern and the ordinary charcoal filter seems to me inadequate for such water.

Is second cutting of cane for hay poisonous to cows? I have been told that such is the case.

E. P. N., Arvada, Colo.

A.—A comparatively simple type of filter that is widely used with satisfaction for filtering drinking water consists of a clean wooden barrel, a removable muslin cover, clean sand changed from time to time, and charcoal as a purifier and deodorizer. First cut a hole either in the bottom or on the side close to the bottom of the barrel. Over this place a screen to keep charcoal from coming out of the opening. A cone of screen, double thickness will serve the purpose. Then place a layer of charcoal, say six inches in depth in the barrel bottom. Over this pour clean dry sand, such as would be used for concrete work; avoid the use of fine-grained "clayey" sand and use "sharp" sand. Fill to within six inches or so of the top of the barrel. Place a muslin cloth on a barrel hoop over top of barrel to remove such foreign matter as twigs and leaves. Change the cloth frequently. A filter such as this will supply you with water that is free from sediment and the charcoal will remove objectionable odors. This filter will operate at a fair rate of speed but no efficient filter can be called rapid for a filter that allows for a free flow of water is not doing the work it is intended to perform.

The second cutting of cane for hay is not a safe feed for livestock, though it is not *always* poisonous. For some reason, prussic acid is found frequently in large enough quantities to poison livestock in cane that has been frosted and also in cane that is immature. For this reason it has long been the custom to avoid its use for feeding livestock, putting into practice the "safety first" idea that it is well to use in all such matters. For full particulars regarding prussic acid poisoning and the presence of this poison in the cane we refer you to a bulletin issued by the Nebraska Experiment Station, Lincoln, Nebraska, which will be mailed to you free upon request.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

When there is a large family to supply the table scraps containing meat, potatoes and bread, beef scraps and oil meal can be omitted, but to get the best results from table scraps, they should be put through a meat chopper and be thoroughly mixed, otherwise one hen is liable to get all the fat, another all the vegetable, which means that neither will get a balanced meal. And what is more, the hen who wins a large piece of fat is very likely to have an attack of diarrhea and become dangerously ill.

Another small economy is to dry all the egg shells left from the table cooking. Crack them up and add them to the mash, for they will take the place of grit and oyster shell. Of course, such a method of feeding is only practicable for the small flock. Farmers should cull just as rigidly; they usually grow much of the necessary food and have sufficient room to grow good-sized flocks; it is better to devote their time and energy to making birds produce as many eggs as possible during the winter months, in spite of the price of grain.

Feed and cleanliness are the two great factors. When I say feed, I don't mean quantities of one kind of grain. The hens must have a variety to furnish the different elements necessary to keep them in good condition and provide a sufficient surplus to form eggs, or they can't lay them. You can feed a hen lots of food, but if it lacks the ingredients which are necessary for the different parts of the egg, it is just wasted, for the hen won't produce eggs, even though she may be so fat that she develops liver trouble or apoplexy. What constitutes a well-balanced ration varies considerably in different parts of the country. In cold climates it takes a good deal of rich food to sustain body heat, therefore what would be a well-balanced ration in Dakota would be positively detrimental for birds in the South. For this reason, I collected this information from experiment stations in different parts of the country about their method of feeding laying hens, hoping that our readers will be sensible enough to accept the vicarious experience of the experienced poultrymen who made a study of the subject in the various climates.

The New York Ration

This ration has given the best results when used with large and small flocks at the Cornell experiment Station, and is widely used in the Eastern States.

SCRATCH FEED.—Fed morning and afternoon in straw litter: Wheat, 60 pounds, corn, 60 pounds, oats, 30 pounds; buckwheat, 30 pounds.

DRY MASH.—Fed in hopper which is kept open during the afternoon only: corn meal, 60 pounds; wheat middlings, 60 pounds; wheat bran, 30 pounds; alfalfa meal, 10 pounds; oil meal, 10 pounds; beef scrap, 50 pounds; salt, one pound.

GREEN FEED.—Beets, cabbage, sprouted oats, green clover or other succulent food given at noon in a quantity that the hens will immediately eat up clean so that none is left to spoil. Oyster shell, grit and water are available at all times.

The Indiana Ration

SCRATCH FEED.—Scattered in litter morning and evening, about one third of the daily allowance in the morning, and two-thirds in the evening: Corn, 100 pounds; wheat, 100 pounds; oats 50 pounds.

DRY MASH.—Fed in an open hopper accessible at all times except to the heavy breeds in which the hoppers are kept closed until noon: Shorts, 100 pounds; bran, 100 pounds; meat scrap 60 pounds.

GREEN FEED.—Alfalfa silage, beets and cabbage, as much as the hens will eat immediately. Milk is fed regularly when available. Grit, shell and charcoal are kept constantly available in open hoppers. Fresh water is always at hand.

The Maine Ration

This ration is used successfully in Northern New England and in other portions of the Northern States where cold winters are the rule. It is designed for winter pullets during the winter period.

SCRATCH FEED.—Cracked corn is fed in the litter in the early morning. At ten to eleven o'clock in the morning equal parts of wheat and oats are fed at the rate of two quarts to each fifty birds.

DRY MASH.—Kept before the birds at all times in open hoppers so that they may eat all they like of it. After the fifth month, or just past mid-winter, linseed meal is given only every second month; Wheat bran, 200 pounds; gluten meal 100 pounds; corn meal, 100 pounds; meat scrap 100 pounds; low grade flour, 100 pounds; linseed meal 50 pounds.

GREEN FEED.—Sprouted oats, mangels, cabbages or a mixture of these, as much as the hens will eat up clean once a day. Grit and water always at hand.

The matter of litter for the floor is almost as important as the selection of food stuffs. Many people think that any old hay or straw will do for hens to scratch in, but it won't. Musty, moldy, or old hay causes more sickness among hens than anything else, as it breeds several different kinds of spores and germs, which float in the air when the hens dig up the material, and are inhaled by the birds, and rapidly develop diseases of the lungs and intestines and one special germ even affects the eggs laid by the hens, causing white diarrhea in chicks hatched by them. So you see how important it is to have clean litter and nesting material. We use shavings and chopped cornstalks topped with dried leaves, as long as we have them. We gather all we can in the fall and store them in boxes. Several years ago we tried shavings only, and had many cases of crop-bound hens, but have had no trouble since we used the combination of corn-stalks or straw. The shavings are particularly valuable, because they are cheap and prevent the other material from packing down, and so insure a circulation of air through the litter, which keeps it sweet.

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Correspondence

M. C. B.—You don't say whether the birds are old or young, which makes a great deal of difference in judging the symptoms of disease. They may be just in bad condition, indigestion or lice, or they may be suffering from tuberculosis. Kill one of them and examine the liver, heart and intestines. If they appear normal, just give the birds a mash made of ground feed moistened with castor oil for two mornings in succession and put a little asafetida in the drinking water for two or three weeks. If, on the other hand, you find any spots on the liver or heart, you may decide that you really have a serious disease to fight. Read answer to E. R. W. and J. R. in this issue.

M. G.—I am sorry to tell you that the sores on the joints which refuse to be healed by any of the remedies you have used, and the fact that one of the hens has already died, point so strongly to a tubercular case

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

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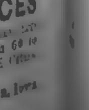

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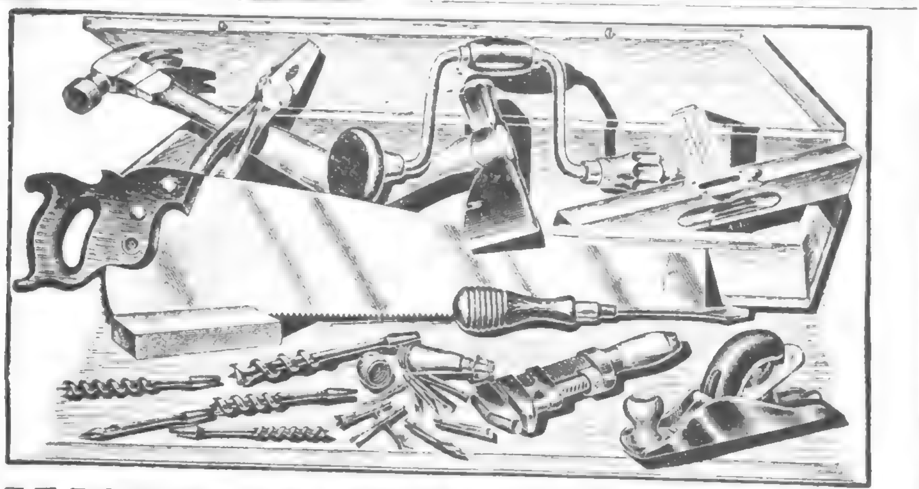

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Write your name in full on line above.

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Your occupation, or your husband's if signed by a woman.

Street or rural route number on line above.

City and state on line above. 1160

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

comfort, letting him have the best chair, the best food, the most comfortable place at the table; in fact, seeing that he gets the best of everything. She should be never tired, sick, sleepy or hungry. Her dress should be very modest, long skirts, long sleeves, and high neck, with no frills to attract the attention of other men. She must be very industrious, really, "Work" should be her middle name. She must do all of her own housework, including washing, ironing, sewing, scrubbing, caring for poultry, cows, pigs and children, also feeding the horses when hubby comes in from the field, tired and cross, if wifey should happen to have a day in the house, which would be seldom, because my Ideal must help me with the field work. What if the children are neglected and the washing and other housework left undone? She can make that up by extra work when the rush of field work is over, anyway, those are things that don't amount to much, nothing hard nor any worry about housework or raising children. And I would never marry a woman who expected me to carry in the wood and water. But the modern woman, the woman of today, would she ever do those things, the things which are plainly her duty, the things her grandmother did and never complained of? What is the world coming to anyhow, with the business women, the women in politics, the school ma'am, the girl with the bobbed hair, the flapper and Heaven knows what else. It gives me shivers to think of what men may have to do in days to come.

Come on men, tell us of your Ideal Wife, maybe we can bring the modern women to their senses and save them yet.

MERE MAN

Mere Man.—Sears and Roebuck have some wonderful values in door mats.—Ed.

COLORADA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

This is my first attempt to break into your circle and I feel a little like I am intruding. However, my wife was so fond of the Sisters' Corner that I feel a little bit of ownership in it. She has gone to her rest and left me with three children age eleven, eight and six years old. The two younger ones are girls. All can cook biscuit and corn bread. The boy has cooked light bread. They can cook cakes and pies and various things. I learned to cook a large variety of things as their mother was sick some time. I find no trouble in the following of recipes. Wife and I believed in starting children to doing light things early as they are not so awkward as when older, or at least we did not expect so much of them and their mistakes are more easily forgiven.

I remember a saying, "If we could see ourselves as other see us." I have in mind the topic of interest to so many of you and right it should be—that of pleasing our companions. Being of the opposite sex, I can see you as you can't see yourselves so to speak.

In the first place I considered my wife my equal in all things, except strength. Because I took a load of farm produce to market and collected the money and because I cultivated the crops that I sold and didn't sell anything out of the garden, didn't make me feel that she had no part in the making of it. She was helping me make it while she kept the house, garden, tended the cows and chickens. We always went 50-50 in the pocketbook. First we got the things necessary to make a living and later when we had more than a living we got nice furniture and labor-saving things we both had to use. I would spend her butter-and-egg money for myself, tools to use, or provisions and I would use the money for the regular products. She would do the same. In other words what was hers was mine and we never said we'd let the other pay for anything just because we were not to use it. While we lived in the city and there was only my pay check, I felt that she was half owner still, because she kept our home, tended the children, and made life worth living for me. I learned lots more about a woman's work during her illness and since her death, than I would have dreamed I could.

I suspect my letter is getting long, so will end by saying that what I prized the most in my wife was her virtue honesty and cleanliness. She couldn't always be togged up, but was pleasing to me at any time because I had sense enough to understand; however, I enjoyed to see her have a chance to look her best. She had a wasteful mother, but was very saving herself. Mrs Wilkinson has my address and I will answer all correspondence. I would appreciate recipes for cooking canning, etc. I am 38 years young, have brown eyes and auburn hair; five feet, ten inches tall and weigh 183 pounds, medium built, live in the best climate in the world and enjoy the best of health.

JUST-A-HOME-LOVER.

SLATY FORK, WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

As you have been talking about your Ideal Husband I want to say a few words about my Ideal Wife. First, she must love me and the children above everybody else. We are taught in the Scripture that wives should love and obey their husbands. Second, she must have a good, quiet disposition. Third, she must tend strictly to her own business and not meddle with others. Fourth, she must be able to shoot a rifle and slip through the mountains like a cat. I live in the mountain state of West Virginia

S R. COLEMAN.

Mr. Coleman.—I hope you aren't a moonshiner. —Ed.

BANDON, R R. 5, BOX 97, GEORGIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Owing to the fact that you've turned the Corner over to the men for them to express their opinions of an Ideal Wife, I will describe my Ideal.

First, she should be a Christian and a home lover; regardless how humble home is it can be made cheerful by two home lovers.

Second, she must be a non-flapper and not too much of a powder puff and rouge user.

Third, she must be an excellent cook and housekeeper. Charitable and friendly to all, helping those who are in need but not stooping to degradation, last but not least, she must be a lover of children. She must be willing to help her husband provide a home and a living for the kiddies, or, in other words, she must be an allround woman and of a good family.

My Ideal should be above doing the following things that are done by girls of today, smoking cigarettes, drinking, flirting, gabbing at everything that wears breeches. She must have no enemies. My Ideal should be content to follow Mother Nature and remain in the style of wearing dresses.

We are all lovers of women because our mothers are women, but don't let us expect too much of them.

I've met my Ideal and am satisfied.

Love to all and a hundredfold to Mrs. Wilkinson and all officers of dear old COMFORT. My wife has been a subscriber for three years

WILLIAM D. RAY.

COOPER, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS.

Since Mrs. Wilkinson promised to let us menfolks have a whole issue of the Sisters' Corner to give us a chance to tell of our Ideal Wife, I've been wondering if Mrs. Wilkinson would let a man from Texas come in. I'll promise not to stay long and I'll make a long story short.

I am a new subscriber to COMFORT, having joined them this year, but my sister or some one in our family of seven boys and five girls, all living too, and three girls and four boys at home, have taken COMFORT for a number of years. When one of my sisters got married she took COMFORT with her and I've been a member of the COMFORT family ever since.

But to tell you of my Ideal Wife is what I came in for. Yes, I was married about six months when I was twenty-one, and this "Mother-in-law" stuff was the cause of a divorce six months later. I am thirty-two years young now and I haven't found my Ideal mate. Now do not misunderstand me, I do not mean that I haven't seen a girl that I thought perhaps would measure up to my ideas, but I haven't been personally acquainted with one. I do not think my ideas are too high, for I do not expect her to be perfect in every way; we all have our faults, and naturally she will have hers. Each man or woman, when mated, should adjust his or her faults to meet the faults of the other. Love is the most profound and deeply rooted thing in everybody's life. It is very difficult to make this point understood, because so few people really experience love. Love is something right outside our province. Some people think they know what love is, and they think they have experienced its sweeping passion. But they confuse a means that may be associated with love—which is but a small part of love—with love itself. Consequently they cannot understand the real nature of love and its expressions. Where there is true love there can be no lust.

But here is my mental picture of my ideal future wife. She must be broad-minded, able to sit down with me and talk over business matters, intelligent enough to carry on an interesting conversation. Clean-minded and honest. She must be a Christian and may belong to any church, for I believe all good people will get to heaven regardless of what denomination they belong to. She should be a womanly woman, industrious of loving disposition and sympathetic, brown or black eyes, and a brunette. She should weigh somewhere between 120 and 150 pounds and less than five feet, ten inches tall. Of course a natural blonde girl is mighty hard to beat, and I do not mean to say that they are barred. But you asked for ideals and that's what I'm giving you. My Ideal Wife should be willing to talk over all things relating to our future life. By so doing we may learn to appreciate and respect each other more for respect is the wonderful keynote of love. We should understand each other perfectly before marriage so that we both may work toward the same goal in life.

There is a certain lady who lives at Clay City, Ind. and who is a subscriber to COMFORT that can vouch for my statements as to my ideas and I hope she sees this in print. If it hadn't been for dear old COMFORT I wouldn't have known there was such a girl in this world.

Another thing about my Ideal Wife. She should be willing to live far enough from town to have our own garden and just oodles of chickens and some fruit. Although I never intend to be a farmer still, I live on the farm, making my way as an agricultural writer.

Well, some black or brown-eyed girl might want me to describe myself before I go. I am 32 years young what most people call a blonde, gray eyes, fair complexion, weigh 145 pounds and am five feet ten inches tall.

JACK L. BAKER.

HARLOW, OREGON.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

The sisters' letters in June were certainly interesting. Now we men know what to expect. We all have faults. Even the Man of Galilee did not claim to be perfect. No one is perfect but the ideal He taught.

My Ideal is a sweet, loving woman, good natured, good cook and housekeeper. Higher ideals than her mate and an everyday Christian, not merely a "church" Christian. She must have some education, a good form, freckles and red hair. A pretty face doesn't count. She must be a real helpmate and pal, sweet at all times, even in calico. Love is the real foundation, even among the heathen. Marriage is a bond of friendship, a bond that should not be lightly broken.

OLD BACH.

ATHENS, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS WILKINSON:

I have noticed many letters from the sisters asking for letters from the opposite sex on the present subject.

I wonder if Ruby Nelson would go fifty-fifty with her dream man. We shouldn't expect the wife or husband to be something we can't be ourselves.

If the girl I married had her ideals set as high as yours how badly she must have been disappointed. I didn't quite get my Ideal Woman but what she lacked in one thing she has made up for in different ways. We disagree on lots of things but kiss and make up and disagree again.

My ideal is first of all a good mother. Men are just grown up babies and we need mothering lots of times. She should be jolly, a pal, one who has her opinion of things and will hold for them. One should be fond of athletics, as swimming, boating, hunting, fishing and things like that.

Mentally, she should be able to discuss with me on any subject that might arise. She should be willing to take as she gives.

Although we have been married several years, she is still the girl, the pal and the sweetheart of our courtship days.

Mrs. B. of West Virginia, if you were my wife I shouldn't want you to tell me your past. Why ruin the lives of your children and your husband. Perhaps he is keeping something from you that you would dislike just as he does this. Men are not angels. Just quit worrying about it and it will not seem so bad. I could overlook anything in the past if I loved her enough to marry her and if she were true after marriage. We all make mistakes and most of us profit by them.

JUST ONE OF THE HIMS.

NASHUA, MONTANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

After reading the sisters' letters in June issue of COMFORT on the subject of an Ideal Husband, it seems an opportune time for an old bach to have a turn at the bat and tell about his Ideal Wife.

My wife would have a loving disposition, moderate temper, and a fair education; must possess personality. She would be the same wife when away from home and in company that she is at home. A neat but not extravagant dresser. Good cook and a sense of humor. A wife like this (build and look matters little) would be a Heaven on earth. Traits, to my notion are not born instincts, but can be acquired by knowledge and training.

Yes, a dryland farmer, five feet, ten inches tall, light brown hair and born in the summer-time back in the nineties.

Please don't send any endless chain letters. Others are welcome.

With best wishes, B. STENBAKKEN.

SCOTTSVILLE, R. R. 2, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

May an eighteen-year-old boy join your happy circle and express his opinion on the subject suggested by Mrs. Nelson?

"An Ideal Wife" said a man who claimed he had one, "is not only a wife but a mother, pal, partner and sweetheart.

"To go with him and grow with him he needs a pal, a chum who will thrill with him before Titian and cheer with him for Babe Ruth, who knows how to serve a ball and is just as ready to take a hurdle. A pal will not take her husband from the interests that fill his life nor make them flat for the lack of her. She will fill, not divide, she will complete his life."

Of course the husband must do his part to make the thing complete.

Everybody cannot get the wife or husband they wish but they can appreciate the good points they do have.

FRAZIER HALL.

ROCK HILL, R. R. 7, SO. CAR.

HELLO FOLKS:

Mrs. Wilkinson said the men might write as to their Ideal Wife so here I am.

My Ideal Wife must have at least a high school education, be a Presbyterian, have read the Bible, be interested in medicine, must not dance but may have bobbed hair, must not be jealous, and at least five feet, three inches tall, weigh 125 to 150 pounds, of medium complexion, brown eyes and dark, but not black, hair.

I am six feet, three inches tall, weigh 150 pounds; have gray eyes, dark hair and medium complexion. I am studying medicine. I neither drink, chew nor swear, neither do I drink coffee.

Just a parting word to tell you that I am opposed to dancing both ancient and modern; also excessive powder, rouge and lipstick.

Your new brother, HORACE B. JOHNSON.

PARIS, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT FOLKS:

I have been reading COMFORT for a good many years and although I am not a sister, I am interested in the Sisters' Corner as I am married to one of your sisters who has read it for over twenty years.

As Sister Mabel Clare has asked Mrs. W. for our admission and she has granted same, I will enter and take a seat. Your discussion regarding an Ideal Husband is getting very interesting for us.

Mrs. Ida, I want to give you a few comforting words. Don't be despondent. Maybe while you are wondering if you will ever have an Ideal Husband he is wondering if he will ever have an Ideal Wife.

Now for my idea of an Ideal Wife; but first I want to tell you that I am not wanting a wife for I have one, an Ideal one, and if she were not you wouldn't find it out.

Give me a woman with a brainbox full of good, common, human sense, a good will, clean of body and soul with a tender, loving heart toward her husband and babies and she can't be but Ideal.

Wishing each and every one of you an ideal companion and hoping to hear from some of the brothers.

Sincerely, MR. SHORTY

CENTRALIA, R. R. 1, BOX 163, WASH.

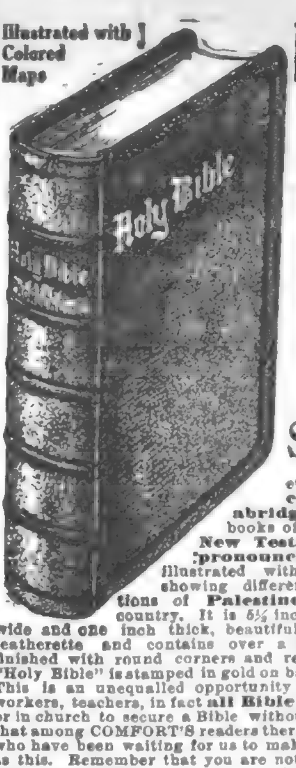
DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT FRIENDS:

I hope, Mrs. Wilkinson, that this letter proves to you that I appreciate the fact that you have opened the door to us men, even if it is for only one issue of COMFORT. I doubt very much though if there will be room to publish all the letters that you will receive from male readers of your department. You will find, I am sure, that a great many of us are just as interested and just as eager to take part in the discussions as the opposite sex, although our letters may not be as interesting.

The sisters' letters telling of their Ideal Husband were very good; and from the various descriptions we men would do well to hold our heads up and walk the straight and narrow path. I believe it is generally agreed that men expect more of women than women do of men. If that is the case, there must be some wonderful women in this little old world.

In expecting too much of each other we are apt to fall into the same error as did the man who insisted upon governing the weather. This man wasn't satisfied with the weather so after much pleading he finally persuaded God to let him govern it for one year. Under his management the weather was most beautiful,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)



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Illustrated with Colored Maps

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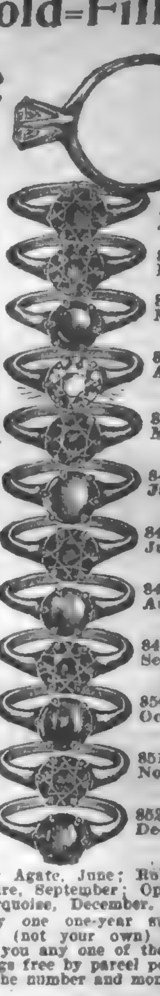
SMALL enough to be carried conveniently in the hand or in pocket or hand bag, yet **complete and unabridged** containing full books of both the **Old and New Testaments**, is **self-pronouncing** and handsomely illustrated with **colored maps** showing different interesting portions of **Palestine** and surrounding country. It is 5½ inches long, 3¾ inches wide and one inch thick, beautifully bound in black leatherette and contains over a **thousand pages** finished with round corners and red edges. The name "Holy Bible" is stamped in gold on back and front cover. This is an unequalled opportunity for Sunday School workers, teachers, in fact **all Bible students** at home or in church to secure a Bible without cost and we feel that among COMFORT'S readers there must be thousands who have been waiting for us to make just such an offer as this. Remember that you are not going to receive a cheap, paper-bound book, but a splendidly made Bible, finely printed, handsomely and durably bound, and absolutely refined and perfect in every detail. We will send to any address this self-pronouncing Bible exactly as illustrated and described *if you will send us only three subscriptions.*

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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Any woman who could have her choice of only one ring would probably choose a birthstone ring. Jewelers and ring manufacturers tell us that birthstone rings are the most popular rings in the world. Everyone wants one. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one but it is exceedingly stylish.

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Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years. The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister nothing could be more appropriate or acceptable.

There's a stone for each month. Wear the stone corresponding to the month in which you were born: This list tells you what stone to choose:

Garnet, January; Amethyst, February; Bloodstone, March; Diamond, April; Emerald, May; Agate, June; Ruby, July; Sardonyx, August; Sapphire, September; Opal, October; Topaz, November; Turquoise, December.

Given To You! For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50c we will send you any one of these genuine gold-filled Birthstone Rings free by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give the number and month of the ring you wish.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

EBONIZED BRUSH, COMB AND MIRROR SET
THREE ARTICLES IN BOX

3-Piece Toilet Set

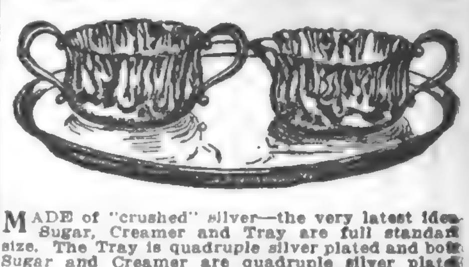
THERE does not live a girl whose heart will not fairly jump with joy at the sight of this swell **dull black finish Toilet Set.**

The Brush is nine inches long, 2½ inches wide, firmly set with white bristles. **The Mirror** is 8½ inches long, 4½ inches wide on back, with a four-inch clear, finely **beveled** glass set with rich ebonized frame. **The Comb** is seven inches long, 1½ inches wide, with fine and coarse teeth. Both Mirror and Brush have a handsome silverine shield on the back for monogram or initials.

This fine Comb, Brush and Mirror Set comes in a specially fitted box and is yours absolutely free if you will accept the following offer.

Given To You! For only five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send this fine Three-Piece Toilet Set free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Reward No. 7635.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Sugar, Creamer And Tray

MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Reward No. 7904.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Nearly One Foot And A Half Tall
Her Arms, Hands, Legs And Feet Will Stay In Any Position You Place Them

What A Beautiful Life-Like Doll For Some Little Girl In Your Home!

Won't She Fairly Shout With Joy When She Finds This Big, Handsome, Sleeping Dolly Is All Her Own?

OF course she will—no girl could **help** being delighted with this big, beautiful Dolly which is even **more** beautiful and lifelike than she appears in the illustration. It is a prettier and better doll even than we offered last season. **And just think**—a club of only **six** subscriptions to COMFORT brings her right to your door—yours to have and to own without one cent of expense. What a delightful surprise for some little tot in your home.

She Opens And Closes Her Eyes. She Has Real Teeth, Brown, Curly Hair And Wears A Pretty Dress With Hat And Real Stockings And Slippers.

NOW let us tell you more about this Doll. She is sixteen inches tall and jointed in such a manner that her arms, hands, legs and feet will **stay in any position you place them.** Her dark brown hair falls in bewitching curls, she has **real teeth**, her eyes are as blue as the sky and she opens and shuts them and goes to sleep like a real baby whenever you want her to. And she is always smiling and showing her pretty white teeth in a truly lifelike manner.

As shown in our illustration, she wears a very becoming hat trimmed with a large ribbon bow and a dress of the very latest style, with cute short sleeves, handsome figured lace and button trimmed waist and short skirt and she has on real stockings and slippers with silveroid buckles.

Fathers and mothers—just look at this beautiful Doll as she stands smiling and waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her and kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think **your** little girl would just love to have her for her very own? Of course she would—and you should take advantage of this offer at once. Remember we have but a limited quantity of these Dolls on hand and when they are gone this offer will be withdrawn.

FOR A CLUB OF ONLY SIX!

YOU can surely find six neighbors and friends who will be glad to subscribe to COMFORT at the present bargain rate of 50 cents a year. Send us their names and addresses and the money collected ($3.00 in all) and we will send you this big, beautiful, Sleeeping Doll, fully dressed and otherwise exactly as described above, packed in a strong box so that it cannot possibly get broken, free by parcel post prepaid. There will be no expense to you whatever. Your mail carrier will deliver the Doll right to your door without charge. This Doll is Reward No. 7856 and please mention this number when ordering.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

far as Dallas, W. L., so that you have to hook up four mules every time you want to call on a Dallas girl. Speaking of Dallas, I remember they used to have a gin barrel factory in that city in the old B. P. days. I wonder what that factory makes now, W. L.? Churns, perhaps,—or water—tight wagons in which to go after rain!

DU QUOIN, ILLINOIS.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

My dear cousins, did you ever notice that after you had finished reading all of the other cousins' letters in dear old COMFORT that you had a desire to scratch off pages and pages of—well, anything, and send it to Uncle Lisha? That is what possesses me now, that desire, only of course these letters must be interesting —which I admit mine will be! I like the kind that are cheerful and gay. Cousin Billy Mayer's is a good example, only I would not be doing justice to other girls and to myself if I did not say that I do not agree with him on some subjects. But I don't think it is necessary to discuss this now, since bobbed hair is not worn so much any more, or, as Billy expressed it, the "mania" has sort of subsided. There is almst too much expression in that term, don't you think?

Most of the cousins describe themselves, but I will not bore you with that it will suffice to say that I have been called "different"—just why I do not know. It may be because of my homeliness, though again it may be on account of my beauty. But I think it is more likely to be because I am an idealist and I will not sacrifice my ideals. For I believe if our ideals are high and good we will try and live up to them and thereby achieve a greater good.

I am interested in and enjoy those letters in which cousins describe the beautiful scenery and country in which they live. Of course, since I live in Illinois, which is the prairie state of the Union, I cannot tell you of winding mountain streams and majestic peaks rising into the fleecy clouds or standing silhouetted against the azure sky. But, after all, it does not take those things to make beauty, for I believe a sunset can be almost as beautifully viewed across a rolling prairie, with the distant tree-tops forming an irregular skyline behind which Old Sol can hide the glory of his face. I say, almost as beautiful, because I have heard and read so much of the wonderful beauties of a sunset in the mountains or valley, or of a sunrise at sea, that it would be folly for me to say that a scene here could equal these! Some day I expect to, or at least hope to, view these wonderful and far-famed sights. When that happy day arrives I will certainly meet some of the immense family of COMFORT, although for the present I shall have to be content to send you all my very best wishes—Uncle Lisha included.

Yours sincerely, AGNES C. M. PUNDSACK.

You'll make us curious by announcing that you are different, Agnes, and then not telling us how or where or why. But I'll say you *are* different, and a great deal different and in a good way—if you are thus by refusing to sacrifice your ideals, for ideals, as perhaps you have found out, are the hardest sort of things to hang on to—worse than a fat eel or a greased pig. We start in on this ideal business with a firm grip, a high head and a bright eye, and we end up, a little bent, a little duller of eye and groping about trying to get another grip on the slippery and vanished things. At last we put on a sickly grin and pretend that we haven't lost anything at all—or, if we have, we don't care! That's the history, a sad one, of most ideals, of many dreams, Agnes.

When I go a-fishing, Agnes, and I want to hang on to an eel I have caught, I rub my fingers in the sand and take a new grip. That's the best way with ideals, too. I've found it takes a lot of sand to hold on to 'em, a lot of grit. Yet if we don't hang bravely on to the good we have visioned, found or achieved, we are left with nothing worthy to pass on or divide and life has been a poor battle for us in which we have played a loser's part. I'm glad, then that you are different, that you are a sand and grit idealist, Agnes. The fight is worth-while and it's a good course worth finishing.

SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA:

First of all I want to greet all of my new cousins. I hope they will let me in their family without any fuss or hard struggle, for I am a very poor fist fighter—especially when I am thinking of getting my good looks destroyed. I'll tell the cousins how I do look, for if I didn't they might throw this nationalized American-Hollander out of the first twenty-story window and destroy that Dutch face of mine. I would like to state my weight, but according to the last few years I vary between 160-190 pounds. At present I weigh 185 pounds. My weight changes according to how the world treats me. Lucky enough my height stays the same, which is five feet seven inches, in my stockings. I am heavy built. I have blue eyes, brown hair, small nose, eyes and ears, and reddish complexion. Now I have given as much of a description of myself as most cousins do except that I am letting you guess my age—which is between 35 and 40. I am single—always have been. But now, girls, do not expect an answer to all your letters if you write, for I am very busy at present, working through the day and cooking my meals at night.

How many of the cousins are trying to become millionaires? Well, I am, and I am one in my dreams; in reality I only lack [illegible]. Now many have been striving for an education? I have, but started late in life and, learning another language when I knew but little of my mother tongue, found it very hard indeed. I would give all I have saved of that million if I could obtain an education equal to that of a school-teacher. But such is life. "It's a great world if you don't weaken." And as the sayings go, "The world is as we make it" and "Smile and the world smiles with you." Oh, this world is hard, all right, but how much brighter it is when we meet a smile!

I am a stranger in California of only a few months. I am wondering as I do often what opportunities California will bring me. I would be glad to hear from any of the California cousins and COMFORT readers who could tell me where good fertile land could be bought cheap and on easy terms. Near town and close to good markets. I will thank all in advance who may write.

Uncle must thank Billy for me for being so drowsy and sleepy that my letter could be slipped by him. I'll close, wishing Uncle Lisha and all you cousins good luck.

Your cousin, GERRIT BAKKER.

Gerrit, you old Dutchman, you're right about smiles being a sovereign softener of the world's hard crust. They help a lot. Our Crowd know this. We are a Smiling Bunch and so are glad to welcome you, your smile, and your shifting pounds.

I've gotta say right here how much I admire anyone of another country who, like yourself, can make such an attainment of our language. For English must be a tricky tongue to learn, it seems to me, Gerrit. You have done well, and your victory here should encourage you in any other struggles you may have to make in your adopted country. May California treat you so that your shadow and weight may not decrease. We need such new citizens as much as they need us.

PHILADELPHIA, 1716 Mt. Vernon Street, PA.

DEAR COMFORT COUSINS:

Allow me to step in and shake hands with every cousin in the League. Just a week ago today I had the pleasure of shaking hands with Uncle Lisha, and I hope to shake hands with Mr. Gannett some day.

I was a personal friend of Uncle Charlie. I used to visit him and I admired and respected him very much. I felt sure that our new Uncle must be a fine man, too; so I visited him and I can say that I am well pleased with Uncle Lisha. I received a warm and genuine welcome, and after several hours conversation I know we have a leader in whom we can place full confidence. Like Uncle Charlie used to do, Uncle Lisha keeps well posted on the various questions of the day, so that he can supply the cousins with advice and counsel. You all saw his picture in January COMFORT, and I wish to say that in addition to being good looking he is an old bachelor. I hope that none of the girl readers will be deserting Cousin Jack Wilcox after reading this news!

Wouldn't it be nice, Cousins, if we could hold a reunion sometime? But I think we would have to have a whole state to hold it in, there are so many of us.

I work in Uncle Sam's coin factory here in Philadelphia, and I thought perhaps you would like to know how your spending money is made. Gold and silver metals and their alloys (900 hundred parts pure metal and 100 parts copper) are put into crucibles and reduced to liquid form. This is poured out into moulds and ingots made according to the size of the coins that are to be minted. Copper and nickel and their allows (copper, 95 per cent. with zinc and tin, 5 per cent.; and nickel, 25 per cent. with copper, 75 per cent.) are melted in electric furnaces, the liquid poured into moulds and the resulting ingots taken to the rolling room. There the ingots are reduced to the proper thickness of the coins that are being made. The rolled strips are then run through a cutting machine and what are called "planchets" are punched out. These planchets then go through milling machines which puts the nurling on the edges of the blanks. After these milled blanks are cleaned and annealed, they are fed into the stamping presses by an automatic arrangement and the impressions made. Then the coins are run over slowly moving reviewing tables and all the defective pieces picked out. All silver and gold coins are run through the automatic scales, and any coin that is too light or too heavy is thrown out by this ingenious piece of machinery. So you can see that only coins of the proper weight get out to the public. We make money for most of the South American countries. At the present time we are coining the new peace dollars.

Well, cousins, I am thirty-six years old and not ashamed of it. I have brown eyes, brown hair, not very good looking, weigh about 160 pounds and am five feet, six inches tall. My chief accomplishments(?) are: I don't drink, smoke, chew, lie, steal, swear or run after the girls! I'm not married.

I was in the army, but I did not get overseas. I hope Uncle Lisha will give his views on the achievements of the armament conference at Washington. Let us hope that war will never again visit the world, and that what was accomplished at the conference will help to keep war in the background.

Well, I'll close with another handshake all around and a wish for the success, prosperity and happiness of all.

Sincerely your cousin, GEORGE DREISBACH.

George, I'm sure all the cousins will be just as glad to give you a few thousand handshakes as I was to give you mine when you dropped over from Philadelphia. The cousins will all respond with a mighty chorus when I say a friend of Uncle Charlie's needs no introduction to the Big Family. I blushed so, George, when I had to write about the nice things you said about me, that the paper on my machine was all scorched along the edges. But I know the cousins will take what you have said with the necessary barrel or two of salt.

I am glad you told the cousins about that mighty interesting place in which you make your money, George. We are all interested, of course, in making money, but the difficulty for most of us is that we cannot make enough of the blame stuff. This difficulty doesn't have to bother you, George, and I suppose, if you have to, you can stay an hour overtime any night and make a few thousands extra for yourself. But I want you to take pity on the rest of us, George, my boy, and hurry up the machinery of your mint so that by making a few millions more every day there will be more to go 'round. Don't waste time manufacturing pesetas and centavos for these South American countries. Why, we can use all the cash your Philadelphia money mill can turn out without shipping any south. For there is certainly a shortage, George. I've known about it for some time. And now you prove it by what you say about these new Peace dollars you are turning out. Neither Billy nor I have had a look, much less owned one of these coins you are producing. We have lots of dollars that are piece dollars, George, and mighty small pieces at that; but we haven't been able to connect with any of your handsome new fangled hundred cent cartwheels. So I say don't let a wheel stop nor a belt slip until you have turned out enough of these dollars so that we can all have at least one. Bill says he wants two—but you needn't mind him. Most of us spent so many War dollars that we will be mighty glad to have you grind out a few Peace dollars to fill up the hole in the toe of our old stockings or under the lid of the sugar bowl or teapot.

And speaking of war, George, as you did and want me to, I do not think anyone should look at the results of the Washington Conference distrustfully. We must always creep before we can walk. The conference is a good big creep toward the time when we can march away from war, carrying banners of rejoicing. The great cataclysm has shown Europe how close to national bankruptcy and physical and spiritual destruction such a conflict can bring those who are in a struggle as to "who shall be greatest." While I, or you and others, may think there is not enough of turning away from old paths, not enough of sackcloth and ashes in the repentance of Germany, and in the seeking of practical ways to peace by other nations—yet we must welcome every move, however slight, that brings us out of old and dangerous ruts of national traditions. Certainly the less we have to fight with, the less fighting we can do. The more scrapping the less scraps. In New York State we have a law imposing heavy fine and imprisonment upon anyone carrying concealed weapons. We have found it best to limit by law the maintenance of a citizen's protection and community rights to an armed police force. Some day, George, we may get around to such a law of nations, and may limit our implements of force and destruction to those in the hands of an international police force that will patrol the world. National ambitions and adjustments do not seem to admit of this being done quite yet. But until we are ready and are sensible enough to do this, any little removal of fourteen-inch guns, sixty-million-dollars battleships and tricky concealed submarines from the pockets of the nations, is a decided help. Why you, George, for instance, won't have to make so much money if there are not so many war toys for Uncle Sam to swap good Peace dollars for!

TOCCOA, BOX 387, GEORGIA.

DEAR UNCLE LISHA AND COUSINS:

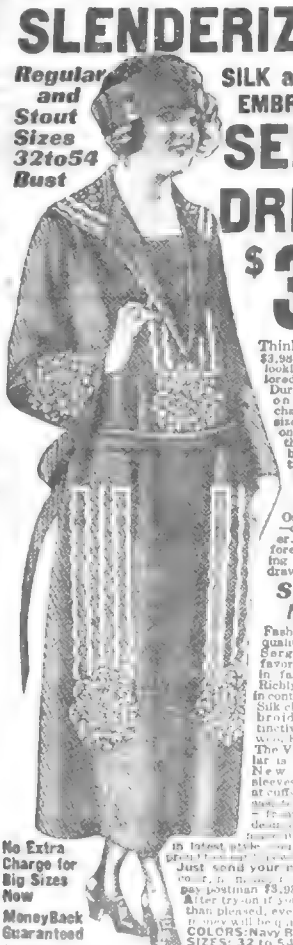
I am so glad that I have succeeded in getting you over my wireless! I have been trying for so long and have just been able to get you. When did you install your set? I have heard so many concerts that have been broadcasted from Boston. It is so wonderful, I think, to be able by waves of air to produce sound so many, many hundreds of miles away. I have been wanting to be a cousin for so long, but I could not get in touch with you. May I be one now? I should be so glad to be one and help carry on the business of making friendships by mail.

Now, cousins, one and all, I wonder how many of you feel very romantic tonight? Over this little city, that nestles among the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains, a most thrilling and enchanting Southern moon skims her way through a starlit sky. Tonight is an ideal night for a moonlight picnic. What is more fun than a congenial crowd on a moonlight picnic?

How many of you like camping? I have never been, so now you can imagine how I thrill with anticipation of a week to be spent in the heart of nature, close to a lake unexcelled in beauty in all this region. We expect to indulge in all those sports dear to nature-lovers. Sitting for hours at a time is small pay for the privilege of seeing the cork bob, playing with the ripples that murmur around it. Look! it goes under, and breathless with excitement and joy you pull to the shore a perch or bass. And we can spend a fair portion of the day enjoying a swim. A swim late in the afternoon gives to a tired and frazzled teacher a rest, and relieves her body from tension and her mind from the cares and duties that haunt her after her schoolroom door has closed behind her.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

TANGOS 5¢
a Bunte-blended, chocolate covering, thick and rich, then—marshmallow, toasted peanuts, maple cream—all in one, the tasty candy treat supreme.
Bunte Candy
BUNTE BROTHERS · CHICAGO



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SILK and WOOL EMBROIDERED SERGE DRESS $3.98
Think of it! Only $3.98 for this rich looking, smartly tailored Serge Dress! During this sale only, no extra charge for larger sizes. Picture gives only faint idea of the exquisite beauty of this ultra stylish creation. Brings slimness and grace to the heavier figure. Only limited sale—one to a customer. Be quick, before this astounding offer is withdrawn.
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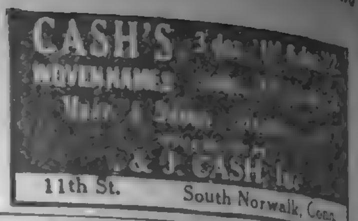

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Hannah Takes a Hand

By Ruth Merwin

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"BET you a cookie, Hannah, Miss Margery marries Lee instid o' Parker," declared Caleb Hewitt, his blue-gray eyes twinkling as he watched his listener's face stiffen at his prophecy.

"Bet you two cookies she don't," Hannah Weston flung back in disgust. She took a lavender-checked apron from the basket and shook it vindictively toward him before placing it on the ironing-board.

"Wall—I donno as she's got any more sense than other females, Hannah, and you got to remember when God A'mighty made woman he made her outen a man's rib—not some o' his brains."

"How could he?" Hannah sniffed comtemptuously. "He knew a man could git along without a rib or two, but that he hadn't got no brains to spare. If Adam'd had a mite less, I don't know what would have happened him—he surely made a big enough fool o' himself as it was. Caleb, and the rest of you men have been following in his footsteps ever since."

Caleb grinned appreciatively at the thrust as he balanced his chair so that the slightest movement on his part would precipitate him on Hannah's snowy-white kitchen floor. It was such fun to tease her until her black eyes sent out fiery sparks and her plump cheeks—fresh and rosy as a girl's in spite of her forty-odd years—grew as red as poppies.

"Guess you're gittin' your Bible history mixed," he drawled, "as I remember the story, Adam was gittin' along jest fine till Eve come along and made him taste her apple."

"That's right, Caleb, lay the blame all onto Eve! If you ain't your great-great-granddad right over." Hannah drove her flatiron over the lavender apron with such vehemence that she decapitated one of its buttons.

"But I seen Miss Margery out ridin' with Lee this very mornin' and he was sittin' up that clost. They was drivin' past that new home o' hisn too."

"Call that a home? Looks more like an operyhouse or a town hall. If Miss Margery'd go there to live, she'd git lost some day, and the p'lice would have to turn in and hunt her up. It sprawls all over the lot and there ain't a shade tree anywhere around that's bigger'n my thumb. If you want to see a real home now, look at Robert Parker's place. One o' them oak trees o' hisn is worth more than Lee's whole outfit."

"Lemme see—bout how old is that there house o' Parker's?" Caleb looked eager for the information.

"Never mind that!" snapped Hannah. "It's built for keeps as folks ust to build when I was young, and it'll be standin' when that new-fangled contraption o' Lee's is a pile o' junk. And convenient—why, Miss Margery's mother and Mr. Robert's mother were great friends, you know; she had this very kitchen patterned after Mis, Parker's and I'd like to have you show me a prettier anywhere."

Caleb looked critically at the spacious kitchen with its many conveniences. The afternoon sunshine, sifting through the snowy muslin curtains, made the well-polished range shine like ebony and the metal kitchen utensils glitter jewel-like

"It sure is a pretty place, Hannah," he agreed. Then flushing to the roots of his thick sandy hair he added, "an' you seem to—to fit in mighty well!"

"Don't try any soft soap," warned Hannah, although her face vividly reflected his color. To hide this she took an unconscionable time to select the next garment from her ironing-basket. "If you'll stop sayin' things about Miss Margery, it'll be worth more to me than barrels o' soft soap."

"But s'pose they're true, Hannah, what then?" Caleb let down his chair with a thud. "Don't I have a chance to see things? The new Missus is sure bound to make a match between that there nephew o' hern and Miss Margery. You kin put that in your pipe an' smoke it. Don't she fix it so they'll have to set together in the car every time I take 'em out ridin' an' don't she keep talkin' like they was sweethearts a'ready? Even the Mister is beginnin' to say things—he's still that daffy about the new Missus that what she says goes. An' as fer Lee—don't he act like he owned Miss Margery? It's gospel truth I'm tellin' you, Hannah."

Her eyes grew alarmed although her words were still defiant. "So that's Mis. Whitney's game, is it? Well, she ain't won it yet, and she's got me to reckon with. When it comes to fightin' for Miss Margery, I can fight!" She clenched her fists as if she were facing her enemy. "Mr. Robert and Miss Margery have been sweethearts ever since they were babies, and if she thinks she's goin' to separate 'em now and marry Miss Margery to that—to that—" she struggled for a comparison—

"Cur?" suggested Caleb.

"No—puddle dog. One with long curly hair and a big bow o' pink ribbow on its neck. All that Lee fellow cares for is to look pretty and to buy everything he wants. If he thinks he's goin' to buy Miss Margery, he's made one grand mistake. She wouldn't take him if he owned all the gold mines in the world. She loves Mr. Robert and she's goin' to marry him in spite of all Mis. Whitney can do. I wish I was as sure o' gettin' to Heaven as I am o' that."

"Hello, Hannah, what is it you're so sure of?" asked a musical voice as the subject of their discussion entered the kitchen.

"Nothin' much, Miss Margery." Hannah bent low over her ironing-board with flushed face. "Caleb was lippin' me as usual and I was tryin' to give him as good as he sent."

"An' she done it, Miss Margery," chuckled Caleb. "Trust a woman for that!"

Hannah hung the garment she had ironed on the clothes-bars and smiling looked at the girl. "Why, you look like an angel just dropped down from Heaven, Miss Margery, in that pretty new dress. Don't she, Caleb?"

"Wall, never havin' seen one o' them species, I reckon I hain't no proper jedge, but you do look mighty fine, Miss Margery."

"Thank you Caleb. Have you time to see if the skirt hangs all right Hannah? I didn't know Caleb was here or I wouldn't have come just now."

"I—I come to borrer the screw-drive," explained Caleb.

"You borrowed it yesterday, Caleb, and you can't git it again till you've brought it back once," innocently remarked Hannah, her eyes glued to the girl. "Of course I always have time for you, Miss Margery."

Caleb arose reluctantly. "Miss Margery looks like a bride, don't she, Hannah?" he inquired smiling significantly as he went away.

Hannah made no reference to his remark until, with the gravity of a judge settling an important case, she had decided that the skirt hung as it should.

"Your dress is beautiful enough for a weddin' garment—only as I told you before, you look, in all that white fluffy stuff more like an angel than a human bein'. Seems a pity they ain't no marryin nor givin' in marriage in Heaven, for the brides would look so sweet. I always picture angels as havin' big, dark-blue eyes an' shinin' gold hair jest like yours."

"You're such a flatterer, Hannah," smiled Margery, her pale cheeks flushing a delicate pink. "Aren't you afraid you'll spoil me?".

"Tellin' a body the truth never spoils anyone. Mr. Robert seen you in this dress yet?" Hannah questioned, trying hard to make the query sound casual.

"No, he hasn't. My stepmother brought it from the city yesterday. She made daddy buy it for me to wear to Mr. Lee's house-warming party next week. I didn't really need it and it cost a heap of money; it's a Paris dress. She says dresses made here haven't any style."

"What a crazy notion," sniffed Hannah. "Why, we've got dressmakers right here in this town that's as good as them Paris men that do the sewin' over there. Your dress is mighty pretty though an' I'm glad Mr. Robert'll see you in it at the party next week. He's goin', ain't he?"

"I hope so, Hannah, but—" her face shadowed. Before she finished, her stepmother appeard. Mrs. Whitney was a thin, over-dressed woman of Hannah's age. Her scanty peroxide hair was marcelled, her eyebrows visibly penciled and her sallow cheeks vividly rouged.

"Why, Margery, what are you doing in the kitchen?" she asked scornfully. "You'll be sure to soil your Paris gown in such a place! I've some news for you—that Parker fellow has sent regrets. Says he can't come to Reginald's house-warming because he's going away. Reginald says he knows it a mere pretense and is so indignant—for your sake. If he really had cared for you, he'd have come. Come on, dear! Reginald's going to take you out to the Cromwells in his new car, then he and I are going on to the city. We'll pick you up on our way back." Taking Margery's arm her stepmother hurried her away, stopping a second to call back, "you've had your orders for dinner, Hannah; see that they're carried out!"

After the two had left, Hannah ironed on like an automaton, her mind seething with indignation.

For twenty years she had been housekeeper in the Whitney home and after the death of Margery's mother she had devoted her life to the child's welfare. For her sake she had nipped in the bud her own love affairs.

"Didn't I promise Miss Margery's mother that I'd take care of her, and do you think you can make me break that promise?" she asked each persistent suitor. "Why, the man don't live who can make me leave her as long as she needs me!"

As the years passed all her love of romance centered in Margery's affairs. She carefully scrutinized all of the child's boy-lovers and finally selected Robert Parker as the most worthy. As she watched their rapidly growing attachment, she began to build gorgeous air-castles concerning the two.

Six months before had come the utterly unlooked-for marriage of Mr. Whitney. The new Mrs. Whitney heartily disapproved of the relationship existing between her stepdaughter and Hannah, and while she was too wily to do anything openly, she was constantly finding ways of interrupting their visits. Hannah's years of devotion to the girl counted as naught with her.

But dearer to her heart than the separation of the two was her determination to marry her stepdaughter to her nephew, Reginald Lee. In this way she would not only get rid of the girl but a wife like Margery would help her dissolute relative to settle down into a decent life and so free her from the anxiety she had suffered concerning him. So subtle had she been hitherto that even the Argus-eyed Hannah had been blind to her machinations.

"If I ain't been one big fool," Hannah moaned to herself as she folded the last garment and put away her ironing utensils. "And if Caleb hadn't said what he did, I wouldn't have suspected what she was tryin' to do even now. I'll always have to thank him for that. I've been blind as a bat to let that she-devil do as she has, but the game ain't finished yet. I'll beat her even now—though it'll prob'ly mean the poorhouse for me, if I go agin her."

Going to the phone she called Robert Parker's number and in a voice that shook like a wind-blown leaf told him he must come to her right away as she had something important to tell him.

"Ain't he and Miss Margery played hours and hours in my kitchen, and do you supoose I'm goin' to be afraid of him now?" she fiercely asked her trembling self as she awaited his coming. "Why he's always that smilin' and pleasant to meet that nobody needn't be scart o' him."

This reassuring image disappeared however as she admitted her visitor a few minutes later. His set face and unsmiling eyes made him seem a veritable stranger.

Dropping limply into a stiff-backed chair opposite him she remained silent a long moment wondering what to say. The kitchen clock ticked louder than she had ever heard it before. She fixed frightened eyes on a horizontal bar of sunshine that wavered on the wall—a fitting symbol of her own trembling uncertainty.

"Well, Hannah, why have you sent for me?" her visitor questioned. "You aren't in trouble, are you?"

"No—tain't me. It's you—you and Miss Margery."

"Margery in trouble?"

The consternation in his voice made Hannah surer of her ground and she hastened on, "Mr. Robert, don't you—don't you care for Miss Margery any more?"

For a moment he drew himself up haughtily. Then as he looked at Hannah's beseeching eyes, he answered as sincerely as she had hoped. "Yes, I do—care more that I ever knew a man could!"

"Why don't you come to see her as you used to?"

"She doesn't want me."

"Did she tell you she didn't?"

"Don't you think, Hannah, you're getting a little too personal?" he asked frigidly.

"Did she?"

"I'm not at liberty to say."

"You needn't, for I know jest who told you 'Twas Mis. Whitney."

"What difference does it make who told as long's it's true?" he asked impatiently.

"But it ain't!"

"What?" He sprang to his feet.

"It ain't true," Hannah repeated decisively.

"Are you sure, Hannah? Why, she said—I—I thought that Margery's fancy for me was just a childish feeling that she'd now outgrown!"

"If Mis. Whitney ain't the limit," sneered Hannah. "And you believed her. Why, Mr. Robert, I thought you had a mite o' common sense!"

"But girls don't often marry their first loves," he defended.

"Mis. Whitney's kind don't," she retorted.

"Hannah, for heaven's sake tell me the real truth! Isn't Margery in love with Lee?"

"Land sake, no!"

"But Lee has a fortune, and if a man loves a girl unselfishly he'll let her marry the man who can give her the most!"

"Quotin' Mis. Whitney again, ain't you? When folks love each other, money ain't got nothin' to do with it," she declared sentiously.

"Do you really believe, Hannah, that I could make Margery happier—with the little I have to offer—than Lee with all his money?" he asked breathlessly.

"Have you seen her lately?"

"I couldn't—under the circumstances!"

"Well, she's lookin' pretty peaked these days and I hain't heard her laugh like she does with you, for a long time. Of course I ain't sayin' for sure that she misses you—but mabby she does."

"Heaven knows I've missed——"

"A man can't feel them things like a woman," Hannah interrupted coldly superior. "Tain't in his nature." Then seeing Parker's hurt look, her eyes began to twinkle. "Miss Margery's at the Cromwells this afternoon. Her step-ma and Lee are goin' to call for her about six o'clock. Mabby you could beat his time, Mr. Robert."

"Hannah Weston, if you aren't a real sport, I never saw one," he stopped even in his haste to kiss her on each flaming cheek.

"I'm goin' to git Mis. Whitney the best dinner she's had since she come here to live," Hannah promised herself when her triumphant heart had grown calm enough for her to resume her work.

She was near the end of her elaborate preparation when Margery danced into the kitchen and flung herself into Hannah's outstretched arms.

"Oh, I'm so happy—and we owe it all to you! If you hadn't sent for Robert, I don't know what would have happened. "The color in her cheeks which outrivaled Hannah's fled but came back as she finished. "You see, Hannah, Robert thought I didn't care for him any more—that I was going to marry Reginald Lee." She lauguhed with scornful glee. "Wasn't that silly? But—but he says he believed it because he cared so much for me and wanted me to be happy—as if I could be happy with anyone else. Aren't men funny, Hannah? And he was going away tomorrow on a business trip—going without even saying good-by

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

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A jury of eleven artists — sculptors, craftsmen, painters and critics — picked this, the design of Miss Mary Bishop, as the lamp combining the most beautiful proportions, harmonious tones and practicable design of all those at the Art Alliance of America's exhibition of 1923.

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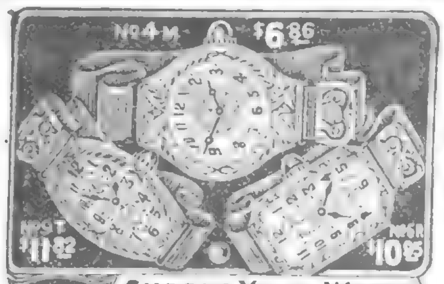

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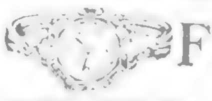

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Earrings

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

will be necessary. Make the drops of wax, attach with wire to the ring and fastener, then cover the ring and top completely with the wax. Blue, coral, black or any color may be used.

Waxing Large Pieces

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.

shores. Color these with a coat of light green, dry, then outline with a darker green.

The smaller bowl shows another way of allowing one color to flow over another in a very simple but effective manner. The vase behind the bowl is a very pretty blend of apple green at the top, run over a vase of bronze blue.

The bud vase at the right is of blues and greens dotted with orange.

A set of bottles for holding toilet articles may be decorated with bands and the words Bay Rum, Cologne or Ammonia.

A silk-covered jewel box such as is shown on page 23 is doubly attractive if finished with a group of wax roses.

The small perfume bottle is completely covered with small flowers cut of court plaster and hen covered with wax as described on page 23.

A Splendid Sealing Wax Outfit Free to COMFORT Club Raisers

For those readers who wish to take up the fascinating art of wax work we have procured a handy wax craft outfit which contains everything necessary for making all kinds of novelties such as are described in the foregoing article. This outfit contains twelve 4-inch sticks of fancy craft wax, two each of the following assortment of colors: black, gold bronze, jade, green, azure, old rose and verde green. This wax is made especially for decorative work. It is quick flowing, slow to burn and hardens with a brilliant lustre. The colors included in our assortment will produce an almost endless variety of [illegible] tones. The outfit also includes a wax melter or alcohol lamp with a wick and snuffer, a 5-inch needle, a small spatula and a wax moulder.

Special Offer for Wax—Reward No. 1882.

If you will send us only two one year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you free and prepaid twelve 4-inch sticks of decorative wax, two sticks of each color mentioned above. We will also include free of all charge a beautifully illustrated book of 24 pages showing all the many ways in which wax may be used for decorative purposes.

Special Offer for Complete Outfit—Reward No. 8344.

If you will send us four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents a year we will send you one complete wax craft outfit consisting of all the wax included in Offer 1882, with the addition of the spirit lamp, needle, spatula and moulder, all packed in fancy compartment box. You will also receive with this complete outfit the 24-page book mentioned in Offer 1882. Send all orders to

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMFORT Offers You Embroidery Articles at Slight Expense

In October "Embroidery Basket [illegible] 21 this [illegible] several [illegible] of [illegible] such many of COMFORT'S [illegible] anxious to make. The designs illustrated are simple but effective and described [illegible] that anyone can quickly make it.

Designs for the embroidery can be transferred to cloth by either the Hot Iron Transfer pattern or the Perforated Stamping pattern. To stamp with the hot iron method one needs only to spread the cloth smoothly on a table or ironing board and then place the pattern printed side down on the cloth and run a hot iron over the pattern.

The perforated pattern, as the name implies, is a series of perforations which correspond with the design to be worked, but is transferred to the cloth by a brush and stencil [illegible]. The [illegible] of the perforated pattern is in its [illegible]. With care [illegible] used dozens of times [illegible] hot iron pattern can [illegible] used but [illegible].

For those who prefer to purch[illegible] stamped with pattern all ready to work, COMFORT [illegible] all the essentials, cloth, floss or crochet [illegible] or you [illegible] your sele[illegible] 21 and then [illegible]

[illegible] W-[illegible]	
Stamped on Pameo Cloth	[illegible]
Hot Iron Transfer pattern	[illegible]
Perforated pattern	[illegible]
Floss to [illegible]	[illegible]
Crochet thread for edge	[illegible]
PINCUSHION—W-[illegible]	
Stamped on Pameo Cloth	[illegible]
Hot Iron Transfer pattern	10c
Perforated pattern	[illegible]
Floss to work	[illegible]
Crochet thread for edge	[illegible]
[illegible] W-[illegible]	
Stamped on linen huck	$1.[illegible]
Stamped on cotton huck	50c
Hot Iron Transfer pattern	10c
Perforated pattern	25c
Floss to work	10c
APRON—W-8	
Stamped on unbleached muslin	[illegible]
Hot Iron Transfer pattern	50c
Perforated pattern	50c
Floss to work	15c

(Transfer and perforated patterns include cutting lines)

CHILD'S EATING SET BIB—W-9	
Bib stamped on Butcher Cloth	20c
Hot Iron Transfer pattern	10c
Perforated pattern	20c
Floss to work	20c
TRAY CLOTH—W-10	
Tray stamped on Butcher Cloth	20c
Hot Iron Transfer pattern	10c
Perforated pattern	20c
Floss to work	20c

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

dition, that I am afraid you are going to have serious trouble. Better kill the hen that is now affected, and examine the intestines. Read answer to E. R. W. and J. R. in this issue.

W. S.—From your description of the condition of comb and throat, I think the hens must have been affected by one of the bacterial diseases which cause white diarrhea. Keep a close watch on all the flock and kill any suspicious looking birds, as the chicks that you have reared this season are very liable to carry the germs. It will be better to sell off the majority of your flock during the winter. Clean up the yards or the ground where the birds usually congregate and buy what eggs you want for hatching next spring.

E. R. W.—You were quite right in thinking the hen had tuberculosis and you will find it very difficult to eradicate. Tuberculosis fowls present a constant decrease in weight and the difficulty in breathing is quite manifest. In connection with every case of tuberculosis there is to be found at work as a factor in the disease, a germ—bacillus—and this germ must be present to confirm the diagnosis. There have appeared cases enough of tuberculosis in poultry yards, apparently contracted from sick cows, to warrant our being on the watch for all sources of possible trouble. Even a case of a single bird going "light," should be quarantined as a possible source of future trouble. Your best plan will be to kill and burn the sick fowl. It is not safe to depend upon burying the bird. It may become exposed through the efforts of some dog, and so become an object of danger. The sick birds disposed of, then turn your attention to the protection of the well members of your flock. Clean out at once all litter from the houses and yards. Take off a thin layer of soil from the earth floors of the pens, and a little from the bare yards near the houses. Brush up the insides of all the buildings and remove all the dust and cobwebs from the windows. Whitewash in a thorough manner the woodwork of the buildings, not forgetting the roosts and dropping boards. Last of all, scald all drinking and feed vessels. If you have the time and inclination to doctor some of the cases in the beginning of the disease, you will find the use of good tonics and cod liver oil to give fair results in a small proportion of the sick fowls. Birds that are really tubercular are seldom cured by any treatment. Any good emulsion of cod liver oil mixed with the mash will help nourish the fowl. For a tonic there is nothing better than the arsenate of iron in pill form, 1 50th grain each, twice a day. If the breathing is at all labored, the use of the syrup of hydriodic acid, five drops three times a day in mash will do much to relieve the condition.

J. R.—I am afraid the turkey has what is called blackhead—a name which is very misleading, as the head turning black is only one of the symptoms which develop occasionally when turkeys are in an advanced stage of the disease, which is especially characterized by sores in the cecum and liver, which are caused by a protozoan which has been called Ameba meleagridis, a minute protoplasmic animal, found to vary between six and ten millionths of an inch in diameter. While they are microscopic in size, they are at least three to four times larger than the red blood corpuscles but they are, nevertheless, small enough to float in the blood capillaries of the portal system from the cecum to the liver, where they seem to be stopped from going further. This short description of the parasite contains all that is of general interest; it may be summed up as follows: The ameba is a microscopic animal or parasite capable of living within the tissues of the turkey, its host. It can, therefore, eat, grow and reproduce itself in large numbers, thereby causing irritations destruction of the tissues and nearly always death of the invalid turkeys. The majority of young poults die after a day or two of droopiness. Adults may droop longer and pass into chronic stages of the disease. Refusal to eat and standing apart constitute late symptoms. Starvation in chronic cases causes thinness. When the disease in the cecum is light, it is doubtful if the affected animals have diarrhea, which is more or less present in other cases. In many of the older poults the droppings will be liquid and stained orange yellow; this is the most characteristic symptom of all. Sometimes there are blackened blood clots in the droppings, indicating slight hemorrhages. Experiments show that more than four-fifths of the young poults exposed to infected yards die before they are six weeks old. The disease has been popularly supposed to be one confined to older birds. It is notably a disease affecting young turkeys, but one from which the older turkeys do not escape. Of the one-fifth who do escape or survive its ravages, at least one to twenty per cent. may die, throughout the year, at almost any stage. Examination of the organs is the only sure means of telling the cause of death. The ameba are transmitted from diseased turkeys to others through the droppings, which contaminate the feed with which they come in contact. Evidence obtained here indicates that the ameba may also be carried by ordinary fowl, and may be transmitted to turkeys by them in the ordinary manner. So you see once again the importance of exercising strict cleanliness is impressed upon us poultry people, for if droppings are removed regularly there is little danger of infection. Plough up the old yards and ground where poultry usually congregate. Disinfect the coops and houses and don't let the turkeys roost in the same houses with the hens. An open shed is the best place for them, even in zero weather.

H. W.—Please read answer to J. R. in this issue.

A. C. H.—It is against our rules to publish breeders' addresses in this column. You must have some birds in your flock that are carrying and spreading the disease which is commonly called blackhead and which was supposed until recently to affect turkeys only, but which is now known to attack all poultry. Read answer to J. R. in this issue.

M. K.—Read answer to E. R. W. in this issue. I fear the ground on your place has been badly infested with germs from birds who are carrying tubercular germs, as both your young and old birds showed some symptoms last season.

I. B. L.—I cannot think that the birds are pure bred Buff Orpingtons, as you said that some of their legs are green. The Standard of Perfection, which is the only accepted authority, gives the following description for Buff Orpingtons: Comb, face, wattles and earlobes, bright red; beak, pinkish white; eyes, a reddish bay; shanks and toes, pinkish white; plumage, rich golden buff, bright and glossy; underbody, slightly lighter shade of buff, free from all foreign color. Weight: cock, 10 pounds; cockerel, 8½ pounds; hen, 8 pounds; pullet, 7 pounds.

[illegible] The condition you describe of mouth and [illegible] suggests that the birds have diptheria, which [illegible] roup and black- [illegible] is and probably [illegible] to cold and [illegible] favor its spread. The contagion [illegible] birds or [illegible] tions and there ex- [illegible] carried by pigeons [illegible] often an outbreak is [illegible] apparently well bird, [illegible] covered months before [illegible] gh the mucus which [illegible] which is forced out [illegible] the saliva, [illegible] excrement [illegible] the floors of the [illegible] troughs are at [illegible] the well ones [illegible] contaminated [illegible] a few days be- [illegible] mptoms though [illegible] than others. [illegible] of the throat, [illegible] eyes. At this time the general health is not yet affected and there is nothing [illegible] diptheritic deposit to indicate that the bird [illegible].

The treatment [illegible] with diptheria requires much time [illegible] as a rule does not pay. It is better to kill those affected, bury or burn their carcasses, disin[illegible] poultry houses and in that way eradicate the [illegible] on as possible, even if the whole flock [illegible] sacrificed.

If it is decided to [illegible] the sick birds, they should be removed from the flock and put in a comfortable, well-ventilated room which may be easily disinfected. Make a solution by dissolving two drams of common salt in a quart of warm water and with a soft brush or a pledget of absorbent cotton dipped in this solution gently brush or rub the false membranes until they are disintegrated or loosened from the underlying tissues. Sometimes it is necessary to scrape them off with a spoon or knife, but it must be done carefully so that bleeding will not be caused or the sensitive tissues injured. After the false membrane has been removed, moisten a pledget of absorbent cotton in a two per cent. solution of lysol or carbolic acid and apply it for a minute or two to the diseased surface. A solution which gives good results is made by dissolving 35 grains of chlorate of potash and two grains of salicylic acid in one ounce of water and adding one counce of glycerine. This may be applied to the diptheritic spots three or four times a day with a pledget of absorbent cotton.

* * *

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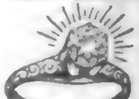

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SEE PAGE 28

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Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT,. Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

D. B., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and having a surviving widow and children, such surviving widow, in addition to certain allowances from the personal estate, would receive one-third of the personal and real estate; we think such widow would also be entitled to homestead rights in case decedent owned a homestead at the time of his death; we do not think widow's share can be cut off by will; we do not think that property in which decedent had but a life estate would form any part of decedent's estate; we think such property would be disposed of in the manner set forth in the will or other instrument under which decedent received his life estate

P. H., Kentucky.—We think if you have a proper reason for having your name legally changed you should make your application to your local courts; we think it will be necessary for you to employ a local attorney to prepare your papers for you.

Miss M. K., Iowa.—We do not think there is any basis for the superstition that the finding of a four-leaf clover will bring you luck, except that it may make you happy and all happy people are lucky.

Mrs G. I. I., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children may be legally disinherited by will provided the will is legally drawn and executed and the testator possesses testamentary capacity and no undue influence is exercised upon him at the time the will is made; we can form no opinion as to the advisability of signing the paper you mention without an examination of the same. (2.) We think that if the man from whom you purchased the house refuses to live up to his guarantee, it will be necessary for you to bring an action against him for the amount of damages you have suffered by reason thereof

M. F. E., West Virginia.—If the young man to whom you loaned the ring refuses to return same it will be necessary for you to bring an action or proceeding against him for its recovery

Mrs. J. B , Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that subject to right of dower and other charges thereon the estate of an intestate, if such intestate leaves no issue would all go to the surviving spouse if the estate does not exceed $7,500 in value, after payment of debts and expenses, such surviving spouse would also receive one-half of the excess above this amount, the balance of such excess going to the intestate's parents or their descendants depending upon who is left.

M A. T., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will, provided the testator possesses testamentary capacity and is not under undue influence of any other person at the time of making the will and provided the will is legally drawn and executed.

E. C., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the real and personal estate of any person dying without a will, which came to such intestate in any manner except by descent, devise or deed of gift, shall all go to the decedent's surviving husband or wife provided such decedent left no child nor descendant of a child.

A. E. W., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the holder of the note you mention can enforce the payment of the same against either of the endorses of such note in case the maker of the note has defaulted in the payment of such note.

Mrs. L. O. J., South Carolina.—Under the laws of both your state and the state of Missouri, we are of the opinion that in cases where the parents are separated the custody of the small children of the marriage is one for the court to decide taking into consideration the best interests of such children, the award of such custody being sometimes made to the father and sometimes to the mother and sometimes divided between them depending upon the evidence produced by such parents upon a hearing before the court

Mrs. C. P., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will provided the testator possesses testamentary capacity and no undue influence is exercised upon him at the time the will is made, and provided the will is legally drawn and executed. In the absence of a will we think your husband would inherit a child's part from his father's estate.

Mrs. L. S., Minnesota —We think the statute of Limitations has long since run against any claim you or your ancestors may have had to property formerly owned by your great-great grandfather.

Mrs. J. N. W., California.—It may be possible that you and your husband's property is held so that upon the death of one the whole property becomes the sole property of survivor, but we can form no opinion as to this without an examination of your title deeds and other documents; such property as stands in your husband's name alone would upon his death, without a will and without descendants, go one-half to you and the other half to his parents, if no parent, brother or sister, nor descendant of brother or sister it would all go to you, and in addition to above you would have certain small allowances and your homestead and community rights if there is any homestead or community property.

I. M., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that you cannot compel your brother to build you a house nor is he liable for your support; we think you can compel him to repay the money you loaned him, and that you are entitled to your share of the property left by your mother.

N B., New Jersey.—If your neighbor's insanity is of such a nature as to make her a menace to the public she should be committed to an institution for the insane.

Mrs. R. R., Oregon.—We do not think that marriages between first cousins are prohibited by the laws of Alabama, California, Colorado, Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Mexico, New York, New Jersey, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas and Washington.

Mrs. A. S., Pennsylvania.—If your local assessor has assessed your property for an excessive amount you can appeal to your county or state boards of taxation but we think it might be wise for you to go further into the matter before taking any such steps as the amount you mention does not seem to us to be as high as the assessments in many places.

Mrs. M. S , Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and more than one child, such widow, in addition to certain small allowances would receive one-third of the estate after payment of debts and expenses, regardless of whether the decedent's children were the children of such widow or by a previous marriage.

Mrs. B. L. G., Arkansas —We think that if your mother-in-law resided in your state at the time of her death you could procure information from the county clerk of the county in which she resided as to whether any will has been filed for probate; we think she had a legal right to cut off your daughter's inheritance rights by will provided she, at the time of the execution of the will, possessed testamentary capacity, and no undue influence was exercised upon her, and provided the will was legally drawn and executed.

Mrs. W. T. T., Ohio.—We think the person who holds the note you mention should bring an action against the maker of the note to enforce the payment; we think the holder is entitled to enforce his right of payment as soon as there is any default in the payment of either principal or interest; we think that if the holder of the note neglects to enforce the payment of the same his right to enforce such payment will in time be barred by the statute of inheritance if the same is not already barred, in which event it would, of course, be too late to sue

L. M. H., Maine.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will and having no child nor descendant, the surviving husband, in addition to certain small allowances, would receive one-half of the estate after payment of debts and expenses, the balance of the estate going to decedent's kindred, if no kindred, the husband would receive the whole estate; we think the husband would be entitled to be appointed administrator of the estate, but that any person in interest, upon the proper application to the probate court, can object to, and compel him to account if he neglects to account to the court and to the persons interested in the estate after a proper period of time for administration has expired.

Mrs. E. G. H., Maryland.—We think you should make your application for adoption of the child you mention to your local court, if both parents are dead, the consent of the child's nearest friend should be procured

Mrs. E. P., Texas —Under the laws of Arkansas, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man having no will and leaving no child nor descendant, his surviving widow would receive dower of one-half of the lands and one-half of the personalty in her own right if the estate be a new acquisition, as against collateral heirs; but as against creditors, to one-third; and if the estate be ancestral, to one-third of the personalty absolutely and a one-third life estate in lands.

Mrs. M. N., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man leaving no will, his widow would receive one-third of his separate personal estate and a life estate in one-third of his separate real estate, the balance of his separate property going to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share; the widow would also receive her one-half share of the common or community property of the husband and wife.

Mrs. S. B., Missouri.—We think the property left by your uncle who died in Kansas, would be disposed of in the manner set forth in his will unless such will is set aside; we think any person who would inherit from him in case of intestacy would have a legal right to contest same, provided there were any grounds for such a contest; we think the usual grounds for a will contest are lack of testamentary capacity, undue influence, that the will was not legally drawn or executed, or that such will did not express the testator's true interest.

Mrs. J. B W., Minnesota.—We think that the payment of the note given by the young man you mention can, when the same becomes due, be enforced against any property this young man may own except such as is exempt by law from levy under execution

R. A. J., Kentucky.—If the road you mention has been thrown open, to the public for a long period of years, we think it cannot now be closed by any of the adjoining owners.

Hannah Takes a Hand

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

to me, and he was going to stay away for months and months. Now I'm going to marry him and go too. And I'm going to be married in the Paris dress—you know Hannah, you said it looked like a wedding dress. Aren't you glad?"

"Of course I am, dear," Hannah answered although she caught her breath at the words. Miss Margery going to be away for months and months—that had not entered into her calculation. How could she live without her? But she mustn't let Miss Margery know how she felt—there would be time enough for mourning after.

So she rejoiced unreservedly in the girl's happiness until Margery finally danced away, calling back mischievously, "If you miss me while I'm gone, Hannah, Caleb Hewitt will console you!"

Hannah blushed furiously. It was true that his company would help much in her loneliness. She liked his teasing ways and couldn't she take him down several pegs by telling him that his prophecy concerning Miss Margery's marriage had failed?

A few minutes later the I-told-you-so expression on her face faded quickly as the kitchen door flew open and Caleb stamped in—his face a veritable thundercloud.

"Why, Caleb, what is the matter?" she asked in alarm.

"That blasted Whitney woman. She's madder than a hatter about something an' she tried to take it out on me. I wouldn't have minded that so much but when she told the Mister that you were a meddlin' woman—I told her I wouldn't work for her if she'd pay me a million a minute. I'm goin' up stairs right now, pack up, an' git out o' her house tonight!"

"O Caleb—don't," she began; but her heart sank down like a bombed submarine as he shot up the stairs regardless of her appeal.

She thought Miss Margery's going was trouble enough but here was another terrible calamity! With Caleb gone there was nothing left. Mrs. Whitney wouldn't let her stay here even if she herself had been willing to stay. Where could she go? She was too old to get another place. When people couldn't stay where they were and there was no other place for them to go, what *did* they do? She sat still, for her very muscles seemed paralyzed and her usually active mind atrophied.

At last, hearing Margery's voice in the hall, she went to the door, forcing her tense lips into a mechanical smile.

"Hello, Hannah," Robert Parker cried as he entered the kitchen with Margery. "We're in an awful hurry so I can't stop to tell you again what a brick you are. I'm after Hewitt now—thought he was here".

"He just went up stairs, Mr. Robert."

Parker called up the stairs and a moment later Caleb Hewitt came into the kitchen.

"Miss Margery and I are going to be married tomorrow—" Parker began——

"You be,' Caleb interrupted in surprise. "Wall, if that don't beat me! Hannah 'lowed as how you two would git married. Trust a woman for knowin' how things are coming out." His blue eyes began to twinkle as he took a step toward her, then stopped short at Parker's next words.

"Mr. Whitney says you are leaving his service and as we're going away to be gone for months I wondered if I couldn't get you to stay at my place and take care of things while we're gone—and after we come back too. I'm willing to pay you the same wages as you've been getting here."

"Thank you, Mr. Parker, I sure like the job—if—if—" he shifted from one foot to the other, his face getting redder and redder as he tried to finish.

"If what, Caleb? I'm willing to do anything I can do to induce you to take the job."

"'Tain't you, Mr. Parker," Caleb waved aside his offer in embarrassment. "It's—it's Hannah. If I kin git her to go too—as my wife—I'll be mighty glad to take it."

"Good!" Parker clapped Caleb on the shoulder encouragingly. "The very best possible thing for you both—and for us. What do you say, Hannah?"

"Please say yes, Hannah, please do," Margery begged "Of course you were to live with us after we came back, so you'll just be going to your own home a little sooner."

Hannah turned her astonished eyes first to one then to the other. Was it all a joke? Then as Caleb with earnest pleading eyes came toward her, she threw her gingham apron over her head and began to sob softly.

Margery reached her first and encircled her with protecting arms. "Don't cry, Hannah dear,—please don't. You needn't marry Caleb if you don't want to!"

Hannah removed her apron in quick alarm. "'Tain't that," she explained smiling tearfully. "I ain't cryin' 'cause I don't want to marry Caleb, I'm jest cryin' 'cause I'm too happy—to stop!"

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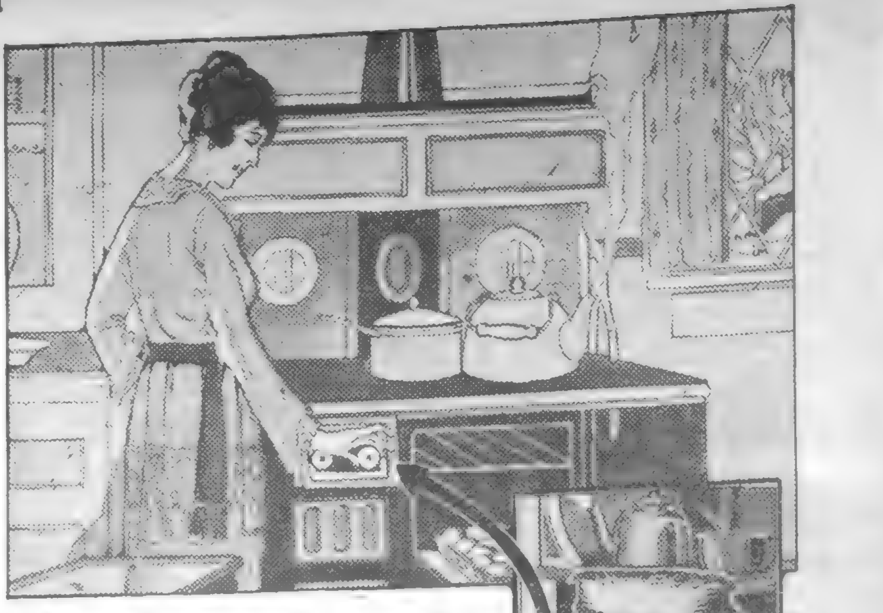

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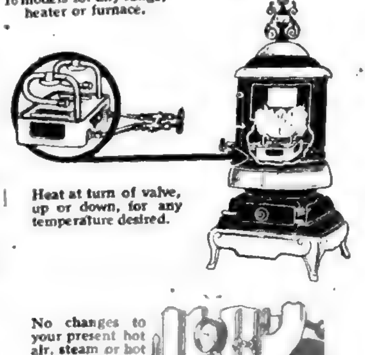

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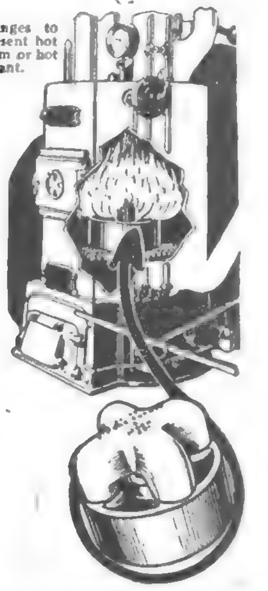

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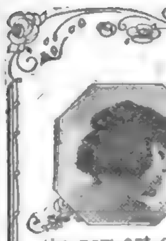

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Brownie's Triumph

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

"My precious one," Adrian continued, "I have been searching for you all night long. I came hither to see you last evening, and they told me you had disappeared in the most mysterious manner. Not knowing which way to turn to find you, I started for Dunforth again in despair, but something seemed to be holding me back, and I have roamed over the park and the forest, the highways and byways, all night. As daylight approached, I resolved to return to the Hall and inquire if any clew had been gained during the night and then I saw you coming through this grove. Dearest, how cold you are," he added, tenderly, "and how you tremble. Did I frighten you? Come back into the shadow of yonder chapel, and tell me how it is that I find you thus alone and unprotected from the cold night air?"

He wrapped his cloak about her, for the mist was settling down into a fine rain, while the air grew more piercing and chill, and he almost bore her back to the door of the old chapel, where they were screened from observation and protected somewhat from the wind.

He chafed the little icy, quivering hands, and kissed the warmth and color back to her pale cheeks. But it was long before she was herself again, for now that she realized that she was safe, her strength all forsook her, and she lay almost lifeless in his arms. But at last she was able to whisper something of the story of her fearful experience, and a mighty wrath arose in his heart against the authors of it all.

"I mistrusted they might have had some hand in it last night, but they shall pay dearly for this shameless insult to you, my dearest," he muttered, between his set teeth.

Then he became suddenly silent and thoughtful, but still holding her hand in his loving embrace, until she grew warm and strong again, while a sense of security and happiness began to steal over her, until she felt that she could return to the Hall, if need be, and face them without a tremor, with him by her side.

But he had been revolving other matters in his mind. He had been greatly startled and surprised to learn that Lady Randal had another son, and had been criminally concealing it all these years, and he classed her with the others as a false and heartless woman.

He knew that Lady Ruxley was very fond of her companion, but he knew her temperament, and was unwilling that Brownie should remain longer with her in that capacity, while, after the events which had so recently transpired, he did not deem it wise to seek her as a protector for the young girl, as he had planned to do, for any length of time. He could not feel safe about her while the Coolidges were near.

Finally, he raised the beautiful face which was resting against his bosom, and, with a look of infinite tenderness, asked:

"Darling, it is settled, is it not, that you belong to me now?"

"Yes, Adrian, wholly."

"And you will trust me fully, from this time forth?"

"I trust you fully," and the little hands fluttered confidingly in his.

"Then, little one—my Brownie, will you come to me now, and let me make you my own wife today—or at least as soon as that is possible? I feel that I cannot allow you to be exposed to such suffering and insult for another hour."

He felt her heart leap against his own at his words, but she did not reply.

"Darling," he questioned, "am I putting your love and faith in me to too severe a test?"

"Today! so soon—oh, Adrian!" she whispered, and he could see wave on wave of rich color surging up over her lovely face.

"Will you love me better by waiting a week—a month— or a year?" he asked, gravely.

"No, oh, no!" she said, quickly.

"Can you bear for a moment to think of going back to the old life?"

She nestled closer to her lover, and he answered for her:

"No, dear, you cannot, and you have nowhere else on earth to go but to the one who loves you best, Brownie," he continued, with tender authority, "you are mine—you have freely given yourself to me, and now I am not willing that you should go back to face those wolves until I have an indisputable right to go with you to demand proper respect for you, and the restitution of your property, without the possibility of a repetition of the insult and suffering to which you have heretofore been subjected. I know all the objections you would raise," he went on. "I have thought them all over carefully. Lady Ruxley's anxiety upon your account, the misconstruction which will be put upon your mysterious absence, the notoriety of a clandestine marriage, etc. But I think it will do them all good to suffer a little upon your account, without it is Lady Ruxley. And as to the other reasons, I do not care a straw for them. In fact, our marriage will not be so very secret, since I announced the fact of our engagement to the whole company assembled in the drawing-room last evening, and told Sir Charles I should marry you just as soon as possible."

"Adrian! did you do that?" demanded Brownie, looking up astonished.

"Certainly I did. You do not suppose I could sit tamely by and listen to all their remarks and surmises without making an effort to silence them, do you?"

"But it was very brave and noble in you; few would have braved public opinion like that," and she lifted her red lips to give him a voluntary kiss of gratitude.

"What had I to brave, my darling? I shall be proud to call you by that dearest name in the world—wife; and since they all know now that I mean to make you such, they cannot say that you have run away with me. We will go to London today. I will get a special license, and you shall be my wife tomorrow."

"But—but—" she began, with a troubled face.

"No, dear," he interrupted, smiling, as he read her thought, "you shall not go alone with me. My old nurse and her daughter shall go with us to make everything proper. Nurse Clum will do anything in the world for me, and keep any secret I intrust to her. Milly, her daughter, has long been trying to get a situation as lady's maid, and we will make one for her at once, thus doing a charitable deed, as well as make ourselves happy. In a week's time, less if you desire, we will return to Vallingham Hall, claim your property, and right that other wrong; while with me by your side, you will be freed from the possibility of insult from any one. Will you go with me, dear?"

"But you have relatives, I fear——"

"I am my own master, my darling, and no one can say me nay upon this most vital point," he replied, gravely, yet with decision.

"I will go with you, Adrian," she said, simply.

"Bless you, my own!" he exclaimed, joyfully, then added, in tones of regret: "It is not a fitting way to wed you, I know—not as I had fondly hoped it would be, when I planned to lead you before my friends, and wed you openly, as befits your station and mine; but," he added, lightly, "when once we are settled we will make a great feast, and all shall do honor to my wife. But we must not delay longer if we would escape observation. But, first, I have something for you—I brought it last evening." He then took the ring from his pocket and put it upon her finger, saying as he did so: "There, that seals our vows so far."

He then took his cloak from his own shoulders, and, wrapping it closely around her, led her by an unfrequented path to the spot where he had left his carriage.

He drove directly to Nurse Clum's where, giving his betrothed into Milly's hands to be fed and cared for, he secured a private interview with the former, told her his plans, and what he thought necessary of the circumstances which seemed to make them advisable.

The faithful old nurse shook her head when he told her that he was braving his grandfather's displeasure; but she saw he was determined upon the course he had marked out, and she could not say him nay.

Milly was delighted at the prospect of being lady's maid to a bride, and was charmed with the sweet lady who was to be Master Adrian's wife.

They took as early a train as possible from West Malling, in order to escape observation, and before noon they were all comfortably settled in London, Brownie and her two companions having an elegant suite of rooms at the Langham Hotel, in Portland Place, the most fashionable quarter of the city, while Adrian returned to his own private apartments in St. James street.

Before sundown he had procured the special license, and believed himself the happiest man alive, the only cloud being the disapproval of his grandfather, and this he trusted that time would overcome.

Meantime, Brownie, in company with Milly, visited a fashionable ladies' furnishing house, and procured the most suitable outfit it was possible to procure at so short a notice, and gave orders for several other articles of apparel which she would need in the future.

The next morning a quiet little wedding party alighted at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, at eleven o'clock, and, leading his beautiful betrothed proudly up the grand aisle, Adrian Dredmond stopped before the gray-haired rector, and the twain were made one.

It was a very sweet but solemn face which looked up into Adrian's when he paused a moment in the vestibule and whispered, tenderly:

"God bless my own wife!"

But her eyes, as he pressed that first kiss upon her lips, were full of happiness and trust, and he knew that he had it in his power to make her life very bright. It was well for him, however, that he had not betrayed to her the fact of his grandfather's disapproval, nor what he was likely to forfeit by his alliance with her, else all the pride of a royal race would have risen within her, and that fair April day would not have seen Brownie Douglas, Adrian Dredmond's bride!

TO BE CONTINUED

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The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

NEBRASKA GIRL.—Yes, you are a little over weight for your height. Taking this into consideration, and your statement that you are very constipated always, I should judge that you are eating improperly, choosing foods which make fat and constipate. You can overcome constipation merely by eating the proper foods, and omitting the improper ones. You should cut out all potato and white bread, at once, and eat very few sweets, none at all between meals. Do not eat griddle cakes, biscuits, pies, or fried foods, all of which, in your condition, certainly will make you constipated. Eat a large dish of prunes every morning, soaked for twenty-four hours, then cooked slowly until soft, no sugar. Eat an orange at night, eat apples, raw or baked. Bran muffins will be good for you, spinach, plenty of water to drink. Omit coffee and tea. Chew all your food, each mouthful, until it is liquid before swallowing. Your oily hair may be due to the bodily irregularities caused by your constipation. Get your whole body in good shape and your hair will probably follow suit. In the meantime, you may wash it once a week if its oily condition makes this necessary.

SIBYL.—With a height of five feet, four inches, you should weigh one hundred and thirty-five pounds when you are fully developed; you do not give your age, but whatever it is you are much below weight, evidently. Go to work to build up. This will make your hair grow, it is not getting sufficient nouishment from the body now. As to "reducing bust," my dear, I do not see any indication that you need to reduce your bust; it certainly cannot be very large when your weight is only 102. You should have a 38-inch bust, 38-inch hips, 28-inch waist. The shiny nose should be bathed regularly, not only when you take an entire body bath every day, as of course you do, but during the day. Use a soft cloth and bathe it carefully. Rub a tiny bit of cold cream into the facial skin, including the nose, wipe off any surplus thoroughly with a soft bit of cotton, then apply a very little powder. This is if you are a fully grown young woman. If you are still in your teens, it will be better for your skin and your beauty if you omit powder and cream, merely bathing thoroughly, and keeping the bowels open twice daily. As to the pimples, they, too, come from improper feeding. As soon as you regulate your diet properly, eat plenty of nourishing food, and not too many sweets, the pimples will go away.

BOBBY.—For your height, you should weigh 135 pounds, which means that you are 47 pounds over weight. You are right in deciding to cut out all sweets and fat-building materials, but your menu contains many of them. You could never reduce on that menu. Sausage, cereals, white bread, ham, butter, wheat bread, are all fattening. So is corn bread. The foods which are forbidden if you wish to reduce as much as need to are: pork in any form, butter, wheat in any form, rice, oats, corn, cheese, cream, milk, olive oil, macaroni, sugar, potato, green corn, figs, bananas, grapes, grape juice, chestnuts, walnuts, raisins. If you will write to the Bureau of Argiculture, Washington, D. C., and ask them to send you one of their pamphlets containing dietary charts, they will do so. While the forbidden list seems long, the list of what you may eat is quite generous. You can eat lean meat of any kind, except pork, you can eat practically all green vegetables, you can eat fish and fresh fruit, chicken, duck, geese, eggs oysters, etc. You could have for instance Hamburg steak with onions, sliced tomatoes on lettuce, but without any oil dressing, and sliced oranges, or you could have roast turkey, cauliflower, celery and apple salad. Or boiled beef with spinach, string beans, baked apple. Only you must remember that you cannot put butter with your vegetables, nor sugar with any dish. You can make a salad dressing by adding one teaspoonful of tomato catsup to two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a quarter of a teaspoonful of mustard and a pinch of salt and paprika. Or you can use a boiled salad dressing, without any sugar in it, made with eggs, vinegar, mustard, salt, pepper, paprika, according to recipes you will find in any cook book. A good meal would be boiled tongue, mashed turnip, apple salad with celery and boiled dressing. Left-over tongue you can chop fine and mix with string beans or other vegetables to give them a flavor which you have been accustomed to getting from butter. You can eat cold chicken with sliced tomatoes, grapefruit salad. There are a hundred and one things you can eat, but you must not fry anything or cook with butter or any other fat in them, and you must not use sugar, milk or cream. You eat too hearty a breakfast in any case. If you are really in earnest about reducing, you would better eat nothing for breakfast but a grapefruit or orange or a dish of prunes. Then eat a meal at noon, but you must not eat a large quantity of anything. At night have a simple supper. There is only one way to reduce when one has gone so much over weight, and that is to eat nothing which supplies fat to the body. In this way, the body will use up some of its own fat. You can reduce after the first two or three weeks, about two pounds a week, if you are faithful. I have a friend who lost ten pounds the first two weeks, and after that two pounds a week. But there is nothing more fattening than the breakfast you have outlined! The amount of food eaten at a meal has something to do with the size of the hips and waist, so eat less. Then see that the bowels are active. Your bust should measure 38 inches, your hips 38, your waist 28. It will be hard work, but it is worth it!

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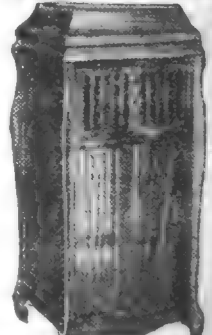

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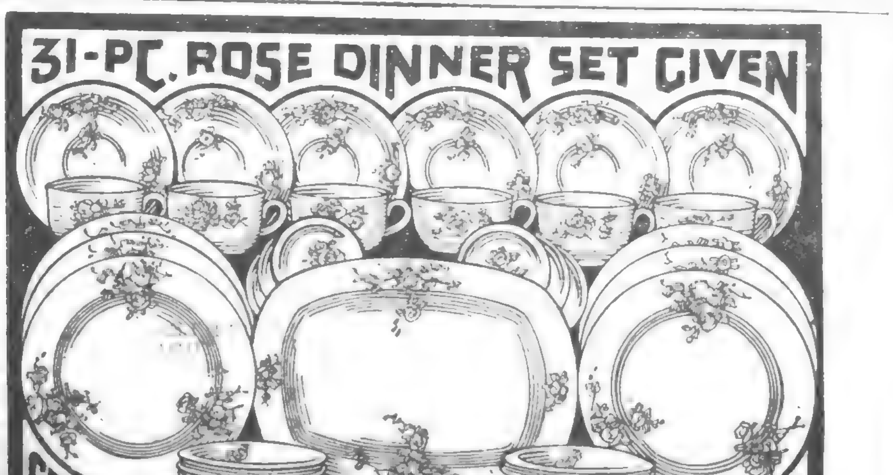

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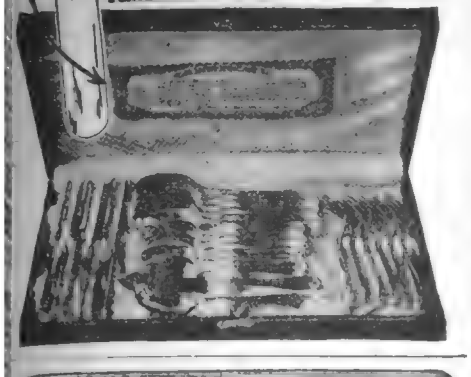

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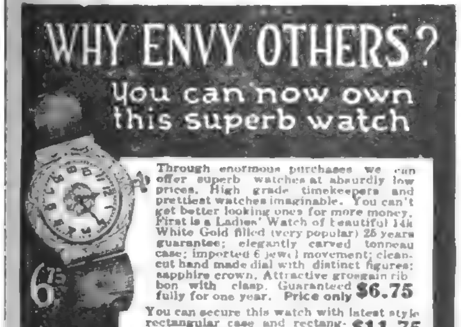

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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

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> *"There are plenty of little joys in life*
> *But I don't know one that is better*
> *Than the feeling of satisfaction that comes*
> *When I've answered my very last letter."*

THAT'S the way I feel when I've answered all your letters, much as I like to do it. But to tell the truth, and I do enough to keep in practice, this exalted feeling was forced upon me several days earlier than usual. The Power behind the Press came to me and said, "Marion" (sometimes he's very familiar, calls me Marion 'n' everything, just as though I wasn't grown up and wore short dresses) "hurry up and get your Talks with Girls ready." Think of that! But I hurried, they were almost done anyway, because he is the sort of person you just naturally like to please, and I don't mind if he does call me "Marion." It's more friendly and I like friendly people. Don't you?

RUBIE, ARKANSAS.—Maybe he couldn't live without you, but he manages to keep alive long enough to go around with other girls. Use your head.

LYDIA, ALABAMA.—"Almost" asking you to marry him "ain't is," so don't begin your trousseau on the strength of it. (2). Wait until you meet each other before you talk about marriage. You are taking enough of a chance then but there's no need of taking unnecessary chances.

MARY, NEW MEXICO.—What do you mean by "dancing all the odd dances together." Mary, I didn't think that of you. If the dances in New Mexico are any odder than some I've seen here I'm going to New Mexico and take lessons and come back and open a dancing school.

ALMA, INDIANA.—If you don't mind sharing your sweetheart with other girls, far be it from me to curb your generous spirit. I don't think he loves you.

LONESOME CHERRY BLOSSOM, GEORGIA.—It is difficult for a girl to obey the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," when Pa and Ma don't agree. The only way I can see out of the difficulty is to get your mother to intercede for you and win father's consent.

NETA, MISSOURI.—Instead of warning your girl chum against your brother and preventing their marriage, why don't you have a serious talk with him and ask him to give up his bad habits for her sake. It might be well to tell her the truth about him and enlist her aid in making a better person of him. This may be the turning point in his life. Of course if he is utterly beyond redemption and would make her very unhappy, you should prevent the marriage if you can, but at twenty-seven there should be every chance for him, particularly with two sweet girls working with him and for him. Get her to postpone the marriage until he shows signs of reforming.

TRUE BLUE, ALABAMA.—The minister of your church or town should be able and willing to advise you as to what is best for you to do. Tell him how your father mistreats you and your younger brothers and sisters and surely he will suggest some way of making your life easier.

LITTLE ONE, NEW YORK.—Because your life has been so devoid of affection you would be likely to think yourself in love with the first man who was kind and affectionate. I don't say you are not in love now, but be careful. If he shouldn't be faithful (I think he will be) remember it was kindness and love you were in love with and not the man himself. By all means let him bring you an engagement ring. You could be very practical and tell him to save the money he would spend for a ring but you would be cheating him and yourself out of the thrill that goes with the engagement ring that is truly a love token and not a symbol of a bank account. Save money but not at the expense of everything beautiful in your life.

HEARTBROKEN GIRL, TEXAS.—My dear, your heart isn't broken; it isn't dented, even, though the varnish may be a scratched a trifle; but that isn't serious. Is it your love that is hurt or just your vanity? Be honest with yourself and admit that if he still wanted you, you wouldn't care whether you had him or not. Anyway, you have only yourself to blame and you can't say that he "has done you wrong," because you were the one to do all the heavy giving up. However, if you think you truly love him and want him, you can't afford to keep on chasing him. You apologized and asked him to come back and that's enough for you to do. In the future, act as if he didn't mean a thing to you; don't weaken for an instant nor show that you care, but be indifferently friendly at all times, and always a wee bit nicer to some other fellow than you are to him. If this doesn't bring him back you are likely to find consolation elsewhere.

SEVENTEEN, KANSAS.—Being "very fond" of a boy doesn't mean that you love him, and unless you are actually unhappy over the cessation of his letters, why bother to find out "why" he doesn't write. There's a streak of Pandora in all women. Know who she was? If your mother has asked him to stop writing to you, then both he and you should respect her wishes. When you are older—but that's another story.

CLARE, INDIANA.—Of the two, the poor boy seems the more desirable. He is resourceful, as shown by his method of keeping the other one away from you, and because of that and the fact that he knows the value of money, he may be rich himself someday. If the rich boy lost the money his parents left him, he wouldn't know how to work, or more important, how to save, and you'd be worse off than if married to the poor one.

L., ALABAMA.—A wrist watch shouldn't be given instead of a wedding ring, even if you have one ring already. I suppose you have a book too. If he was too busy to put on his socks before he came to see you, he was too busy for visiting. That's a new one. Tell me, did he bring them with him, rolled up and put into his pocket, and put them on after he got there? Some girls have all the luck. Nothing exciting like that ever happened to me. All the men that come to see me are fully dressed.

RAVEN LOCKS, WISCONSIN.—It is gratifying to know you followed my advice and that it helped you. You will find that as you grow older and meet more people you will become less bashful. The expression, "I'll show you that my heart's in the right place," is not an anatomical one. It means that the person has good intentions and is generous.

BLUE EYES, GEORGIA.—It would have been just as easy to have been introduced to you as to have given a girl a note for you, and much more respectful. After meeting you he could have asked you to correspond with him. You shouldn't have written to him and certainly you should not write now that he doesn't answer your letters. Be pleasant when you meet him at school, but don't let him take any of your time or thoughts away from your studies.

BLUE-EYED LUE—What do I think of a boy who calls on one girl five or six nights a week and goes to see another on Sunday? I think he must be able to do without sleep, another Edison maybe. I think he needs a change, too, and if I were the girl I'd be grateful for a little time to myself—to have another fellow.

INEZ AND MARY, OKLAHOMA.—Don't leave parties to go car riding with boys your senior or junior either. (2). Don't let a boy kiss you good night or good morning. (3). If I loved a boy and wanted to win his love how would I do it? Theoretically, I'd find out what kind of a girl he admired most and make myself like her. Actually, I haven't the slightest idea how I'd go about it. (4). Don't go to the theater or anywhere else with a boy you've "picked up." It is very dangerous. (5). A courtship of one month is rather too short and I wouldn't advise marriage at the end of that time unless the participants were 69 and 74 years of age. At that age they can't afford to waste much time, but at your age you can afford to wait a year or two.

BROWN EYES, NEW MEXICO.—My dear girl, don't be nasty-nice and let your brown eyes see evil where only beauty should be seen. Besides, if you are going to be so modest and object to the incident in the movies, be consistent about it and don't watch people in bathing. Doesn't that offend you? I'll bet you put ruffles on your tablecloths so the legs of the table can't be seen. Be modest, but in the right way. (2). The man should walk on the outside always and it wasn't necessary that he should take your arm unless to assist you over a rough place. Doubtless he means all right but is just thoughtless, as evinced by things you have told me, and if you don't like him, don't go around with him. I should say he wasn't especially refined. Surely you are clever enough to find a plausible excuse for not going.

BOBBY, TENNESSEE.—It seems to me it would be best for your fiance to let you live with your sister in the west, until you know your own mind. It may be that you love him as you should love the man you marry, but because you have always been fickle and flirtatious you are not capable of recognizing real love when you experience it. He has four years of hard study ahead of him and if you marry him you must make up your mind to give up your present habits because flirting would be likely to worry him and unfit him for serious study. If you can't help him, don't hinder him.

BROWN EYES, ALA.—Let him come to you. (2). Always, the lady speaks first.

A. B., TENNESSEE.—How could anyone named "Cloud" be the "sunlight" of your life? Your parents are right, you are too young to marry now. They may think differently about it by the time you are through training. Don't get the fool idea into your head that because you are going to be married there is no need of you completing your training. You will be a better wife and mother for it and able to care for yourself and children if the need arises.

TROUBLED HEART, TEXAS.—If his declaration of love was accompanied by an offer of marriage, then you could allow him to kiss you, but because you are so young I'd advise you to wait a year or two before getting married. Better be sure than sorry.

TROUBLED WIFE, OHIO.—Don't wait until living with and working for your in-laws has got to be a settled thing. Your husband should work for you and for a home for you and himself. If necessary, tell him your reasons for not wanting to live with his mother and if she continues to be disagreeable, make your home a long distance from her. That's better than living near and quarrelling all the time. Let him help them in a financial way if they need it, but don't sacrifice your home happiness by living with them.

Yours, with good intentions,
COUSIN MARION.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

I would like to write a longer letter to you, but the hours of the night are slipping away fast and it is necessary for me to stop this chatter. I wish that I could meet you and give you all a good hearty, friendly handshake—the kind you wouldn't forget, or couldn't forget if you tried. But some of you live so far away that I fear my arm, which is long and flexible, would even then never, never reach to where you are. So tonight I am sending you my best regards and thoughts—and remember that I am thinking of all of you. If you, by chance, have no radio, I should enjoy hearing from you all by aid of another of our Uncles—Uncle Sam. You can get in touch with me by addressing "them" to

A niece and cousin, FRANCES HARRIS.

I was mighty glad to get your signal, Frances. I listened to your call for quite a while before I recognized it. Bill insisted it was a rat gnawing at our potato barrel in the front cellar, and, anyway, he has got the headpiece so adjusted for his slightly lengthy ears that I cannot hear well through the darn thing at all. But now that I have heard it, I say, of course you shall be a cousin, Frances, and a niece as well. You may carry on friendship by freight, mail or radio, just as you please. If the telegraph was thought to be a wonder-worker upon arrival, what should be said of the wireless? All these discoveries that help to link sections, nations and individuals are the ones that count. The radio, in its present accomplishment, is like a puling infant of science—but its adult possibilities are stupendous.

Speaking of camping, Frances, you did not mention all the joys. For instance, sitting for hours watching the mosquitoes bob and murmur playfully about one's head and ankles, or trying to light a fire with damp wood at 5 A. M. of a rainy morning by the lakeside. Sifting the ants out of the sugar and removing them forcibly from the cake is another restful joy that relieves tension and might make a frazzled teacher think of clean silver and a white table-cloth. Yet I like to camp, Frances, and I have camped, literally, for years of my life. Sometimes by the shore and sometimes in mountains perhaps no less lovely than your Cherokee playground. To camp, is to satisfy the primitive instincts we all have and which civilization cruelly irons and starches out of us until we are, most of us, as stiff and useless as a hard-boiled shirt or high collar. It's good to get this civilized armor off as often as possible and be for a while as free as—well, as a mosquito or black ant.

I hope you enjoy your camping trip, Frances. I think when you get back you will find that your two uncles, working together, have well started you off in the happy business of carrying on friendship by mail—and perhaps male.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

Lye—a Dangerous Poison

The carelessness with which lye is placed within the reach of children would not be so common if the fact that it is a dangerous poison were more generally known. Lye may be purchased at any grocery, and the labels of the most of the commercial brands print no warning whatever that the contents of the package are poisonous. Death within a short time after lye is swallowed is not uncommon. If the patient survives the results are lamentable.

—*Hygeia.*

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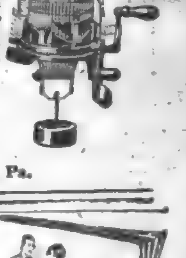

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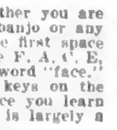

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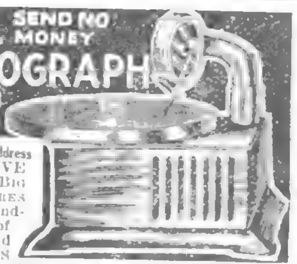

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Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not relating to the special departments elsewhere in the paper, will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address but we will print only initials if so requested.

Mrs. L. W. D., Maine.—Hams to be smoked should be hung up for a week or ten days in a cool place before smoking. This adds much to the tenderness of the meat. Care must be taken that the meat remains sweet and untainted during this period of keeping. A teacupful of salt, a tablespoonful of molasses and an ounce of saltpeter should be mixed together for each ham that is to be cured. The hams or bacon should be put into some large receptacle and rubbed with this mixture—which should be heated before applying. Let the meat remain for two days after this mixture has been rubbed in. Now make a brine from one and a half pounds of salt, one-half pound of sugar and one-eighth ounce of saltpeter to each gallon of water. The saltpeter should be first dissolved in a little hot water and then added to the mixed brine. In this brine let the hams or bacon remain for three weeks, then remove from brine, soak in cold water overnight, and hang up for a week longer. The smoking may then be done and should last for a period of three or more days, being careful not to heat the hams. Apple tree wood and corn cobs are best to burn. The ham should be suspended hock down and far enough from the fire so that overheating does not occur. If you have no regular smoke house, meats may be smoked on a small scale by suspending under a hogshead. The smoked meat may be tied up in cheese-cloth or burlap and kept until used. It takes time and care to cure meats well, but the time taken is well spent—when a juicy slice of broiled ham or some crisp appetizing home-cured bacon can appear on the breakfast table as a result of thought and effort. The chief fault with most home-cured ham or bacon is that it is tough and oversalted. Follow the above directions and you will avoid these defects.

I. H. Oklahoma.—All large hospitals in our largest cities maintain, as a part of their activities, a "training school for nurses" where girls, who fulfill certain requirements, can enter as "probationers" for a certain period of training. While the requirements differ it is usual to pay these student nurses a small wage. They must, however, supply their own aprons and uniforms upon entering. Let your local physicians supply you with the names of hospitals in St. Louis to which you might write—addressing the superintendent of such hospitals and asking for information concerning their requirements for "probationers" who wish t[illegible]ing in the profession of nursing. Enclose a stamp when you write. Those who plan to take up nursing should have a fair amount of preliminary education, the more the better, and should be of strong nerves and robust physique. We know of many girls who have not lasted out the probationery period in city hospitals. The work is hard; some of it is distasteful, and all of it requires ambition, strength and nervous energy. But to those who complete a course in nursing and can fill the duties of a nurse intelligently financial reward is certain and also the satisfaction of having part in work whose service is real. For many modern professions or forms of service contribute to work which is inhuman, artificial or destructive.

Mrs. S. F., Trojan, S. D.—It is difficult to tell, at this distance, what ails your canaries and why they did not mate this last spring. Generally speaking, canaries should mate in February. It aids in mating to supply the birds with nesting material and to add the yolks of hard-boiled eggs to their food. Illness might come from improper or too heavy feeding. Canaries should have light, fresh air, plenty of clean water to drink and bathe in, sand and gravel always at hand and occasionally chickweed or a leaf of lettuce to eat in addition to the canary seed, rape and hemp seed which best forms their daily diet. Feed carefully, watch out for cleanliness, light and air, and see if your birds do not mate another year after this treatment.

A Subscriber, Johnson City, Tenn.—Ole Bull, whose real name was Bornemann, was a Norwegian violinist, born at Bergen, February 5, 1810. Ole Bull toured this country with great success and became widely known here. This was in the years 1843-45. After his return to Europe, the violinist met with disastrous losses of fortune and came to this country again where he had previously been so successful. In 1852 he bought a huge tract of wild land in Potter county, Pa. Here he founded a colony called Oleana. This became a failure and was abandoned. Ole Bull then returned to the concert stage. He married a second time in this country and resided here until his death. Your violin is undoubtedly an instrument which has been named after the famous violinist and therefore has his name placed on the back. This would add nothing to its value—which must depend upon the violin's natural qualities and tone. These could only be passed upon by an expert.

Mrs. W. B. R., San Angelo, Tex.—Yes, indeed, there is plenty of free acreage left in Oregon. The vacant public lands total 13,323,501 acres. Oregon is a big state and ranks ninth in size, although only thirty-fourth in rank of population. So you see there is plenty of room for ambitious homesteaders! The state can offer all varieties of climate and soil that are known to the temperate zone. Along the coast section the vegetation is heavy and the rains frequent. In the southeastern portion of the state there are great stretches of semi-arid land. The coast climate while moist, is never very hot nor cold. East from the Cascade range, the climate is colder and much drier. Oregon has great forests and the state ranks third in lumber production. The state's fruit industry is important and Oregon apples are famous. Irrigation is rapidly aiding the arid lands of the state. As a place of residence, it is important to remember Oregon's progressiveness; the state initiated the national movement for direct primaries, the initiative and referendum and the recall, and adopted Prohibition independently of the national amendment. The state's rivers and mountains offer great scenic beauty and fine playgrounds. Write to the Register of the U. S. Land Office at Portland, Oregon for further information concerning homesteading.

D. F. B., Colorado.—If you are a reader of this column, you should have read what we have often printed here concerning the fraudulent "old violins" which bear inscriptions calculated to make the credulous believe the instrument to be the handiwork of some old master of violin-making. We do not believe your violin to be a genuine Stradivarius. Experts declare that there are only some thirty-odd genuine Strads now in existence. The actual value of your instrument could only be judged by some musician, or dealer in violins who might have the violin in his hands for test. Wait your chance to exhibit it in this way for trial.

Mrs. C. M., West Virginia.—The Society of Cincinnati was founded in 1783 and its present headquarters are at 214 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Baltimore, Md. Address the secretary, Gen. J. C. Davies, for any particulars you wish regarding the order.

B. P., Youngsville, N. C.—Write to the Superintendent of U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., concerning regulations governing admission to the Academy. Also read reply to R. S. R., Louisiana, which appeared in this department of COMFORT in August of this year.

Goodyear Raincoat Free

Goodyear Mfg. Co., 3168-R Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. If you want one, write today.—Advt.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

consisting of sunshine all the time, but the lack of rain caused a crop failure. Therefore, it may be a good thing that most people do not insist, when looking for a life partner, that he or she measure up to their Ideal.

I, however, will confess that I have a mental picture of my Ideal Wife. This woman is, of course, a real Christian, a genuine pal, and fully my equal mentally. Consequently I would respect her views and seek her advice on all things of importance. I cannot imagine myself talking rough or cross to such a dear pal but instead would show my appreciation in every way possible. I wouldn't expect her to agree with me on everything, because she would naturally, at times, see things from a different and perhaps a higher point of view. But, by kindly explaining it from her viewpoint, I would see it through her eyes, so to speak, and thereby lift my thoughts to a higher standard. If we always agreed with each other, we would both become narrow minded.

I haven't mentioned love and purity; but if a woman is a real Christian she is, of course, loving, kind and true; she will ever be found seeking her own in another's good. This "other" first of all will be the best friend she has on earth—her husband. That, also, applies to men in regard to their wives. Anything short of that is being a Christian in name only.

I would like for my wife to be musically inclined, for I am very fond of music, both vocal and instrumental. I would also be glad if she could be good looking and graceful. However, since I am not blessed with these qualities, I couldn't expect her to possess them.

Sometimes as I look at this mind picture, I dream of the bliss and happiness of married life, lived as it should be, but it soon vanishes, for I am numbered among that large class of young people that have to be contented with such dreams, known as Invalids.

In her last letter, Ruby Nelson gave a wonderful description of this part of the northwest, but she forgot to mention our beautiful scenery and paved highways. The Columbia River Highway is considered one of the wonders of America.

I must say a few words about dear old COMFORT before I close. Of course you sisters know what a cozy corner you have and how motherly Mrs. Wilkinson is, but I am sure you will agree that the Cousins' department is a close second. I admire Uncle Lisha and think that his heart-to-heart talks in his leading articles are just wonderful.

Best wishes to all, HENRY KREGER.

WAUKESHA, 157 TENNEY AVE., WIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON, BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of good old COMFORT for many years and the subjects carried on there are splendid. After reading the June issue and the request for the brothers to write about their Ideal wives here are a few requirements.

1. Someone whom I can look in the eye and call my equal, be a good pal and love the great out-of-doors.
2. Must be able to cook a good plain meal.
3. Must be home loving and broad minded.
4. Willing to attend socials, parties and other places where good clean entertainment is provided.
5. Last but not least must not nag or whimper, and must be of Protestant faith.

I may be rather exacting as to my ideal but will try to find one that measures up to it if possible. I also prefer the little dark-eyed and dark-haired misses.

A description of myself is in order. I am five feet, eleven inches tall, weigh 160 pounds, have red hair and lots of freckles and am in the first part of the twenties.

A. J. PETERSON.

BELTON, R. R. 5, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON, SISTERS AND BROTHERS:

Will you make room for a big brother from Texas? I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for quite a while and you will see by this that I read the Sisters' Corner.

The subject of the Ideal Husband and Wife bids fair to be interesting.

Mabel Clare, I appreciate your thoughtfulness in giving us boys a chance to tell of our Ideal Wife, and Mrs. Wilkinson for the privilege she extends in the use of the Sisters' Corner.

I will tell of my Ideal Wife. First of all I should like for her to be a Christian, then neat in dress, kind and affectionate. Would like for her to be educated, especially in music, be a good housekeeper, a lover of good literature and nature, fond of home, children and good [illegible]. Color of hair and eyes are of minor importance.

On the question of powder, paint and bobbed hair, if these things improve your appearance and make you feel more comfortable I say, "Help yourself dearie."

I am six feet, two and three-quarters inches tall, weigh 175 pounds, have black hair and blue eyes and am thirty four years young. I shall never grow old in spirit. My occupation is farming.

BEN GOOSMAN.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Here comes a husband knocking for admittance to your "Corner" for a few remarks on the "Ideal Wife."

First of all she should be a Christian, for what can you expect of the future generations without christian mothers and christian influence in the home? I am assuming that the "Ideal Husband" is a Christian, which he should be if he has children. The boy of today is the man of tomorrow and needs the proper teaching and home environments.

The wife should belong to the same church as the husband for as Mary Scott says, "People thinking and believing the same can work together in greater harmony."

Second, she should know how to cook, sew, in fact, know how to do everything to be done in the home and then if she has servants she is better fitted to direct them. Many unhappy homes are caused indirectly by husbands eating soggy, ill-prepared foods.

Third, she should take an interest in outdoor sports, books and reading, if nothing but the daily paper, and be able to discuss leading topics of the day. What husband likes to discuss a subject with his wife that she has never heard or seen mentioned?

I believe my fourth qualification is the greater cause of unhappiness in homes than all others taken together. When baby arrives she should not idolize and completely devote all time and energy to him, to the exclusion of husband and home. At nightfall when she should be prepared to spend the after supper hour with husband discussing events of the day, she should not spend this hour spoiling baby by patting, shaking and rocking him to sleep. When this task is finally accomplished she is completely exhausted and ready to retire. Why not place him in bed, turn out the light, and let him go to sleep without all the above ado? "The little thing would cry his eyes out," I hear some one say. It is all in training. If you do not teach the child a habit you do not have to continue it. The trouble with children of the present is caused, in the greater part, by the overindulgence of fond parents and the greater responsibility lies with the mother for she is with them and has more control than the father. Should the child need correctiong let the father correct him, the wife not interfering, and vice versa.

Fifth, she should not worry over the little things in life and should not try to care for all her trouble and the petty troubles of other brothers and sisters. She should be kind, loving, sympathetic and a good pal in all things.

I think lovers should be perfectly honest each with the other before marriage and talk over in a plain and sensible manner the problems that may come up in married life and try to come to an agreement. Then after marriage, girls, above all things, do not completely reverse your ideas and plans and do the opposite to what husband expects of you and all should be well if he carries out his part of the deal.

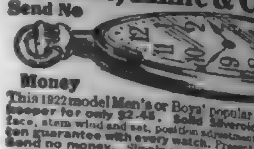
I wonder how many husbands will agree that if some of the above "Ideals" were put into practice

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

THE FAMOUS WHITE FLAME BURNER

MAKES your old kerosene lamps and lanterns shine with a brilliant white light. Non-breakable [illegible]. No smoke. No soot. [illegible] Over a million satisfied users. [illegible] safe, durable, reliable. Complete [illegible] 50 cts. post paid, stamps or coin [illegible]. Your money back if not satisfied.
Live Representatives Wanted
WHITE FLAME LIGHT CO.
76 Clark Building Grand Rapids, Mich.

Watch, Knife & Chain $2.45
Send No Money



This 1922 model Men's or Boys' popular 16 size perfect time keeper for only $2.45. Solid Silveroid thin model case, plain face, stem wind and set, position adjustment, fully tested. A written guarantee with every watch. Present given with each watch. Send no money. Simply pay the postman $2.45 and [illegible] and present is yours.
Consolidated Watch Co., Dept. 181, 20 E. Lake St., Chicago

ALL FREE

COUNT THEM Gold-finished Necklace, Bracelet, [illegible] set Bracelet, [illegible] Ring, Persian Brooch, your Birthstone Ring and Signet Ring with your initial. Complete 14-K Gold-Plated Jewelry [illegible] selling 20 packets perfumed Sachet at 10c each. [illegible]
LANE MFG. CO., Dept. 234 MT. VERNON, N. Y.

FREE Genuine Leather

Regulation size [illegible] cover Football with [illegible] rubber Bladder free for selling [illegible] Packets Perfumed Sachet [illegible] each. Easy to sell. Write today. Send no Money. Get your Football without cost.
JONES MFG. CO. Dept. 812, ATTLEBORO, MASS.

King TUT GOOD LUCK RING
Don't Send a Penny!

Famous [illegible] GOOD LUCK ring [illegible] brings success, happiness [illegible]. Over [illegible] LUCKY ring [illegible] imitations. Genuine [illegible].
Order Today! [illegible] $1.95 [illegible]
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Free

Send your name and address, we'll tell you how you can get either of these high grade watches absolutely free. Watches are guaranteed excellent time keepers. Choice of 25 yr. White Gold-filled or 20 yr. Yellow Gold-filled case. Send name and address today.
RELIABLE SALES CORP.
Dept. 2 S, 434 B'way, New York

VIOLIN FREE

Beautiful Violin
Bow, rosin and self instructor given for selling 12 boxes [illegible] at 25c. A [illegible] Return the $3.00 and receive violin or choice of [illegible] premiums free. Address
U. S. SUPPLY COMPANY
Dept. 60-7, Greenville, Pa.

10 YEAR GUARANTEE

Watch, Ring & Chain Given—We positively give a genuine American Stem Wind & Set Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted time-keeper, 10-year guarantee; Sparkling Set or Plain Ring all for selling 25 large Beautifully Colored Art and Religious Pictures at 10c each. When sold send us $2.50 & we'll send Watch and Ring. HOME ART CO., 426-30 West 30th Street, Dept. 56, Chicago

LOOMS $9.90
AND UP. BIG MONEY IN WEAVING AT HOME.

No experience necessary to weave beautiful rugs, carpets, etc. on UNION LOOMS from rags and waste material. Home weaving is fascinating and highly profitable. Weavers are rushed with orders. Be sure to send for free loom book. It tells all about weaving and our wonderfully low-priced, easily-operated looms.
UNION LOOM WORKS, 272 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

SCHOOL BOX FREE

with Fountain Pen, Pencils, Knife, Pen Holder, Eraser, for selling 30 packages Chewing Gum at 5c a pckg. Write
BLUINE MFG. CO., 202 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

Keep Your Money
BUT SEND FOR HANDY ANDY!
SEE PAGE 28

GIVEN TO YOU

Guaranteed watch and chain with [illegible] or Eastman camera or beautiful [illegible] big flashlight or choice of many other big premiums. Sell only twelve 25c boxes Mingo. Everybody uses for chapped [illegible], burns, etc. Easy to sell. Send no money. Just your name and full address and we send you premium catalog and 12 boxes Mingo postpaid and trust you till sold. We treat you square. Send today.
NOVA-DEX LABORATORIES
Box 1459-K-10, Cincinnati, O.

Don't Fuss With The Muss of Old Kerosene Lamps
New Bright—White Light For Every Home

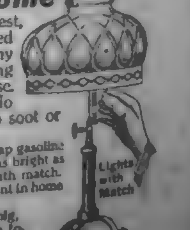
At last you can throw away your dirty, dingy, oil lamp, and have the brightest, whitest light for your home or farm. Right now, for a limited time, I am making an amazing offer to quickly introduce my wonderful patented light invention. Table lamps, hanging lamps, wall lamps, lanterns—for every room and outdoor use. Gives 20 times light of old wick lamps at half the cost. No chimneys to break or clean, no dirty, greasy wicks to trim, no soot or smoke, no foul unhealthful odors. Positively safe.

300 Candle Power Burns 96% Air—only 4% cheap gasoline or kerosene (coal-oil). Light as bright as daylight, soft, mellow, easy on eyes. Beats electricity or gas. Lights with match. Easy to operate. Most economical, greatest improvement and advancement in home and farm lighting of the age.

30 Days Trial without risking penny. Write today for big, attractive, descriptive catalog from which to select one of many handsome designs. Be first in your locality to write and get liberal money saving introductory offer. Send your name and address today.

J. C. Steese, President,
THE AKRON LAMP CO., 130 Lamp Bldg., Akron, O.

AGENTS
$60 to $100 a Week
If you want to earn big money write me quickly for sales plan. No experience — or capital required. Exclusive territory. Big season now on. Address me personally—say—"send agents Free Outfit Offer"
J.C. Steese, Pres.



The Greatest Bargain Without Exception

Think of it! Men's TWO winter weight, comfortable wool mixed gray flannel shirts for only $3.95, and heavy knit wool process yarn slip on sweater FREE. Why, you would rightfully expect to pay $4.50 to $5.00 for the two shirts alone. They are roomily made, soft turned down collar, winter weight, large extra strong pockets with buttoned down flaps. Ideal shirts for work or semi-dress. All sizes. And don't forget, sweater FREE. We are making this amazing offer just to introduce our new catalog to thousands of readers of this magazine. SEND NO MONEY. Send your name, address and size wanted, pay postman $3.95 plus postage on delivery; and understand if not delightfully Surprised, send them back and we refund your money by next mail. But act quick before this offer is withdrawn.

INTERNATIONAL COMM. HOUSE, Dept. A 51
433 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SEND NO MONEY We make this special offer to prove the wonderful value, style and fit of **Progress** tailoring. We will tailor to your special order one of these fine suits, send it to you postage prepaid and **guarantee absolute satisfaction** for only $14.95. We have other equally striking bargains in the finest made-to-order suits at from $14.95 up to $39.50.

AGENTS WANTED—Earn $30 to $35 extra every week, taking orders from your friends and neighbors for our high-class tailoring. NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY.

Big Sample Outfit FREE

Drop us a line today and we will send you absolutely free, our big assortment of woolen samples, style book and special wholesale prices, on our made-to-measure suits.

THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO., Dept. X 115 CHICAGO

6 JEWELS

You'll marvel at this bargain. Your friends will envy you this beautiful "TONNEAU SHAPE" bracelet watch. 14K, solid white gold filled, richly engraved thin model. 6 Jewel adjusted movement. Timed, tested, accurate! Gros-grain silk ribbon bracelet and clasp.

Vanity Box Free with each order for this remarkable watch if you order immediately! Send no money. If not satisfied after inspection, money gladly refunded. Order Today.

UNIVERSAL WATCH CO.
Lincoln and Hervey Streets
Dept. 482 Chicago

FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY
Beautiful silveroid Vanity Box Free with our $7.75 bracelet watch bargain! Bright silveroid box contains cake of powder with puff. Mirror in cover, the very latest fad.

$MAKE MONEY$ AT HOME

You can make 15 to 50 Dollars a week at home in your spare time, easily learned by our new simple method. No Canvassing—Experience unnecessary. We teach you how, sell your work and pay you cash no matter where you live—Write today for free sample lesson and illustrated booklet.

UNITED SHOW CARD STUDIOS,
2450 Dinan Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

HOME BARBER OUTFIT HALF PRICE
COMFORT subscribers at

This half price sale (for a short time only. Each set consists of 1 close cutting barber's hair clippers, one [illegible] barber comb, 1 barber hair shears of razor [illegible] [illegible] to keep the [illegible]

MOTHERS Save time, strength and money. This outfit cuts children's hair perfectly in 5 minutes. Always have the children's heads looking nice. Quicker and easier to do it with this outfit than to go to the barber shop.

GIRLS WITH BOBS

For good [illegible] this [illegible] set is as necessary as your brush and [illegible] close in the back and with these [illegible] perfectly even bob. THE [illegible] FAMILY will use this set and [illegible] hair cuts pays for it if you get in [illegible]

SEND NO MONEY [illegible] and ask for the home barber outfit. It will be sent by return mail. When it arrives pay the postman $1.98 and postage. Use the outfit for 10 days. Then if you are not perfectly satisfied return it and your money will be promptly refunded.

HOME SUPPLY CO., Dept. K, Madison, Wis.
Branch office, Topeka, Kansas. (Send to nearest address.)

OH, BOYS! Simply send name and address. Greatest thing ever. Get this American football for simply

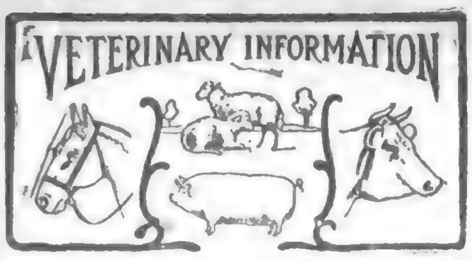
Giving Away 12 Big Colored Art Pictures

Send No Money Send No Money to friends and neighbors with 12 boxes famous White Cloverine at 25c each. Send the $3.00 collected, and we will send football at once, postage paid, to your door; Lots of other appealing gifts for boys offered in our new big illustrated catalog. Millions use Cloverine for burns, cuts, colds, pimples, etc. Easiest and squarest plan for twenty-eight years makes us most reliable. Write quick. Be first in your town.

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. FB16, TYRONE, PA.

We will send a STERLING razor on 30 days trial. If satisfactory, costs $1.97. If not, costs nothing. Fine Horsehide Strop FREE. Write today.
STERLING COMPANY Suite 15, BALTIMORE, MD.

VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

"Caked Bag" of Ewes

THERE would be far less trouble from caked bag or garget in ewes were the shepherd to strip some of the milk away the day after weaning the lambs. Then stripping should be done on the third, fifth and, if necessary, the seventh day. The udder should also be well smeared with carbolized oil or vaseline to keep flies away and otherwise help to prevent infection. Do the weaning "once and for all." Letting lambs back to their dams a day or two after weaning may help to prevent garget, but it may also kill or injure the lambs, as the "stale" milk sometimes is poisonous. If garget starts the best treatment is to pen the ewe, strip the udder clean once an hour, at first, and every two or three hours during the day when improvement is seen. The udder should also be persistently bathed with water as hot as the hand can bear and containing a pound of Epsom salt per gallon. That treatment sometimes quickly aborts a starting case of garget but may not do so if delayed. When the udder is seen to be changing to a purple-red color the hot bathing should be continued as well as the frequent stripping of the milk, but in addition it is well to rub in a mixture of equal quantities of carbolized oil, camphorated oil and compound soap liniment. This may be done two or three times daily. If pain is great, add one teaspoonful each of fluid extracts of belladonna leaves and poke root to each ounce of the other mixture. If this treatment does not quickly soften the udder and remove the discoloration stop hot water fomentation and instead of the other mixture rub in mercurial ointment once daily at first and twice daily later, if that is seen necessary. It will be likely to prevent gangrene and sloughing of the udder, but a ewe that has been so attacked will not be worth retaining for breeding purposes.

ABNORMAL MILK.—I have a half Holstein cow, three years old. She freshened a year ago in September. I have milked her twice a day. Recently I put her milk away and a cake of blood was in the bottom of the vessel. Lots of yellow lumps float on the top when I milk her. She has been giving four gallons of milk a day but has failed until she only gives one and one-half gallons. The milk does not clabber but smells peculiar. Could she have tuberculosis and would that affect the milk? Mrs. Z. S.

A.—The bleeding in all probability was caused by injury and that may also have caused garget. To determine which quarter of the udder is affected set a sample of milk from each quarter in bottles that have been sterilized by boiling. Label them that the source of the contents of each may be known. If but one quarter is found affected better dry off the milk secretion in that quarter or let a calf nurse. If all quarters or several of them are affected better dry off all the remaining secretion and fit the cow for slaughter. Tuberculosis may be present but the only way to determine that would be to have the tuberculin test applied by a veterinarian. The disease may affect milk in the way you describe especially as regards the yellow color.

LAME MULE.—My mule, three years old is lame in right fore foot. He limps when on hard ground. J. E. P.

A.—We cannot confidently diagnose lameness without making a personal examination, but if the trouble is in the foot the mule may go better if you cover the sole with lanolin (sheep's wool fat) oakum and a leather pad and then put on a bar shoe. Afterwards clip the hair from the hoof-head and every ten days rub in a mixture of one part of powdered cantharides and 24 parts of lard, as a mild blister, until the lameness subsides. Corns or a nail prick would of course require appropriate local treatment. Write again if necessary.

FISTULA.—I have three horses that have fistula. Could you give me a remedy that will cure them? H. B.

A.—It should be understood that the discharge of pus from a fistula comes from diseased cartilage or other tissue. To effect a permanent cure the dead and diseased tissues should be removed by dissection. For that purpose you should have a veterinarian lay open each pipe and sinus which will also insure free drainage for pus. If you cannot employ a veterinarian try the effects of a proprietary fistula cure used according to directions given by the manufacturer. Meanwhile flush out the discharging places daily with a two per cent. solution of permanganate of potash and then fill them with powdered boric acid.

DEATH OF RABBIT. Can you tell me what ails my rabbits? I am a farmer woman, living seven miles from town. My rabbits run out free. I have lost over one hundred. They can be found in the dooryard with their heads turned half way around, eyes enlarged, looking wild and fiery.—Mrs. J. C.

A.—We should advise you to make an entirely new rabbit yard and quarters on land not previously used for these animals. Then start afresh with new, sound breeding stock. Plow and crop the old yards. Hutches possibly may be used again if thoroughly scalded, cleansed, disinfected and whitewashed. For disinfecting purposes use a mixture of one part of compound cresol solution and 30 parts of water, or one part of coal tar disinfectant and 20 parts of water. Also mix one pound of chlorid of lime with every three gallons of freshly made lime wash. We suspect that coccidiosis killed the rabbits and there is no cure for that contagious disease. To determine the exact cause, however, you should arrange to send an affected rabbit to the veterinary department of the State Agricultural Experiment Station at Lincoln for examination.

IDENTITY OF COLT.—When two parties claim a two-year-old colt, and that they own the father and mother of this colt could a person get the State Veterinarian to test the blood of the horse and mare and tell who owns them?—J. F.

A.—The proposed test would not be likely to settle such a problem nor could it be made by anyone other than a professional or trained bacteriologist or pathologist having experience in such work. The history of the case and comparison of the markings of the animals involved will have to be depended on to settle the dispute.

RUNNING FITS.—I have a dog five months old that takes spells of howling and barking, running under the floor and acting as though he had a fit. Do dogs have flea fits? B. D.

A.—Hookworms, rather than fleas, cause such fits which are very common among dogs in the Southern states. To expel the worms withhold feed and then give carbon tetrachlorid in soft gelatin capsules. The dose is one drop per pound of body weight for a puppy and two drops per pound for a grown dog. At time of a fit confine dog in a cool, darkened, quiet place and give 10 to 20 grains of bromide of potash in a little water. Repeat the dose in 20 minutes if seen to be necessary.

OBSTRUCTED TEAT.—A lump has formed in one of the teats of my two-year-old heifer. It takes me about twenty minutes to get the milk from that teat as it comes in a small stream. The milk is not ropy and seems all right. Mrs. H. C.

A.—Warty or fibroid growths have formed on the lining membrane of the teats. If they are just inside the orifice of the teat a veterinarian could remove them by operation but if they are higher up in the teat it would be better to let a calf nurse or to dry off the milk secretion in the affected teat. It would be possible to remove the growths by cutting through the wall of the teat when the cow is dry but that is a formidable operation and scarcely worth while unless but one teat is affected and the cow is a purebred and extra valuable on account of pedigree or performance.

FITS IN DOGS.—I have a dog, two years old that has spells running and barking. Please advise me what to do. A. J. J.

A.—Hookworms are a common cause of such excitement fits in dogs. To expel or destroy the worms withhold feed for 24 hours, then give carbon tetrachlorid in soft gelatin capsules. The dose for a puppy is one drop for each pound of body weight and for a grown dog two drops per pound. At time of an attack confine the dog in a cool, quiet, darkened place and give 10 to 20 grains of bromide of potash in a little water. Repeat the dose in 20 minutes if seen to be necessary. So far as possible prevent the dog from becoming unduly excited.

INFECTED WOUND.—I have a colt that cut its foot just below the hock joint. The wound bled freely but became infected. Please let me know what we could use to heal and take stiffness out of leg. H. H. P.

A.—Clip the hair from the entire affected part and wash the skin with soap and hot water. Then inject into the discharging places a little of a mixture of one part of iodoform and eight parts of sulphuric ether. Do not use the ether mixture where there is an open light of any kind as it is highly inflammable. After the injection dust the wound with a mixture of one part each of iodoform, calomel and boric acid and five parts of powdered starch. The colt should be supported with a veterinary sling in a box stall screened and darkened against flies.

ABNORMAL MILK.—I have a young cow, giving milk with first calf that is a little more than two months old. The milk seems to be perfectly good when sweet, but it turns to water when it begins to clabber. It is useless to churn as it will not make any butter and the buttermilk turns to water until there will not be one-half gallon of milk left out of a churning of two and one-half gallons. C. M. P.

A.—Set a sample of milk from each quarter of the udder in bottles that have been sterilized by boiling. Label the bottles so that the source of the contents of each may be known. In that way you will be able to determine if one quarter of the udder is to blame or if all the milk becomes similarly affected. You may find that the milk in the sterilized bottles remains sound showing that bacteria in the milk utensils causes the trouble. More perfectly scald, cleanse and sundry the utensils, mixing some chlorinated lime or hypochlorite of soda in the washing water. Set the milk in a new, clean place. Cleanse the udder and teats each time before milking. Feed the cow a full ration of mixed meals in addition to grass or hay. Write again, if necessary, when you have made the test suggested here.

FITS IN KITTEN.—My four-months-old kitten was taken sick, breathing rapidly, lying down as though going to sleep, but seemed stiff but in no pain, but was weak. The spells came back the next day when it died. What killed it? C. L. S.

A.—Worms caused the fits which proved fatal. To expel or destroy them in a kitten, give five to 10 drops of syrup of iodide or iron, or of fluid extract of spigelia (pink root) and senna twice daily until the passages become loose. Repeat the treatment in 10 days. Feed milk that is 12 hours old and skimmed in preference to new warm milk for kittens and cats. Allow raw beef or kidney as soon as kittens will eat solid food. The toad would not cause the derangement described.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for October

"Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these you have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Every month brings to me many letters which disregard this simple and necessary rule. Appeals unaccompanied by the references required will be destroyed.

Mrs. Myrtle Gavin, Custer, S. D. A widow, weak from a serious operation and other physical ills, and unable to support herself and two children. Clothing for a girl of eleven and herself, as well as quilt pieces, crochet thread and crochet patterns would all help this deserving struggler—and cash would aid most of all. Mrs. Susan Agee, Spencer, Va. Clothing and helping hands are needed to be held out to this old and almost blind woman. Miss Mabel Foster, R. 2, Box 62, Bentonia, Miss. Unable to stand on her feet for twelve years as a result of rheumatism, this appeal comes from a sufferer who needs dimes and dollars to buy drugs and other care for her painful condition. Mrs. Murray H. Cochran, R. 1, Box 17, Buffalo Ridge, Va. With a sick husband, this poor woman struggles along to care for three children, six years, four years and eight months old. Clothing and cash will mean cheer and comfort. Alfred Giulieri, Ferndale, Calif., R. F. D. 139. This is a crippled youth who would be made happy by postcards and letters. It's easy, cousins. Send on the smiles!

Crumbs of cash and of cheer—send on these and more than these to our list of sick and suffering. Here are cripples of heart and body. Help both in your giving. You have a chance to buy joy in this way—and not gasolene and ice cream. Every cent will cancel pain and every word of cheer help a heart.

Lovingly,

Uncle Lisha

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

A poll of sixth-grade pupils in St. Louis revealed that of 5,376 children questioned 40 per cent. had never seen a sheep, and 17 per cent. had never looked upon a pig. Of every hundred children, 12 had never seen a cow. It has been suggested that a cow and a pig be placed in the municipal zoo.—*The Dearborn Independent.*

Keep Your Money
BUT SEND FOR HANDY ANDY!
SEE PAGE 28

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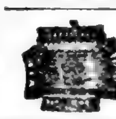

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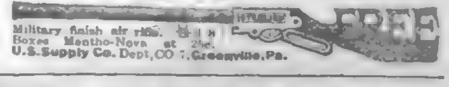

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In Need of a Husband

By Richard G. Swaringer

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MOLLY Trexler wrinkled her smooth white forehead in thought as she counted the money she had received from her Saturday sales of milk, butter and eggs, which she had not as yet had time to deposit in the bank. Momentarily she allowed her well-trained mind to wander from business channels, pursing her red lips bewitchingly, as she calculated how many pairs of silk hose this money would buy, or how fine a dress or hat—provided she could afford such luxuries. Then she shook her head and sighed, knowing she could not—yet awhile. Molly was very human, and very feminine.

She sat in her own little office, in her own little house, on her own little farm. All of which had been hers only two years—not long enough for the sense of ownership to have lost all the charm and thrill of novelty. In fact, there were still certain debts to be paid, in connection with the newly built chicken houses and garage, both of which Molly had found necessary in her business. Hence the need for unrelaxed economy, and hence Molly's sigh.

In the parlor, across the hall, Molly's black housekeeper, Geraldine, burst into song at the top of an extremely robust voice. Molly frowned.

"Geraldine," she shouted, "please hire a hall! Or can the music for a while. Stop it! Cease! Desist! I want to think."

There followed an interval of comparative silence; then Geraldine loomed in the doorway, her eyes gleaming white in her black face.

"What'd you say, Miss Molly?' she demanded, with the tolerance of middle age for infancy. "You wants to think? La chile, you thinks too much. You ought to have a husband to do all dis thinkin' for you!"

"Maybe I had, and maybe I hadn't!" snapped Molly. "Anyway, I'll have to think for myself until I get one—if I ever do. So put a Maxim silencer on your mouth until I get out of the house."

Geraldine bobbed, grinned, departed. In less than ten minutes she was singing again as loudly as ever. Not that she meant to disobey; she just simply forgot.

Going into her bedroom presently, Molly exchanged her gingham house and work dress for one more suitable for the social amenities of business; then went out to the garage. Here she backed out the little touring car that she used in both her work and her play, and began loading into the tonneau some carefully packed crates of eggs—the over-Sunday accumulation. Her other servitor, Joshua, husband of Geraldine, was nowhere in sight.

However, when she was almost ready to start, he ambled leisurely into view from somewhere out about the long cow barn. Seeing her, he hurried forward, protesting almost with an air of injury.

"Miss Molly, why'n't you call me? You know you oughtn't do dis heavy liftin'. In fact, you needs a husband to——"

"Josh," asked Molly in a tone of extreme exasperation, "what was it Uncle Bill used to call you when you made him angry?"

"I cain't tell you dat, Miss Molly!" Joshua grinned bashfully.

"Yes, you can too. What was it?"

"Well, den, when he wasn't much mad, he'd call me a 'damn, black, kinky-haided son ob Satan.' I cain't tell you what he'd say when he was real mad!"

"Well, I feel as Uncle Josh did when he was mad with you, and I don't want any more of your advice!" said Molly. "Please remember that. I'm quite able to take care of myself. I have been doing so for two years; and during that time I've made more money than either dad or Uncle Bill ever made in three—even if I have been obliged to spend nearly all of it for improvements. Men are useful to have around sometimes, but as advisers and managers they aren't worth a hurrah in Hades!"

"Dat I should ebber live to hear Marse Bill Trexler's niece say such things 'bout Marse Bill and his brudder—de best men I ebber worked for!" Joshua lamented tragically.

"You're pretty old, Josh, but you'll probably live to hear me say worse than that if you don't keep your black nose out of my affairs!" Molly took her seat at the wheel and set a vicious foot on the started button.

But the keen air of late autumn made glorious going and soon blew away Molly's grouch. Once away from the farm willed her by her beloved Uncle Bill, she came to where neighbors had gathered their corn and most of their cotton, leaving bare stalks standing in the fields. She passed patches of woods that were bare and drab, save for the evergreen pines and cedars, and an occasional tree with brilliant red or yellow leaves. Pale sunshine sifted between clouds that scurried aimlessly across a pale sky. Molly sometimes pressed her daintily-shod toe hard upon the throttle for the sheer joy of going fast, restrained from showing any real speed only by thought of the eggs in the tonneau.

Drawing into the main street of Maysville, she slowed to a decorous ten miles per hour, as directed by the sign at the edge of town, and proceeded thus to one of the grocery stores where she did business. Here she found a ready market for her eggs and butter, quickly disposing of all she had. Afterwards she drove sedately to the Maysville Savings Bank, before which she stopped.

It was a little after closing time, and the assistant cashier was just emerging from the door. He was young and tall, and broad; had a red and freckled face; a short, straight nose; red hair; and blue eyes that regarded Molly with frank and friendly admiration.

"Hello, Molly!" was his greeting. "If you had come a minute later, you'd have been too late. All the others went home about five minutes ago, leaving me to lock up. Want to deposit—or borrow?" he asked teasingly, opening the door of her car and holding out a hand to help her to the sidewalk. And Molly did not object! For all her self-sufficiency, she did not mind being waited on—by some folks.

"Deposit, of course!" she answered.

"You're quite a business woman, aren't you?" admired Mark Lane, her friend since childhood, as he led the way into the bank. "That farm of yours must be paying handsomely."

"I'm doing fairly well, I guess," Molly owned conservatively. "But I'd do better if everybody who owes me would pay up. I've got to try to collect some this afternoon from H. Green and Company. I never saw such hard people to get money from!"

"Green's closer than the bark on a tree," sympathized Mark. "You ought to——"

"Don't tell me I ought to have a husband!" exclaimed Molly, pouring more of her troubles into Mark's willing ears, as she usually did whenever she had a chance. Somehow she always found him her most understanding and sympathetic listener. "I've heard that until I'm sick of it. Yesterday afternoon I drove over to see dad and mama, and told them about some of the difficulties I've been up against, naturally craving a little sympathy and encouragement. Well, they sympathized with me, all right! They said a girl shouldn't try to make her way alone, and I ought to have a husband to take care of me! Today Joshua and Geraldine have been harping constantly on the same theme. It's growing unbearable!"

"I wasn't going to say that," Lane assured her promptly. "It seems to me that you're getting along mighty well without being burdened with a husband. Besides, I don't think anybody ought to marry for convenience, or anything else but love. I was going to say you should quit selling to Green until he pays you."

"I haven't sold him a thing in three months," said Molly. "He's been owing me longer than that."

"Well, I wish you luck," said Mark. "What are you going to do after you see Green?"

"I guess I'll drive around an hour or two, as I won't have any work to do until feeding and milking time."

"Have you any objection to good company?" he asked modestly.

Molly replied that she had not; and Mark said that, as soon as he had finished locking up and mailed some letters, he would join her at H. Green and Company's store. He counted her money and entered the amount in her pass book. After which Molly went out, got into her car and drove away.

* * * * * * *

Entering the store of H. Green and Company, some minutes later, she was received by Mr. Green civilly but not cordially. He knew what she had come for, without being told. Mr. Green was a short, heavy-set man, between thirty and thirty-five years of age. In spite of the autumnal sharpness in the air, he had his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbows, revealing hairy and muscular forearms. In his broad and florid face his little eyes gleamed greenish-gray and shifty.

"Mr. Green," Molly began pleasantly, "I'd like to get your account settled and off my books. Can you pay all or part of it today?"

Green's sound teeth gleamed in an oily smile. "Well, now, Miss Trexler, I don't see how I can, just at present," he answered. "I owe other debts too, you see, and business is dull. I'm sure nobody wants to do the right thing any more than I do. But when a man can't pay, he can't; and that's all there is to it."

"Don't tell me you aren't making money!" Molly's long-suffering patience had worn so threadbare that it no longer sufficed to veil her natural irritation. "You bought a delivery truck last week—and you had to pay cash for that, as I happen to know!"

"Sure!" Green shrugged with ill-concealed insolence. "A one-man store like mine is simply forced to keep making improvements, or the big fellows will drive me out of business. And if my business fails, I'll never be able to pay my debts. You should give me a little time."

"Time?" sniffed Molly. "I've already given you more time than you had any right to expect. I can't pay my bills that way, and don't try. I'm going to deal honestly by everybody, if I go to the poorhouse doing it!"

"Don't say I'm not honest, Miss!" snarled Green. "If you and some others don't stop pushing me, you may never get anything. You can't squeeze blood out of a turnip, you know."

"I can sue you!" Molly retorted hotly.

"Don't do that, Miss Trexler," Green urged, with a covert smile of scorn. "It would simply put us both to a lot of expense—probably cost you more than the fifty dollars I owe you."

"Then pay me!" said Molly furiously. "You know you have the money, or can get it!"

"Young lady, if you were a man, I'd call you a liar!" said Green with equal rage. "So you may draw your own conclusions as to what I think!"

His back was towards the door, else he would never have said it. There was not the courage in his measly soul to face the red hair and blazing blue eyes that were entering. Mark Lane strode forward, seized Green by the shoulder and spun him around viciously. Then he began shaking a red and hairy fist within three inches of the storekeeper's nose.

"Green, you may thank your stars that you're a lucky man!" he said in a tone of restrained fury. "I thought of killing you at once. But there would be little satisfaction in that, for then you couldn't make the apology you're going to make. Begin!"

Shaking with mingled rage and fear, Green began. When his ample apology was finished, Mark Lane said:

"Now pay Miss Trexler what you owe her!" And Green went to the cash register, where he counted out fifty dollars. "Add ten per cent interest," Lane directed tersely. "Five dollars more."

"She can't charge ten per cent. for three months!" yelped Green. "It's illegal plain robbery! I won't pay it!"

"You'll pay either her or the doctor!" Mark began drawing off his coat. "Furthermore, as you know, we have at the bank a note of yours that will soon come due. I suppose you'll want to renew it; but if my influence counts for anything you'll fail to do so, unless you do as I tell you."

"Oh, all right!" With a glance that was fairly murderous, Green took out another five-dollar bill and handed it to his tormentor.

"But I don't want that!" protested Molly. "I want only what's due me."

But the dawning light of hope in Green's face was quickly eclipsed in disappointment; for before his eyes Mark struck a match and burned the bill to ashes.

"To teach you it doesn't always pay to disregard the Golden Rule, even when dealing with women!" said the young man, eying the storekeeper with cool contempt.

Then he and Molly turned and strode out into the street.

Molly was a little surprised when Mark took the wheel of her car, without so much as a "by your leave"; but she did not resent this usurpation of her rightful place and authority. Molly was almost disturbingly conscious of a new respect for the young man by her side. Somehow it now seemed altogether right and natural for him to assume the leadership.

Mark followed the street until it changed into a smooth and well-kept highway winding its way among fertile, rolling farms and occasional patches of wooded land. For a number of miles no words passed between them, each being busy with thoughts that as yet required no utterance.

But at length Mark turned into a rough stretch of unimproved road leading through one of the few bits of original forest left standing in all their county. Where the trunks of mighty pines reached like cathedral pillars to a green canopy overhead and a kind of sacred quiet prevailed, he stopped both car and motor.

"Molly," he said firmly, "you need a husband!"

Molly simply looked at him, saying nothing.

"You need a husband in your business," pursued Mark. "Still, I'm not advising you to marry for business reasons, convenience, nor for anything else except love. That's why I want you to marry me—because I love you! I don't know how long I've been loving you, but for a good many years. Do you think you can ever love me?"

"Certainly, my dear!" Molly told him simply, with shining eyes. "You might have known that sooner if you had only asked!"

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives and Friends" column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Edgar P. Batten, left home Princess Anne Co., Va. 1907, last heard from July 1920 in San Francisco, Calif. please notify his sister, Elanora Henley, Munden, Va.

Anyone knowing the address of Herb Sedgiwck, last heard of was in Grand Rapids, Mich., please notify I. M. Stinebaugh, Mosquero, Box 145, New Mexico.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of George Hancock (Father), left Van Buren, Ark., 1860 went to Oroville, California to Gold mines, please notify Mrs. G. A. Wilhite, Round Timber, Texas, Route 1.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Arthur Henry Hood, left Birmingham, Alabama two years ago, please notify his sister, Mrs. Maggie Morris, Route 2, Box 207, Bessemer, Alabama.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Lucy Fraxelle, who, before marriage, was Lucy Finch, of Floyd County, Va. Last heard of about 25 years ago, and was then living about 20 miles from Baltimore, Maryland, please notify her sister Mrs. Mary Noricle, Reidsville, 104 Montgomery St., N. C.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of my father's brother Wyet Burt or Jack Burt's family please write to Mrs. Rebecca Hicks, Harrah, Okla., as my name was Burt before I was married.

Anyone knowing the address of Oliver Dolan, last heard from was in Delavan, Minn. please notify Mrs. Alice Barufaldi, Keystone, Box 69, S. Dak.

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	Tires	New Tubes		Tires	New Tubes
30x3	$1.90	$ .90	32x4½	$3.75	$1.65
30x3½	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.75	1.65
32x3½	2.50	.90	34x4½	4.00	1.65
31x4	2.75	.90	35x4½	4.25	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
33x4	3.25	1.40	35x5	4.25	1.95
34x4	3.50	1.40	37x5	4.25	1.95

SEND ONLY $1 for each tire shipped. Balance C. O. D.—subject to inspection if ordered by express. Tires guaranteed 9 months. [illegible] for any not perfectly satisfactory. 10 per cent discount if ordered in dozen lots. WRITE RUSH ORDERS.
LOW PRICE TIRE CO., Box 774 Dept. 2310 CHICAGO

3000 Mile GUARANTEE at half price
TIRE PRICES SMASHED 30×3½ $2.45

BUY NOW these Goodyear, Goodrich, Fisk, Firestone and other standard [illegible]

Greatest Tire Values Ever Offered

	Tires	Tubes		Tires	Tubes
30x3	$2.35	$1.30	32x4½	$4.25	$2.05
30x3½	2.45	1.30	33x4½	4.25	2.05
32x3½	3.00	1.30	34x4½	4.50	2.05
31x4	3.25	1.30	35x4½	4.75	2.05
32x4	3.50	1.80	36x4½	4.75	2.05
33x4	3.75	1.80	35x5	4.75	2.35
34x4	4.00	1.80	37x5	4.75	2.35

SEND ONLY $1 as a deposit on each tire ordered. Balance C. O. D. subject to inspection. Order now.
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Dept. M3010 1520 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill

Easy Now to Keep Your WINDSHIELD CLEAR in Rain, Fog or Storms.

A mysterious new liquid, which can be put on windshield in 30 seconds and gives a lasting transparent surface, now enables every motorist to see clearly through the glass, regardless of weather. FREE. Simply send name for absolutely free sample.
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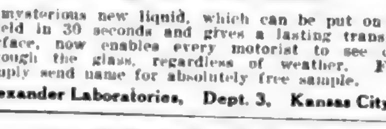
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Real American Watch, 5 year guarantee, fine case, looks and wears like gold. Just sell 12 boxes Mentho-Nova (Wonder Menthol.) Return the $3.00 and receive watch or choice of 147 premiums free. Address
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These are Goodrich, Goodyear, Firestone, Fisk and other best known standard-make tires. All slightly used, but readily give our customers thousands of miles of splendid service.

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ANY OTHER SIZE $2.95

The greatest tire values ever offered. Thousands of satisfied customers.

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You could never even equal these prices. Send only $1.00 for each tire shipped. Balance C. O. D. Express shipments sent subject to inspection. Tires guaranteed eight months. Another tire given at half price for any not perfectly satisfactory. 10% discount when ordered in lots of 12 or more.
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NEW TIRE GUARANTEE
ACT NOW
30X3½ CORD $2.00
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Greatest tire sale in America now on! Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Fisk and other fine makes of tires going at record-breaking prices. These almost new tires will easily give thousands of miles of satisfactory service.

OUR PRICES DEFY COMPETITION

	TIRES	NEW TUBES		TIRES	NEW TUBES
30x3	$1.90	$ .90	32x4½	$3.75	$1.65
30x3½	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.75	1.65
32x3½	2.50	.90	34x4½	4.00	1.65
31x4	2.75	.90	35x4½	4.25	1.65
32x4	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
33x4	3.25	1.40	35x5	4.25	1.95
34x4	3.50	1.40	37x5	4.25	1.95

Just send $1.00 deposit for each tire ordered. Balance C. O. D. subject to inspection. Our written gold bond guarantee with each tire positively assures you eight months satisfactory service or another tire will be given at half price. Shipment made same day order is received. Order today—NOW.
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86 EAST 14th STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

CORD TIRE SALE
$6.95 30X3½
10,000 Mile Guarantee

PRICES SLASHED
on these Cords—the tire that gives 10,000 miles satisfactory service. All tires offered in this sale are brand new treads. Cut your tire costs by these excellent tires at low prices. GET 10,000 MILES.
SEND NO MONEY ALL OUR CORDS shipped C. O. D. Take tire home and examine it; if it isn't the best buy you ever made, return the tire and get all your money back.

Size	Cords	Tubes	Size	Cords	Tubes
30x3	$6.15	$1.05	34x4	$11.95	$1.95
30x3½	6.95	1.25	32x4½	13.75	2.00
32x3½	8.95	1.55	33x4½	14.45	2.10
31x4	9.95	1.65	34x4½	14.95	2.25
32x4	10.75	1.75	35x4½	15.45	2.30
33x4	11.25	1.90	36x4½	15.95	2.50

Order now. 5% discount for cash with order
GEM RUBBER CO., 1315 S. Oakley Blvd.
Dept. 571, Chicago, Illinois

NEW TIRE POLICY 30X3½ CORD $2.00
Legal Binding Guarantee with every tire.

Tire Values Smashed Tremendous sacrifice—big end-season sale. Kelly-Springfield, Goodyear, Fisk—only the best—almost new demonstrator tires—good for thousands of miles—guaranteed [illegible]

	TIRES	NEW TUBES		TIRES	NEW TUBES
30x3	$1.90	$ .90	32x4½	$3.75	$1.65
[illegible]	2.00	.90	33x4½	3.75	1.65
[illegible]	2.50	.90	34x4½	4.00	1.65
[illegible]	2.75	.90	35x4½	4.25	1.65
[illegible]	3.00	1.40	36x4½	4.25	1.65
[illegible]	3.25	1.40	35x5	4.25	1.95
[illegible]	3.50	1.40	37x5	4.25	1.95

Compare prices—then ACT—orders shipped day received
Examine these practically new tires. Send deposit of only $1. for each tire ordered. Balance C. O. D. subject to inspection. A legal binding guarantee goes with each tire and insures nine months' wear or another tire at half price. Don't wait. You can't lose. ORDER NOW.
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GUARANTEED 9 MONTHS

FORDS run 34 Miles (on Gallon of Gasoline)
Low Gear Seldom Used
With Air-Friction Carburetor
And we guarantee all other cars nearly double present mileage, power and flexibility, make hills on high formerly difficult on low. Models for any car, truck, tractor, marine or stationary engine. See wonderful mileage guarantees—on gallon of gasoline for other cars. Makes old cars better than new.

Ford.......34 mi.	Reo.......24 mi.	Chevrolet 32 mi.
Buick 4....30 mi.	Chalmers..23 mi.	Maxwl (25) 30 mi.
Buick 6....24 mi.	Olds. 6....23 mi.	Nash 6....23 mi.
Hudson....20 mi.	Paige 6....20 mi.	Lincoln 8...17 mi.
Hupp.......25 mi.	Oaklnd 6..24 mi.	Stdbkr Lt 6. 23 mi.
Dodge.....28 mi.	Overl'd 4...32 mi.	Cole 8.....17 mi.

If your car is not mentioned here send name and model for particulars and our guarantee on it. AGENTS WANTED.
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You can drive any car in heaviest traffic without shifting gears. Starts off on high in any weather without priming or heating—no jerking or choking. No more foul spark plugs or carbon in cylinders. No leaking of gas into crank case. Try it 30 days on our guarantee of money back if not entirely satisfied. No strings to our guarantee. YOU ARE THE JUDGE. Anyone who can handle a wrench can attach it. No boring of new holes or changing of operating mechanism. Write today.
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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—*Bishop Middleton*

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

L. K., Bowling Green, Fla.—A girl of fifteen, who is five feet, four inches tall, should weigh 118 pounds. It should always be understood, however, that despite tables of "ideal weights" which may be compiled, the size of the bony framework of the body needs to be always taken into account in establishing a properly pleasing plumpness. These who are large-boned usually require a covering of more flesh to establish a form of good contour lines than those who may be finer-framed and smaller-boned.

M. C., Eagle Rock, Va.—The act of registering at a hotel consists in signing one's name and home address in the hotel register—a book which is open on the desk before the clerk, who will indicate to you where you should sign. (2). A person asking a blessing at a family table does so, most properly, with lowered head, closed eyes, and using a low but distinct level of utterance. The following is a form much in use: "Lord, bless this food to our use and ourselves to thy service We ask it in Christ's name; Amen."

A. P., Shelbyville, Tex.—You are correct in thinking you have learned through observance that there is no clearly established ruling of etiquette concerning a lady or a gentleman going first in the circumstances you outline We personally believe it the best and most sensible form for the gentleman to lead the way to any table or seat—following, however, any preference which may be voiced by the lady he may be escorting.

L J., Cameron, Tex.—It is possible that red hair and freckles might interfere with marriage, although we have seen many much-freckled and red-haired brides But we assure you this type of coloring would not change a choice of wedding gown—which should always be, in the case of a girl bride, of white, cream or ivory silk or satin. (2). Certainly it is correct and courteous for you to ask this boy into your house after he has brought you home. Common sense as well as etiquette would dictate that such an invitation would not be given nor expected if the hour was one late at night.

Brunette Smiles, Oklahoma —You may keep on smiling so far as your weight is concerned, for your 115 pounds is almost exactly correct for your height of five feet, three inches. See seply to L. K., Bowling Green, Fla., in this issue.

I. D., Dunn, La.—At this shower you may wear any gown which would be correct for afternoon wear at the time of year the affair may be given. Do not attempt to gown yourself too elaborately on such an occasion. At the close and before your friends make their farewell, you might say a few words of appreciation. This is best done by expressing your thanks for their kind and generous thought of you and their wishes for your happiness Let what you say be short, simple and sincere with smiles.

G. N., Southbridge, Mass.—At a second wedding few, if any, of the customs of the wedding of a girl bride prevail. It is considered best that there be no white gown, no veil, no flower girls, maids of honor, bridesmaids, etc. One intimate friend of the bride may, however, serve as an attendant at such a second ceremony and precede the bride to the altar. Such an attendant may stand a little to the side and in the rear of the bride during the ceremony Both the bride and her attendant may wear costumes correct for street wear. Being present would constitute the chief duties of such a wedding attendant, although she should be watchful and ready to assist the bride in any way possible concerning her gown, appearance and her entrance and exit from the church. A second bride should be careful to remove the rings of a first husband from her hand before appearing at the marriage altar for a second time.

Unhappy Gray Eyes.—Whether you should write this man you have once refused to marry such a letter as you describe, would depend entirely upon your knowledge of how devoted he may still be to you, and whether or not you feel you could marry him and be happy, when your own affection for him is admittedly slight. You must consider these things well and decide yourself. Marriage is a serious matter and deserves serious treatment. To marry where love is only on one side is a questionable matter. Personally we doubt the success of the experiment, although you may have respect for this former suitor which you could develop into affection. You must remember that he would know himself as a "leftover" and second-choice, which might affect his feeling toward you. But as for the propriety of your writing him at all, we say that you can certainly do this if you think best. Your former close friendship and his expressed desire to marry would sanction your frank treatment of the present situation. Write to him, if you think you could marry him and be happy. If not; rest silent and wait. You are only nineteen and can afford to let your present grief dwindle and some new joy grow.

Would Know, Tennessee.—When this boy is introduced to you, offer your hand, with a bow, a smile and a simple "how do you do." Then let conversation commence as it may. (2) Yes; you should offer your hand in greeting this boy who is a caller at your house

W T., Marshfield, Mo.—Yes; it is the pleasant and correct thing to do to open any gift at once which this young man may bring you when he calls. And thank him at once in simple words. If the package be candy or something of like toothsome nature, it is proper that you should offer this to him for a tasty share.

M. M McA.,North Carolina.—The light and flat shades of green, the light browns, white, dull light blue and navy blue, are all shades and colors you might becomingly wear. Because of your high coloring, you would do well to avoid all high or bright shades. Particularly beware of yellow, bright greens or dark pink or red. Wear your hair in any manner that frames your face rather closely and in some way would lenghten your profile. If your face is as round as you describe, you should not bunch or puff your hair over your ears in a manner that might increase this appearance of breadth.

Blue Bells, West Virginia.—We judge from your letter that your home is motherless. Otherwise it would be your mother's place to suggest the retiring hour to your overnight guest and show him to the quarters prepared for him. As the case stands, this would best be done by your father. Let your father greet him first in the morning you arranging to make your appearance shortly after with additional greetings—and more smiles. Do not think he must be entertained before breakfast. It would be expected that you and the household would be busy at this early time.

Bashful of Louisiana.—If you play too many records on your talking machine when you have a caller, you will interfere greatly with the conversation which is not machine-made. We think that two records would furnish enough of this sort of entertainment unless a phonograph should be a distinct novelty to your guest—which can hardly be the case in these days. (2). The calls of neighbors in a rural community need not be governed by rote or formal phrases. When you say your "good-by" after your call, tell your friend and neighbor that you hope you will see her soon and that she "must not stay away too long."

Just Merle, Mississippi.—If a boy and girl are good friends and meet at a public gathering of any sort, it makes absolutely no difference which is the first to speak. It would make no difference whether the meeting of the two took place at his home church or at her family's place of worship Possibly you are thinking of a tradition of etiquette which rules that a man, after an introduction to a lady, should wait at a second meeting thereafter to see if she chooses to recognize him and thus acknowledge the acquaintance. However, a man need not hold too strictly to this rule, particularly in small and friendly communities such as we think is yours.

I Will Prove To You That You Can Make $100 a Week

Yes, you can make $100 a week. You can make $5,000 a year and not work half as hard as you do now. You can do as well as H. T. Pearl, of Oklahoma, who made $750 in one month. You can begin like R. L. Marshall, of New Jersey, who made $80 in five hours. You don't have to wait. You don't have to invest any money. You don't have to take any course or do any studying. You can start right in next week. You can begin at once to make a really big income. The opportunity is waiting. The money is there for you to get. Do you want it? Then read this ad carefully and answer it, for this offer is meant for you.

Your Profits Will Begin At Once

These records show you how our Representatives make large profits the first day. You can easily do as well.

$16 Profit First Day

That's the record of Alyse Leblanc, of Massachusetts.

$32 Profit in 8 Hours

is the result of the first day's work of Adolph Montoya, of New Mexico.

$4 in One Evening

is pretty good pay for 2 hours' spare time. That is what Samuel Miles, of Arkansas, made his first day.

$13 Profit First Afternoon

Jacob Myron, of Connecticut, started in the morning and cleared over $13 before evening.

$4 an Hour

was what Margaret La Roux, of Michigan, averaged her first afternoon.

$40 in 24 Hours

was the result of the first work of B. Collander, of Massachusetts.

700 Men and Women Wanted At Once

We are now ready to appoint 700 more Representatives in all parts of the country. You can be one of them, and by simply doing what we suggest you can make a net, clear, cold profit for yourself of anywhere from $50 to $100 a week with very little effort. Your first day will bring you big money. W. A. Webster, of Virginia, made $6 in 1½ hours: Dennis Spear, of Kansas, cleared $8.90 his first day; W. P. Stone, of Maine, made $24 in 4½ hours. All without experience or training and you can do as well, or better.

Amazing Profits For Easy Work

We are the originators and manufacturers of Zanol Products—the nationally advertised line of pure food products, toilet preparations, soaps, perfumes, household and laundry necessities—over 350 different kinds. Four million dollars worth were bought last year but none of these products are sold in stores.

We sell direct from factory to customer. By this means we give greater values and lower prices than could be secured in stores. We have thousands and thousands of customers in every section of the United States. But instead of sending their orders direct to us we appoint a Representative in each locality through whom our customers send us their orders.

Exclusive Territory

We offer to assign you an exclusive territory and let you handle all our dealings with our customers in that territory. You will simply introduce our products and let the people know that you have become the Zanol Representative. The rest is easy. Our products are nationally advertised and well known in every locality. We have been in business for 16 years and have resources of more than a million dollars. The local man or woman who becomes our Representative is given complete instructions, full equipment and everything necessary for success.

More Than a Million Dollars Made By Our Representatives In 8 Months

If you want your share of these big profits all you need do now is write. You won't believe how easy it is nor what wonderful profits you can make until you get started and the money begins to roll in.

We furnish all of our people with complete equipment for doing business. We furnish it free. We tell you in detail exactly what to do. We make it easy for you. We help you in every way to get started quick and to make big profits without waiting or delay.

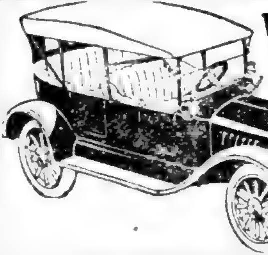
You will be given the same proposition that has brought thousands of dollars in cash to E. S. Shelly, of Pennsylvania; Mrs. Nona Kearns, of Mississippi; Edgar Banville, of Massachusetts; and dozens of others. It has enabled G. C. Henry to make four times as much money as he ever did on a farm and G. A. Becker, of Iowa, to earn more than he did in 22 years in the grocery business.

Send No Money

Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will give you all the details. I will show you how you can make $100 a week and even in your spare time $8 to $10 a day for a few hours' work. I will show you how you can have a permanent, profitable, honorable, pleasant and fascinating business that will bring in a bigger income than you ever thought possible. It is the one opportunity that you have been waiting for. It is your chance to get ahead. It means thousands of dollars to you. And you are not risking a penny. You are not agreeing to pay anything or do anything.

So mail the coupon. Don't wait until someone else gets in ahead of you. Don't delay until it is too late. Write now.

THE AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Albert Mills
President and General Manager
Dept. 8721. Cincinnati, Ohio.



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We want you to realize that this is a high-grade proposition. We want to help you in every way to make large profits and we offer to provide a car without any expense to you whatever. Just write for our proposition. Mail the coupon for details of the plan that will give you this automobile without expense and from $10 to $30 a day in cash.

Mail This NOW

Albert Mills, President,
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Dept. 8721, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Please send me, without one cent of cost and without any obligation, complete details of your new plan by means of which I can make from $50 to $100 a week.

Name ....

Address ....

.... (Write plainly)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

their homes would not be happier and they could take more interest and would appreciate wife more.

Wives, wake up, be a sport and admit that we husbands are not always to blame for unhappiness in the home. You play a greater part than you sometimes think

Thank you Mrs. Wilkinson for permitting my letter to escape the waste-basket.

A Hubby.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Stuff pin or needle cushions with hair combings and they will not rust.
Mrs. James T. Wiseman, Forest City, N C.

If your cake frosting seems a bit grainy when putting it on the cake, cut through the frosting, into desired size, while warm then it will not fall from the cake when it is cut for serving.

Add several drops of vinegar to frosting or candy while beating and it will be soft and seldom grainy
M. R. C., Farmdale, Ohio.

Use tie clasps to hold window curtains back. If window is open at bottom, the hem of the curtain can be fastented to the top without causing wrinkles, and it takes only a second to do it.

To remove rust spots on dishes, caused by hard water, put sweet milk in the dish and let it remain until it sours. The spots will then wash off easily
Happy Sister, Richland Center, Wis

Soak lamp wicks in vinegar before using and they will not smoke.—A New Sister, North Carolina.

To prevent the handle of coffee percolator from burning, place a toy kettle, filled with water, directly under the part that is nearest the stove.

A small amount of cream can be put in a milk crock and made into butter by using a large egg beater.
Mrs. J. V. M., Bussey, Iowa.

Make baby's creepers of crepe and they will require no ironing.

When baking a cake, grease only the bottom of the pan, not the sides.

If tomato plants are tied up to stakes they will ripen faster and have better fruit.—Mrs. H. T. Phelps, Tenney, Minn.

Jelly for cake filling should be beaten until smooth then spread between the layers before they are entirely cool.

To keep eggs, add one pint of common salt to one quart of freshly slaked lime, mix well and immerse newly-laid eggs and put in a cool place.
Lola Clark, Gold Dust, Tenn.

For doors that stick, rub a bar of soap over them on top, bottom or sides. Laundry soap is best for this purpose but any will do. This also applies to drawers that stick or do not open easily.

Requests

Mrs. Mickey Reynolds, Brooklyn, 4802 Ave. M., New York. Prize winner for "best" recipe (June issue) leaves November first, by automobile for Dallas, Texas. If Comfort Sisters along the way will send her a card she will be glad to stop "for a glass of well water and a howdy."

Mrs. Augusta Nicholson, West Liberty, Iowa, would like letter and card shower from the sisters

Would like to correspond with some of the Comfort sisters.—Miss Elizabeth Sanborn, Salisbury, Main St., Mass.

Mary Whisenant, Hackleburg, Ala., would like reading matter.

I should like to receive letters from sisters in Arkansas, regarding homesteading, climate, crops, schools, etc.—Mrs. Walter Boesch, Murphysboro, Ill.

How to tan hides

I should like to hear from Comfort readers, near my age, (26) living in Los Angeles or vicinity
Miss Winifred McCracken, Los Angeles, 1027 S. Grand View St , Cal.

Poem. "They are Lighting the Christmas Candles All Over the World Tonight."

Songs: "Diving Bells," and "Sociability."
Mrs E M Campbell, Bowers Mills, R. R 3, Mo.

How to remove too thickly spread varnish from linoleum

Would like to get Dore's Complete Bible Gallery with 250 illustrations Please write first
Henry Highland, Prentice, R. R. 1, Wis.

Poems: "The Gambler's Wife," "Searching for the Slain," "Bessie and I."
Mrs. W. L. Chapman, Shawnee, 703 N. B'way., Okla.

Miss Ruby Booth, Washington, 819 Ingraham St., D. C., wishes correspondents.

The following wish books. Write first as only one copy is desired.

Mrs. L. A. Gove, Hanover, 21½ W. Wheelock St., N. H. "The Belle of Australia," "Tattered Tom," by Alger, The Appleton Fourth reader, used in Vermont schools thirty years ago, and "Meg's Children."

Mary A. Laughlin, Islay, Alberta, Canada. "Mistakes of a Bashful Man."

Mrs. Will Hamaker, Pottsville, Ark., McGuffy's Readers, 3rd, 4th and 5th.

Mrs. Anna Lindsay, Dunnellon, Florida. "The Lives of the Lindsays," by the late Earo of Crawford.

Sisters' Circle Pin

Free! Every Comfort Sister should wear this beautiful Sisters' Circle Brooch Pin—the one and only official Sisters' "badge" of membership, uniting in one grand Circle of friendship and love the thousands of Comfort Sisters living in all parts of the world. It is the size of a 25-cent piece, gold finished, and the front is inlaid with handsome cloisonne enamel in two colors—your choice of red or blue—with the words "Comfort Sisters" deeply embossed, as shown in the illustration.

If you are a Comfort Sister, send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to Comfort at 50c and we will send you a Sisters' Circle Pin free and prepaid. Or, if you prefer, you may send 50c to pay for a one-year renewal (not your own), and we will send you the Pin free. Be sure to mention color wanted. Reward No. 8671.

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SAYS MA-MA

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JONES MFG. CO., Dept. 815, ATTLEBORO, MASS.

Her First Gray Hair

By Edward Ettinger

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SAM left the office very early and headed straight for the barber shop. Haircut and shave? I'll tell the world! Shampoo? I should say! Massage? By all means! Manicure? Ho, what a question! The sky was the limit tonight. O barber, faithful custodian of masculine beauty, our hopes are centered in thee. Perform thy wonders this night. Transform our hero into an Appollo for this is to be the night of nights.

In the subway, Sam held his paper before him pretending to read, but in reality he was mapping out the plan of campaign. Just how was he going to propose to her? That was the momentous question. And when he finally decided upon the best method of attack, he discovered that he had passed his station long ago.

Well, he eventually did get home. Now to don the prescribed uniform. It took him just two hours to get dressed; thirty minutes to get into his evening clothes and, plague take it, an hour and a half to make his tie. Those ties are the limit, aren't they? They twist and squirm and insist upon remaining north and south instead of east and west. Lucky for Sam, he had mastered Spanish as well as English, so he was more fortunate than a great many of us in that he was able to relieve his feelings in two languages. In the end, he resolved to buy a ready-made tie for future occasions.

A taxi took him to the home of Edith Sinclair the lady of his romantic subway thoughts. The two got along very well. There was one point in particular on which they both agreed. He thought she was pretty and she did too.

Instead of finding her alone in the parlor with the lights dimmed, as he had anticipated, he discovered six or eight mutual friends at her home, boisterous and far from sentimental. That was the first blow his subway plans received. He must now use strategic tactics. Boy, page General Joffre.

By skillful maneuvering and dogged persistence he finally did get her alone in a corner.

"For goodness' sakes, Sam," she exploded, "What is the matter with you? You are acting so mysterious tonight. Why are you trying to separate me from the rest and why are you mumbling all night long. Let's sit down. Let's sit down. Once for all break the sad news to me. Did you lose your job or are your shoes too tight that you insist upon sitting in a corner. Say it and bury it."

Now, wasn't that a fine prologue to a proposal? Wasn't that an encouraging speech from the fair lady to lead on the bashful and ardent swain? Sam turned the color of ketchup.

"Well, what is it?" she insisted.

"Will—will you marry me?" he blurted out.

"What"

"I said——"

"Stop! Don't repeat it or I'll faint. What's gotten hold of you? Sam, look at me; have you been drinking?"

What a sweet romantic reply to a proposal. It fanned Sam's hopes with all the warmth of an iceberg. However, he rallied from the cruel blow and gathered his shattered forces.

"Please, Edith, be serious. I mean what I said."

"O, put on another record, please. I've heard that one before. All masculine graphophones play that tune. I'm not thinking of marrying at all. That's final."

"But you can't go on this way forever. You've got to get married sooner or later. It's only a question of time."

"You're wrong. It's not a question of time at all. Time doesn't decide it. Hair does."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean just this, the only time I'll think of marrying is when I find my first gray hair and not before. That is my time table for the ship of matrimony. When that gray hair comes, I embark and not a day sooner."

"And until then?"

"I shall be single and live happily. And as for you, forget that you ever proposed to me. Let us remain the same good friends we have always been. You're a good fellow and I like you, but please stop playing mystery dramas."

The next day Sam walked into the office of the president of the company.

"Mr. Talcott," he said, "I've decided to accept your offer."

"When can you leave?"

"Tomorrow on the *Pizarro*."

"That's fine. I like quick decisions. I'll cable instructions to the bank at Buenos Aires and they will give you every assistance you may need when you reach there. Twenty-five thousand dollars will be deposited in your name. That will carry you along for a while. I, personally, wish you lots of luck, Sam, and I hope you make a success of it. In fact, there is no reason why you shouldn't, especially with your knowledge of the language. Good-by and good luck to you."

There was but one thought in Sam's mind—to get away from Edith. He did not wish to see her nor hear of her. She had hurt him more than she had suspected. That is why he sailed for South America without bidding her good-by. There, with his new work to occupy him, he would forget about her.

And he did too at first. The new branch office which he was organizing for his firm kept him very busy and it did not permit any other thoughts to encroach. One month, two months, three months crept by. The fourth month found things whipped into shape nicely. The office was running very smoothly. He had a little time for himself too. Then, like a thief in the night, the thought of Edith crept in. Heart and Head had a bout every night. And one fine night Heart landed an uppercut on Head and knocked him out of the ring. In the morning Sam wrote Edith a letter.

This was the beginning of a correspondence which lasted for a year and terminated only at his home-coming.

The very first thing he did when he left the boat was to phone Edith and make an appointment to take her to dinner that night. Then he reported to the office and remained there until 5 P. M.

His face brightened up like a spot-light when he beheld Edith. And when he kissed her, O Romeo and Juliet, how happy that man was. He was so deliriously happy, he would even have kissed an old maid with a mustache. After all why refuse to admit the truth? He was head over heels in love with Edith. He took her to the most expensive restaurant in the city, the choicest theater seats, the finest after-the-show-supper. It seemed wonderful to sit alongside of her. She was so beautiful and seemed so pleased to be there with him. There was no other way out of it. He must propose to her again. But this time he would not plan it in the subway.

"Edith," he said as he took hold of her hand in the taxi on their way home, "it's been a wonderful evening for me. I haven't been so happy for months." He pressed her hand. "I like you."

"That's why we can be such good friends," she replied. "We are so much alike. You like me and I like me. See the similarity?"

He laughed.

"I've had a splendid time, Edith. It was certainly worth coming home for. I must repeat it. I'll be over tomorrow and we'll go out again."

"But Sam, I can't. I have made another engagement for tomorrow."

Like a blow between the eyes, her words stunned him. She noticed it immediately.

"Don't look that way Sam. It isn't my fault. How was I to know that you were going to take me out both Saturday and Sunday."

"Yes, I suppose you are right," he muttered dejectedly. "I should have gone into detail and told you every little thing I intended doing. Of course I corresponded with you for a year so that I might have the extreme pleasure of taking you out on the day I arrived and that would be all."

"O, don't be a cross patch, Sam. I made the engagement a week ago and I can't break it now. He's so handsome."

During the rest of the journey Sam sat in silence. Edith, feeling a bit sorry for him, leaned closer and kissed him. As if that was sufficient balm for the pain she caused!

On a Monday, one week later, Sam called her on the phone.

"It's three o'clock now," he said, "and I'm leaving for Cleveland at five. If you don't mind I'd like to come over and see you for a while. Then we'll take a cab and go down to the station and you'll see me off."

"O dear, please don't come. I was out so frightfully late last night I really haven't got out of bed yet. I'm so tired and sleepy. I'm a sight now and not fit to look at. I'm very sorry Sam."

"I'll give you thirty minutes to get dressed."

"Please Sam, I detest being rushed. Besides I'm too lazy to get dressed. I'm so sorry but I feel out of sorts today. I'll say good by over the phone. I hope you have a pleasant——"

He slammed the receiver on the hook

"Sam, Sam," she cried into the phone, "Sweetheart."

But he was gone.

It takes a sudden jolt to bring some of us to our senses. And so with Edith. It was only in that moment that she realized how much she loved Sam. She was repentant. What a fool she had been to trifle with so fine a love. She sank into an armchair and cried. Cried because she had treated him so shabbily. Cried because she loved him. Cried because she had side tracked him for Mr. Lewis. That horrid Mr. Lewis whom she first thought was so handsome and discovered was nothing more than a hundred per cent. conceited puppy who wouldn't even admit that she was pretty.

There was but one thing to do. She must write Sam and apologize. She must take the matter in her own hands. She must make a fresh start and love him as he deserved.

In the meanwhile, she might do well to powder her nose which had gotten red because of the crying. She walked over to the mirror to perform the operation. She looked at her reflection. Horror of horrors! Was it possible? She looked closer. It was a gray hair. Her first gray hair. She wondered: was that what made her so tired and restless? O, if Sam were only here to take her in his arms. He loved her and would comfort her. And how happy she would be to find herself in his embrace.

In the morning she telephoned to his office and inquired for his Cleveland address.

She sent him this brief letter.

Sam dear:

I have found my first gray hair.

Edith.

Surely he would remember the conversation they had that eventful evening when he had proposed to her and when she had been so foolish and answered him so flippantly. That day when she told him that she would marry only when she found her first gray hair and not one day sooner.

She waited a day and then received a reply.

Dear Edith

I received your brief note and cannot express how happy I was to read it. While on the train I was hoping for just such a letter. So your first gray hair has finally made its appearance. Edith, you've made me very happy by informing me of the good news so soon. After I read your letter, I dropped everything and went right out to purchase a suitable gift for you. I am sending it by registered mail and I hope you will like it.

As ever.

Sam.

"It must be a ring," she said. "He loves me still. Aren't men the fools? But, I do love him now and never will treat him rudely again. I am very fortunate that he has such a splendid forgiving nature. O, Sam, I'm very sorry. I'll make up for it though. I'll be a good wife to you, for I love you with all my heart."

It was only a short while after that the mail man brought the precious package. She opened it carefully for no doubt it was valuable. Nicely wrapped in a number of layers of felt and tissue paper was a bottle of hair dye.

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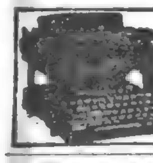

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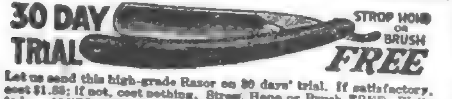

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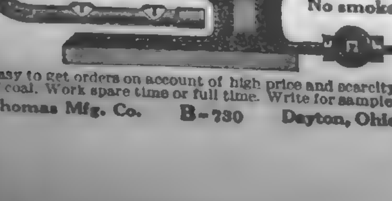

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SEE PAGE 28

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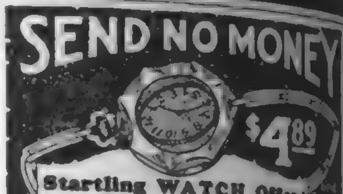

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By Kenneth Fuller Lee

CHAPTER IV. (CONTINUED.)

IN a moment the voice of the warden, shaking with repressed rage, sounded from a thicket to the left of the trail. "Come in here, Clint, an' see ef you think yer leetle friend would take a crack at you or not."

Clint hustled over to where Dave stood and gaped open-mouthed at the spring-gun, about which the smell of nitro still clung.

"See thet string?" asked Dave. "That cuts your trail 'bout knee-high, an' ef Rags hadn't set it off one uv us would hev ben luggin' the other home by now."

"By God!" gasped Clint, realizing the closeness of their escape. "I'll run that damned dwarf out of this country for that if it's the last thing I ever do."

"Don't jump at conclusions, Boy. Don't go off half-cocked. We ain't got no *proof* thet Humpy done this."

"No proof! Well, you *know* damn well he did do it."

Clint was white-hot with rage. He was a'l for going to the dwarf's cabin and charging him with the attempt at murder which had failed only through purest accident.

"Hold on, Son; maybe we can git sumthin' to work on," said Dave. "Thet dwarf would prob'ly come to see what he'd hit with thet cussed gun. Let's hide in the bresh a while an' see ef he don't show up."

Clint gave his reluctant assent, and he and Dave sought a little fir thicket on the ridge which gave a good view of the trail and dam; here they made themselves comfortable and settled down to the slow game of waiting. Hours passed; a fine doe walked by their cover, ears twitching, nose testing the air for taint of man-scent; a vagrant breeze betrayed the watchers, and the graceful doe vanished with a snort of fear. A fat beaver waddled out and sat up on his house in the middle of the pond, gnawing busily at an alder stick. Clint and Dave watched him interestedly. Suddenly the beaver hurled himself from his vantage-point, smacking his tail down on the water in the customary warning to his mates, and ripples widened from shore to shore.

"What scared that fellow?" whispered Clint.

"Shut up," hissed Big Dave savagely. "D'yuh want to scare yer lettle friend out uv here before we get an eye on him?"

Down the trail a bough waved slightly; in a moment a skulking figure appeared, and underneath the brim of an old felt hat showed the furtive features and shifty eyes of Humpy Jean. He crept along the trail, peering to right and left, till he came to the point where the fishline was strung across. He paused here a moment, then started in to look at the spring-gun, when Rags, who had been trembling with excitement and striving to break from Clint's restraining grasp, let out a roar and managed to break his captor's hold. Humpy heard the first bellow of rage from Rags, and took to his heels with incredible speed. His canoe was hidden in the edge of the stream; into this he dove headlong and paddled furiously with the current, Rags tearing along the bank after him for some distance before he gave up the chase.

"Well, we know he did it, so let's head for his camp now and meet him when he comes in,' said Clint. "We can't let this thing hang in the air any longer. If Peggy knew what had happened this morning she would worry herself sick and I want the thing settled once and for all before we go back to camp."

Dave agreed that prompt action was essential, and hastily consulting his compass he lined a course toward the base of Bald Mountain, where Humpy's camp was located. They had lunch at noon beside a bubbling mountain spring, heating their tea over a tiny fire, taking the trail again immediately. It was nearly dark when they entered the clearing in front of the camp. They kept their weapons handy as they walked up to the door, which they found to be padlocked on the outside. There were no signs of life anywhere; Big Dave found the dead mongrel still lying where it had dropped, and muttered: "Here's some of thet leetle devil's work, Clint!" They noted the broken ribs and the bullet hole through the animal's head. Clint was angrier than he had ever been before in his life.

"Are you game to wait for him Dave? We'll put up a lean-to back a ways in the brush and stay here tonight. Maybe he'll show up before morning."

"I'm good for it if you are," assented the big warden.

They went back a short distance from the rear of the little cabin and hastily threw up a tiny bough shelter, putting in a soft bed of fir tips. After finishing the remnants of their lunch they crept into the little shelter and lay down, Clint telling Dave to try to get some sleep while he watched the camp. At nine o'clock no light had been seen from the cabin. Dave awoke and exchanged places with Clint, agreeing to rouse him at midnight. Thus they spent the night in three-hour shifts, but their vigilance was unrewarded. Humpy had evidently been badly frightened. Probably he realized that they would be watching for him. At any rate, he did not visit the camp during the night.

At daybreak Dave agreed to stay in the vicinity while Clint made tracks for his own cabin to let Peggy know what was going on. "She will be wild when I tell her, but she'll have to know sometime," said Clint, " and I'll bring back some grub, enough to last us a couple of days anyhow."

Dave settled himself to wait, as Clint struck out across country toward Bear Brook. The traveling was through swamp country, and his progress was not rapid; but at noon he found the trapline, and in an hour was back at his own camp.

"Oh, Clint! Where *have* you been? You didn't tell me you were going to be gone all night, and I've been *so* worried," Peggy wailed as her husband appeared in the door.

"Has everything been all right here?" Clint asked hurriedly.

"Why, yes. Why on earth shouldn't it be?"

Clint gave her a rather sketchy account of the happenings of the previous day, and told her that he had left the warden watching the dwarf's cabin.

"Do you think he is the same one who clubbed Rags day before yesterday?"

"I know he is. Dave told me that this Humpy Jean would resent our trapping in what he considers his territory, and the tracks leading away from the spring-gun were identical with those I found near Rags the other day. There won't be any peace for us while he is at large, and Dave will arrest him if we can find him. Can you give me a couple of lunches? We're going to run him down today if it is a possible thing."

"Clint, what if he should come here while you're gone? Why can't I go with you?"

"Peggy-Girl, you stay right in this camp and keep that 30-30 where you can reach it. If Humpy Jean shows himself in this clearing—and you can't fail to recognize him—slam the lead to him, and don't stop to ask any questions. You couldn't possibly keep up with us in the woods, and I don't want you taking any unnecessary risks. I'll leave Rags with you."

Stuffing the hurriedly prepared lunches into his pack and giving Peggy a final admonition to stay inside until his return, Clint swung off into the timber and made his way to the base of the mountain, where he found Dave still on the job.

"No one showed up while you were away," was the report from the watcher.

"Then why don't we break into his camp and see what we can locate," suggested Clint.

"I guess, under the circumstances, that we would be justified in doin' that very thing."

Prying up a window they entered the cabin. Inside was a litter of trapping gear, and the place smelled abominably of fish and animal oils. On a table Dave found a partly filled box of 38 shells. "These fit thet dam' spring-gun," he said, putting the box in his pocket: "an' here's the rest of the fishline we found across the trail," he exulted. "Guess we've got all the evidence we need. Next thing's to get Humpy."

During the next two days Big Dave and Clint scoured the surrounding country thoroughly, but failed to find the little man who had so nearly cost one of them his life. Humpy Jean evidently realized that he had been recognized, and decided that his health would benefit by a change of location—for the time being at least.

On the fourth day of his visit, Dave bade Clint and his wife a hearty farewell, assured them both of his friendly interest in their welfare, and added a warning against taking any chances with the dwarf. "Humpy'll be back, you can bet on that. When he does show up, keep yer eyes peeled, an' let me know soon's possible. I've got a bone to pick with that leetle gent, an' Peggy'll feel safer with him out of this neck o' the woods." With a parting wave of his hand, the warden took his departure.

CHAPTER V

Nothing unusual happening for several days, the trapping went on without interruption. Clint found numerous signs of Canada lynx in the big swamp, indicating that the big cats were planning to be handy to the deer yards which were always located there in winter.

"I know just how to nail a few of those whiskered gentlemen. We'll go over there this afternoon and put out some sets for them, Peggy. First, I've got to boil the traps in cedar tea, and make some boards to stretch these 'rats on, so you can take your 22 and try for a couple of rabbits to use for bait if you'd like to."

"All right Clint, will two be enough?" replied his wife confidently, as she slipped into her hunting coat and tucked the tiny Remington under her arm. Clint laughed. "Well, you needn't top with two if they get to running all over you. They'll keep, you know." Peggy whistled to Rags, and started briskly down the trail along the stream. In an hour she was back with three fat bunnies, shot neatly through the heads; Clint glanced up proudly. "Fine work, Honey Girl, those will do the trick nicely. We'll put 'em out this afternoon, while they are still fresh."

Getting an early dinner, they piled the dishes in the sink to await their return, and started for the big swamp. Clint carried five traps, a coil of copper wire and the three rabbits. Reaching the swamp, they scoured about till they located a broad rabbit-path. Off to one side, Clint fastened one of the rabbits to a little birch in such a manner that its head swung five or six feet from the ground. Taking great pains not to disturb the snow unduly, he then secreted two of the big traps under the hanging rabbit, one on either side. "There," he remarked, "Mr. Lynx will come along the trail hunting for live rabbits, and will see this dead one swinging by the heels. When he comes prowling over to investigate he'll be gawking up at the rabbit, and will probably blunder right into one or the other of those traps. If he does, Good Night Mr. Lynx!"

They made a similar set on another trail some distance from the first one, the fifth trap being set under a big down spruce, where a lot of fresh lynx sign attracted their attention. Here the third rabbit was cut open and pushed far back into a hole among the roots, the trap being secreted in the entrance, covered lightly with dead leaves.

Peggy had brought her repeater. With it she managed to pick up a pair of partridges on the way back to camp. The birds were still very plump, making a welcome addition to the supper bill-of-fare, after being nicely browned in bacon fat. Peggy and Clint washed and wiped the dishes together and put them away.

"Bet you we'll have a Daddy Lynx hung up waiting for us in the morning, Clint."

"Most likely. There's a lot of them in the swamp. If we do, the state pays ten dollars' bounty on them, and the pelt should bring us another twenty. They are higher than ever, this season. When it gets colder and they commence to get really hungry we can pick up a few with deadfalls, using bloody meat for bait." Clint shoved a big stick of birch into the roaring stove. For a short time they continued talking, then climbed into their cozy bunk and fell asleep, while the wind sang through the spruces outside the warm cabin.

Early next morning they ate a hastily prepared breakfast, then taking their rifles, they headed for the big swamp with eager anticipation speeding their progress. The first set was untouched, so they went on to the second, but were disappointed there also. As they approached the down spruce where the third set had been made, a hissing snarl from beneath the snow-laden branches appraised them of the fact that this trap held an unwilling captive.

"Keep away, Peggy, till I see how he is caught," warned Clint, cocking his rifle and stepping cautiously in to get a look at the big, savage-looking lynx. The trap had closed over a forefoot, well above the joint, and the grapple was securely hung up in a mass of tangled roots, holding the trapped animal firmly.

"Do you want to try for some pictures of this brute before I finish him?" Clint asked, pulling away the boughs in order to let in more light.

"Oh, Clint! I'd give almost anything for a good picture of him." Peggy hastily unstrapped the little Kodak which hung at her belt, and came bravely forward. The big cat spat and hissed furiously, but Clint chopped out enough of the dense boughs to allow Peggy a good chance for several snapshots.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)

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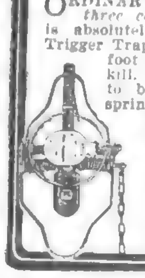

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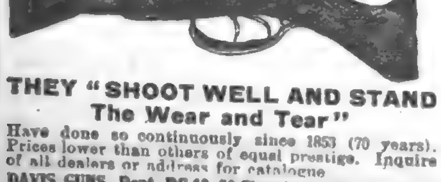

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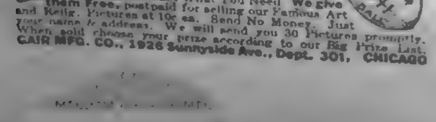

Where Traplines Cross

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.)

"I don't want to injure his pelt. Let me take your 22, Peggy."

"Let me shoot him, Clint! You've killed lots of them, and I never shot any dangerous game in my life," she answered eagerly.

"All right, then. Step around where you can see the side of his head, and give it to him through the ear-drums, low down," advised her husband.

His wife showed that she was capable of following directions, for, with the faint crack of the tiny Remington the big cat wilted forward and died without a struggle. "Poor old cat. You never had a chance, did you?" she remarked compassionately.

"No, and neither do the deer have a chance with these big brutes when the snow gets deep. That shot will very likely save a dozen deer this winter," remarked Clint sententiously, drawing his sheath-knife and commencing to skin out the long-furred feline. "This pelt is in dandy prime condition, how would you like to have it made up into a scarf?" he asked.

"Oh Clint I'd love it! The first really dangerous animal I ever shot, and such a beauty! Would it cost a great deal?"

"No, and you could have it dyed black if you wanted to. They dye lynx a great deal, these days, so that they closely resemble black fox, except that the fur is longer."

"I wouldn't have it dyed for the world," declared Peggy. "That soft gray is lovely, and will go well with 'most anything, too."

"Not much fat on this fellow," Clint pointed out, as he rolled the skin back for a sinewy shoulder; "he's all muscles and cords."

He finished skinning out the pelt and rolled it, fur side out, stuffing it into his pack-basket. Then they circled back to the cabin, finding a mink in one of the blind sets in the stream trail. Clint picked the mink up and put it in the pack with the lynx hide, saying, "We'll get enough for this little fellow to more than pay for making up your lynx scarf, Honey, and that, with the ten dollars' bounty, makes a mighty good day's work for today."

CHAPTER VI.

Big Dave had not been mistaken when he made the assertion that Humpy Jean would certainly be back. Far up on the side of Bald Mountain, in a deep cavern in the rocks, the dwarf was even then planning to rid his territory of those he considered his enemies. He well knew that it was unsafe for him to venture out to the neighboring towns, for Big Dave would notify the officers in all towns within striking distance to be on the lookout for him. For all he knew to the contrary warrants were already out for him, and for the present he was sticking pretty close to his retreat.

In the big cavern, Humpy was equipped with blankets, a skillet and coffee-pot, some bacon and flour, with a few potatoes, beans and oatmeal. It had long been his custom to keep a few necessaries stored here for just such an emergency, his lawless manner of living making such a precaution imperative.

But now he was getting worried. His slender stock of provisions decreased with alarming rapidity, with no means of adding to the fast shrinking supply.

"If it'll jest snow, I'll take my ax and kill me some meat. Big Dave wont stay in here all winter, an' mebbe, later on, I kin even up with that dam' trapper on Bear Brook." Humpy was talking to himself again, and his thoughts still rankled. In his perverse way, he blamed Clint and the warden for his present predicament and his anger ran high. He weighed his chances of sneaking into Clint's camp and stealing some supplies during the night, but came to the immediate decision that it could not be done. "Not with that tarnation Airedale on the job," he grunted savagely.

As he spoke the dwarf poured the last of his coffee into the tin pot, placed the bale over a green stick hanging above his stone fireplace, crumpled up a small roll of birch-bark and shoved a few sticks of dried spruce under the coffee-pot, applied a match and sat back to await the boiling of the pot. He sliced and broiled a little of the scanty stock of bacon, pondering meanwhile a method of getting even with Clint, at the same time obtaining a supply of provisions to tide him over in case he found it necessary to remain in hiding throughout the winter. He thought for some time, and finally arrived at a decision.

"I'll go over on the ridge back of their camp an' build me a lean-to, so'st I kin spy on the cabin. When she goes out with him to look over the beaver sets, mebbe I kin break in an' pick up some grub, lug out some fur an' burn the dam' critter's camp before lightin' out for the mountain." Humpy chuckled to himself, vastly pleased with this program of thievery and arson and he at once prepared to carry out his rascally designs.

Unaware that trouble was again brewing Clint and Peggy were keeping very busy with their line of traps, and their evenings were occupied with the work of skinning and stretching the pelts of mink, muskrat fox and beaver. With the exception of the beaver, the skins were cased being pulled on over stretcher boards with the fur side in. The heavy-furred beaver pelts were pulled as nearly as possible into the form of a drum-head and stretched onto ash bows, so that the dried hide assumed a nearly round shape.

"The beaver will pay us better than anything else we are getting. When the freeze-up comes, I know a set that will land us a lot more of these fat fellows, an old-timer who used to trap for the state showed me how to make it and it's a sure thing. We will chop holes in the ice and drive down spruce poles, then fasten a bunch of poplar twigs to each pole, a couple of feet from the bottom of the pond. The traps are placed under these twigs, and do not have to be covered at all. It is possible to set them to catch the beaver by either the front or hind foot, simply by changing the height of the bunch of twigs on the pole."

"I'll go with you, Clint, and help make the sets, so that some day I can go and look them over when you are busy with something else," said Peggy, pulling a big muskrat pelt on over the board as she spoke.

When their work for the evening was over, Clint took the dozen or more of stretched hides and put them in the storeroom to dry. He glanced at the long rows of covered stretcher boards with approval, and, coming back into the warm kitchen, he said: "We will make a mighty good thing of the trapping if the fur holds out as well as it has been doing. There is right close to five hundred dollars' worth in the storeroom now, and we haven't got fairly started yet."

"Isn't that just fine?" Peggy enthused. "We can make good money later with the spruce gum, too, and in the spring maybe we can buy those camps we've been wanting so long."

That night the cold settled down, trees cracked with the sharp frost, the little streams and pond froze over, only the bubbling springs and very swift places in the brooks remained unfettered by ice. When this happens, trapping becomes much more difficult for the inexperienced, but Clint was capable of doing well under the changed conditions.

After breakfast he filled his pack with traps, Peggy put up a big lunch, and they started out to make the new beaver sets, planning to pull the old ones and pick up what fur they contained. Rags went with them, frisking and barking with joy at being allowed to accompany the couple. Of late they had been leaving him tied up in camp, as he had been showing a dangerous tendency to run deer, and Clint was afraid that some game warden would shoot Rags if he caught him on a warm deer-trail, this being the law.

The young couple had scarcely disappeared in the timber when a crouched form arose from a clump of firs on the ridge above the little clearing, and came swiftly skulking toward the cabin. True to Big Dave's prophecy, Humpy Jean was back. It was plain that he did not intend to stand on ceremony, nor let his fear of the law prevent him from breaking into the cabin.

Waiting until he was certain that Clint and Peggy were out of hearing, the little miscreant inserted the blade of his ax under a window sash, hastily pried the window up, then casting a backward glance over his shoulder, he clambered inside.

Clint's 30-30, hanging on two forked sticks nailed over the door, caught the intruder's eye immediately. He had to pull over a stool to stand on before he could reach it, and was delighted to find both the chamber and magazine loaded to capacity. Humpy climbed down from the stool with the rifle, which he passed out of the open window, leaning the gun barrel against the logs.

"Now I can take care of myself if he does show up, an' I'll see what else he's got that I can use," he muttered, prying open the door of the little storeroom. "Criminy, this guy ain't no slouch of a trapper. Lookit them beaver!" he went on; "They wont do him much good, though, not if Humpy Jean knows hisself." His keen blade sliced through the thongs which bound the beaver pelts to the ash bows, and in a very few minutes the precious pelts, fruits of a hard month of work on the part of Clint and Peggy, were stuffed into the dwarf's pack-basket. On top of the flat hides, Humpy piled as much bacon, coffee, beans and potatoes as he could walk under, a big ham topping off the pile. He did not intend to starve while he was hibernating in the cave, figuring that he might as well carry off as much as possible, as he intended to burn the cabin with all that it still contained.

CHAPTER VII.

Clint and Peggy made good time to the beaver pond, where they found many of their traps frozen solidly into the ice. "We'll have to do some chopping to get these out, Peggy Girl," said Clint, as he reached for his belt-ax. "Now wasn't that a kid trick?" he ruefully ejaculated, "I've come away and left that ax in camp. Get some boughs and make yourself a comfortable seat, while I hike back and get it. We can't do a thing without the little chopper."

"All right, Clint, but hurry all you can. I'm not comfortable while you are away, with that horrible little dwarf not yet accounted for," his wife answered, starting for a little spruce with her sheath-knife.

"I'm not worried about you, while you've got your rifle. Remember what you did to that lynx!" Clint laughed back over his shoulder as he hustled down the stream trail in the direction of camp, leaving Rags with Peggy. He made a quick trip, and when he came in sight of the cabin was startled to note the open window, and to see his Winchester leaning against the logs underneath it. Working around so as to approach the camp from the side where there was no window, he crept in until very close, then dashed forward and caught up the weapon.

He slid the lever back, noting with satisfaction the brass case of a cartridge in the chamber . . . . . . a crash of glass from the opposite side of the cabin came to his ears. He darted swiftly around the corner, rifle poised for a quick shot. Humpy Jean, staggering under the weight of the big pack, was almost in the edge of the sheltering timber when he heard an angry voice behind him: "Stop where you are or I'll drill you. Take off that pack and turn around so I can see your face."

Humpy sullenly did as he was ordered, and Clint walked toward him, with the little gold bead over his rifle muzzle never leaving the thief's chest. A crackle of burning wood caught his attention; turning his head slightly he was dumfounded to see gray smoke filtering between the logs of the storeroom. For a moment he was tempted to shoot the incendiary and robber in his tracks, but suddenly he hit upon a better scheme.

"Get over and climb into that window. Hustle, or I'll bore you through the back!" he ordered sternly. Humpy hastened to obey. Clint set the rifle against the logs and hastily climbed in behind the dwarf, his automatic pistol in hand for use in case his prisoner turned ugly.

Inside the storeroom a pile of dry fir boughs was blazing merrily, on one side the logs had already caught and were starting to burn with the fierce heat inherent in resinous woods. Seizing a big woods-blanket, Clint thrust it into the dwarf's unwilling hands, taking another one himself.

"Get busy now, and smother that fire. If the camp burns I'll leave you in the ashes," he promised savagely, throwing his blanket over the blazing pile of brush and jumping on it. It was the work of a very few minutes to extinguish what would otherwise have been a disastrous fire. With the exception of two ruined blankets and a big hole through the floor, little real damage was done, but Clint still seethed inwardly.

"Well, this makes twice that you have tried to put me out of the trapping game, Humpy Jean. Now, you and I are going to take a nice little walk in to see Dave Burns and you will be charged with attempted murder and arson. Unless I'm greatly mistaken you'll be put where you can't set any more spring-guns or burn any camps for the next ten years or so."

Humpy did not reply, and Clint ordered him to walk ahead up the stream trail, toward where Peggy waited at the beaver pond. Neither was in a mood for conversation, so they proceeded silently, Clint mad clear through, and Humpy trying desperately to figure out a means of avoiding imprisonment. A fallen log across the stream afforded a dry crossing, and here the dwarf went across more slowly than was necessary. Clint started to follow but as Humpy Jean reached the bank on the other shore, a sudden shove of his foot sent the young trapper sprawling and floundering into the stream. Instinctively he let go of his rifle and struck out for shore, but the swift current carried him down for some distance before he was able to land, and he was disgusted to find that the silent timber had swallowed up all trace of his late prisoner.

Chilled to the marrow, and crestfallen at the loss of Humpy, Clint made his bedraggled way to the beaver pond.

"What happened to you? It took you an awfully long time to get back, and you've been into the water." Peggy was thoroughly excited, and her husband's story of the afternoon did little to reassure her.

"That terrible little beast! He would have burned us out of house and home, and this is the second time he has tried to kill you, Clinton."

"Well, he didn't do it. What's more, he didn't get away with the furs, nor burn our camp, so we've got quite a lot to be thankful for after all," her husband replied soberly.

They gathered up the traps, and started at a rapid pace for camp; Clint was chilled through, and rapidly forged to the front in an effort to speed up his sluggish circulation. Once inside the cabin, a roaring fire in the little stove soon put new life into him, several cups of strong coffee aiding in the process.

Peggy looked regretfully at the mess the fire had made of her neat storeroom, and thankfully at the rescued bales of fur. "It's fortunate that you forgot your belt-ax, Clint. If you hadn't, we would be sleeping under a lean-to tonight, with no furs and no food, either. From now on, I shall not dare to leave camp when you are not here," said the little woman.

"I almost wish I had taken a crack at him when I had the chance," Clint answered.

"No, I wouldn't have had you do that for anything. He is a human being, even if he is bad," Peggy remonstrated.

"He may be, but he's got darn few human characteristics, and fewer human feelings. He'd better not repeat this afternoon's performance if he wants to remain healthy."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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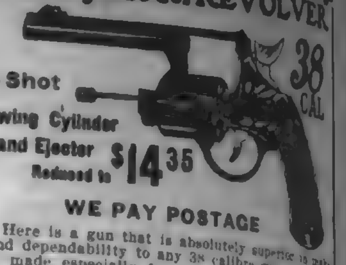

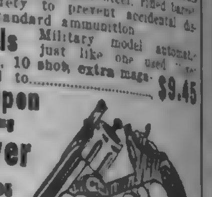

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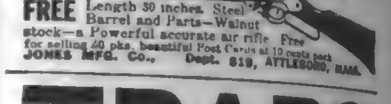

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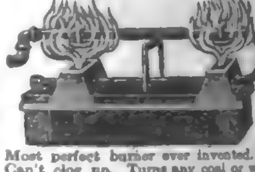

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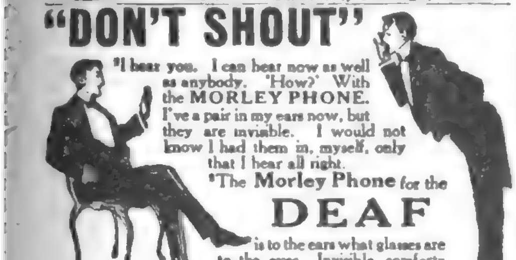

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The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address, The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. M. C., Topeka, Kans.—For the painful menstruation, try after meals, for five days prior to expected period, a teaspoonful of Hayden's Viburnum Compound well diluted.

Mrs. E. C., Kenton, Ohio.—You should be examined and find out the cause of your sterility. There is no other way for you to find out the reason for condition mentioned. You might be cured by a simple operation.

Miss R. Q., Santa Paula, Calif.—Operation is advisable in your case for the hemorrhoids. For the neuralgia, take after meals a teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture well diluted.

Mrs. C. A. S., Stratford, Iowa.—For the constipation take at night two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada in water. As a tonic take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted after meals.

Mrs. L. W. K., Alvord, Texas.—Get some of Fairchild's peptogenic milk tablets and predigest the milk according to directions on package. You can also take after meals a tablet of compound bicarbonate of sodium, which will help digestion and no doubt get rid of intestinal gas.

Mrs. J. Y., Lexington, N. C.—Have the hairs removed by use of the electric needle. All glands are likely to have hairs growing near or on them.

Mrs. M. S., Eveleigh, Ky.—Have some high-up intestinal irrigations. Avoid sweets of all kinds. Take after meals for the gas and indigestion a compound bicarbonate of sodium tablet. Your nasal catarrh will be benefited by using a spray of Dobell's solution three times a day. If you have enlarged tonsils and adenoids have them removed at once.

Mrs S. J., Freeport, Pa.—Loss of smell may be due to adenoids and tonsils. Better both of you have them removed and find out if this condition is due to enlarged tonsils and adenoids. You can safely have them removed. Do this at once. Have your husband take for constipation two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada morning and night. Have him also avoid sweets of all kinds, which applied equally to your condition. Headaches are in many cases due to eye-strain. Avoid in any case so-called headache remedies, for they are dangerous and may cause weak heart action if not something worse. Keep your hands out of water and apply cocoa-butter to them. You can also apply to the pimples Lassar's paste.

Mrs. J. F. K., Coalgate, Okla.—Probably the best way to remove tattoo marks is by use of carbon dioxide snow. Used for deep effect. Of course this remedy must be used by one accustomed to its use.

Mrs. J. W. W., Mt. Olive, N. C.—There is no remedy that will add flesh worth considering. Just live on foods that agree with you and in time you will no doubt put on flesh.

Mrs. A. E. T., Topeka, Kansas.—Remove the blackheads with the comedo extractor, steam the face and apply lotio alba. Of course regulate your diet and avoid sweets and pastries of all kinds. Keep the bowels open at all times

Mrs. D. A. B., Petroleum, West Va.—If the breast has a lump in it and the lump seems to be adherent to the skin, have the entire breast removed at once.

Miss N. J. M., Corydon, Ky.—For the rheumatic condition take after meals a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium. Spray the nose and throat with Dobell's solution. This will relieve the sneezing condition and also the local catarrh. Also keep bowels free at all times.

Mrs. J. H. N., Winters, Texas.—Take after meals for the choking sensation in throat five-grain pills of asafetida.

Mr. R. M., Ohio.—Your trouble is probably a chronic rheumatic condition due to your several attacks of gonorrhœa. Take after meals a five-grain tablet of salicylate of sodium. To the joints apply oil of wintergreen at night

Mrs. G. C. H., Pittsburg, Kans.—You are overworked. Take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted after meals as a tonic.

Mrs. M. E. W., Blissfield, Mich. The foot condition may be due to a fallen arch. Have your shoes made to order and the arch condition looked after.

Miss C. P., Morris, Ala.—Take after meals for your nervous indigestion ten drops of tincture of nux vomica in a wine glass of water. For your constipation take two teaspoonfuls of fluid extract of cascara sagrada, also well diluted. Avoid sweets and pastries of all kinds. There are no foods for the condition mentioned worth-while.

Mrs. W. O. P., Ratcliff, Texas.—For your catarrhal condition spray the nose with Dobell's solution. Take after meals a ten-grain tablet of bicarbonate of sodium. The latter remedy will also in time help your rheumatic condition. Of course avoid sweets of all kinds and keep the bowels free. For the ovarian condition apply locally a mustard plaster, or paint the parts with tincture of iodine once or twice a week. Use soap suppositories for the baby's constipation and have the rupture operated on soon as the the baby's condition will admit. In the mean time you can apply a cork over the parts to retain the rupture in place. Of course the cork must be covered and properly adjusted to the parts.

Mrs. I. G., Sulphur Rock, Ark.—Better have your blood examined and find whether or not you have some blood condition that needs treatment. Maybe after you have proper treatment you will carry child to term as you desire

Mrs. S. McD., Peculiar, Mo.—For the cramping of limbs at night, massage the limbs and take after meals five-grains of bromide of potassium in tablet form

Mrs. C. B., Roseboro, N. C.—Take as a tonic a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted, after meals. You are undoubtedly anemic and need some good tonic for the blood.

Mrs G. G., Ravenwood, Mo.—Give up eating willow charcoal, and live normally. You will in time gain flesh and no doubt be well again. You should be examined and find out the condition of the womb and perineum. May be you were torn during confinement and the parts need restoration to normal

Mrs M. C. B., Oshkosh, Neb.—Apply at night a seven per cent. ointment of salicylic acid. Apply only two or three times and the corn will disappear.

Miss R. W., Faceville, Ga.—Yours is a condition of auto-suggestion. Get your mind on something else and you will get rid of your introspection until you are married and can satisfy your desire for motherhood.

Mrs. R. Q. C., Chismville, Ark.—The only way to get rid of the birthmark is by use of carbon dioxide snow. Have your local doctor use this and he will succeed in getting rid of the blemish without scar.

Mr. J. L. F., Smithton, Pa.—You have a neuritis. Take after meals two teaspoonfuls of Warburg's tincture well diluted. Locally apply a hot flatiron over several thicknesses of flannel wrung out of hot mustard water. This application will relieve the local pain.

Miss L. F., Princeton, Minn.—Both your throat condition and the swelling in the limbs may be due to poor blood. Take after meals a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture well diluted.

Miss G. S., Lakeville, Ohio.—Virgins can have so-called "whites." Use a vaginal douche for this condition. A teaspoonful of salt to the quart of hot water will help you. This condition will not prevent pregnancy later on.

Mrs. J. A. S., Portland, Oregon.—There is no treatment by absorption of senile cataracts.

Mrs. C. P., Hulburt, Okla.—Better not diet or take any medicine to reduce your weight while you are nursing your baby.

Mrs. H. C. H., Noel, Mo.—Better consult some good ear and nose specialist as discharge from the ear is always dangerous and needs careful personal care and treatment.

Mr. A. S., Yankton, So. Dak.—Would not advise any operation on the skin to reduce pores or remove blackheads. Remove the blackheads with a comedo extractor, then steam the face and apply lotio alba at night. Of course avoid sweets of all kinds and keep your bowels free.

Getting Inside Information.

"SHUCKS! I wish there never was such things as Pyramids and Sphinx," and Bob Jr. closed his school-book with a bang.

"Why—what's wrong now?" and Uncle Ned turned around from his letter-covered desk.

"Oh—nothng much, but I'll be glad if I ever get through studying about the Sphinx. Here I've got a four hundred word composition to write, and whatever can I say that hasn't been said a dozen times already!"

Uncle Ned looked sympathetic—perhaps he remembered his schoolday compositions.

"Well, to begin with, what and where are they—the Pyramid and Sphinx?"

Bob Jr. hastily replied: "Why, in Egypt; built with a man's head on a lion's body."

"Bob Jr.," exclaimed Uncle Ned a bit sternly, "is that really all you know about it or is it just a beginning of more?"

Bob Jr. did know a little more than but—but it was so little that Uncle Ned was astonished at his ignorance, especially when the subject was such an interesting one.

"Well, listen carefully, then, and I will tell you a few facts about the Sphinx. To begin with, it was not built at all. It was chipped from the living rock and dedicated to the sun,—for in those days, you know, the people worshiped idols—the sun, moon and stars—instead of the God we worship now. This huge statue is far more interesting than most people think, for instead of being *just* a statue it has been discovered by Prof. G. A. Reisner, of Harvard, to contain a series of temples. He had considerable difficulty in getting the Egyptians to help him dig a hole into the top of the head, they were so superstitious, but when they finally did gain an entrance they found themselves in an old-time temple room fourteen feet wide by sixty feet long, which led into another one directly below—just back of the nose and mouth.

"Several more rooms were found in the body with passages leading through tunnels, in various directions.

"This statue is also supposed to contain the tomb of Menes, the first Pharaoh of Upper and Lower Egypt.

"So you see you *can* say something about the Sphinx, after all.

"Just imagine how many people have worshiped the sun there!

"Of course you know that the Pyramids are sepulchers?"

Bob Jr. hesitated a moment. "Why, no. I supposed they were just blocks of stone."

Uncle Ned really was astonished to hear that, but he went on:

"Why, during the first twelve dynasties the kings were buried in those Pyramids. The size of the structure depended largely upon the length of the ruler's reign and were built of oblong blocks of stone around thirty inches thick. These stones were placed in layers, each layer being about one block's width smaller than the one below—until the summit was reached. The first great Pyramid was erected by King Cheops about 3700 B. C. and covers thirteen acres of ground.

"The mummy king was placed in the sepulchral chamber and a stone weighing around fifty tons was placed in the entrance, which fitted so perfectly that it sealed it."

Bob Jr. was so interested that he could hardly wait to begin the essay, and before he knew it the dreaded task was done.

"Not such a bad job to do, after all, was it?" asked Uncle Ned.

Bob Jr. looked sheepish for a moment then declared: "I'll never say I can't do anything again. Why, it was just—fun!"

* * *

February, 1886, had no full moon, the first instance of the kind in history, and according to astronomers will not occur again for possibly 2,500,000 years.

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Dr. Caldwell knew what old people suffered with their bowels, for he was a family physician for 47 years; born in 1839. No remedy is better for old people than his own Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and here is why: it is mild and gentle in action; it doesn't gripe and it doesn't lose its effect when you take it regularly. You can form your own opinion by sending for a free trial bottle.

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We will send a free trial bottle of Syrup Pepsin to anyone who suffers from one or more of the following: Constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, belching, bad taste, bad breath, dizziness, drowsiness and the many other symptoms of sluggish bowels. If you have children who suffer in this way, write for them.

DR. W. B. CALDWELL, Originator of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

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In spite of the fact that Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is on sale in every drug store in the U. S., we want you to become acquainted with it at our expense, and then if you find it as claimed, buy it of your nearest dealer. Just now send your name and address in any way most convenient to yourself. Many thousands of these bottles have been given and we know you will appreciate it as keenly as others have. Write today, simply addressing your envelope as shown in the coupon.

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St. or R. F. D. ....
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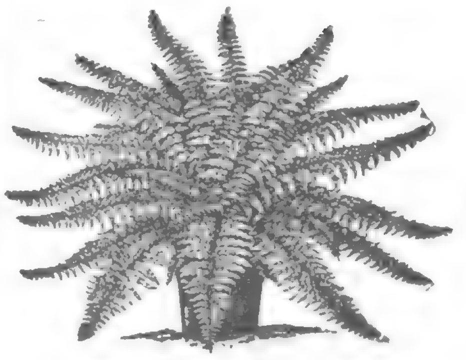
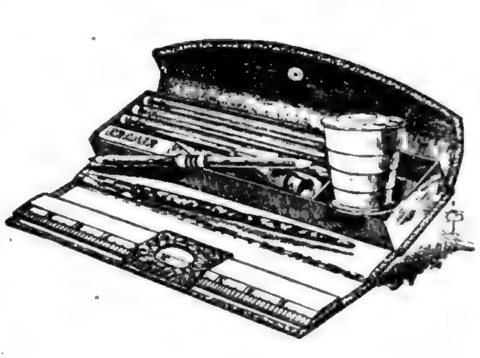
NOT MORE THAN ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO A FAMILY.

Club Raisers—Here's Your Chance to Get FREE Gifts

Gift No. 8344.



Gift No. 8581.



Gift No. 9972.

Cut Glass Bon Bon Dish (Gift No. 9223) and Spoon Tray (Gift No. 9233)

Your desires and your wants have been anticipated in this big collection of free Gifts. Here are our most popular and biggest value gifts. A few pleasant hours among your friends getting subscriptions for COMFORT and you will soon find yourself in possession of one of these gifts.

Gift No. 8581—Three Beautiful Ferns.
Given for **one** *subscription.* In this collection are three of the largest and handsomest varieties of ferns ever grown for house culture. The picture shows the hardy "Roosevelt" fern. The other two varieties are the Boston or "Fountain fern and the Whitmani or "Ostrich Plume" fern. Every fern guaranteed to grow.

Gift No. 9223—Bon Bon Dish. Not only for candies but also for nuts, pickles, small fruits and jellies this real cut glass dish makes a beautiful and serviceable piece for the sideboard, table or tea wagon. Stars and floral wreath cuttings adorn the sides and a large many-pointed star decorates the bottom. Diameter 6 inches. Sent prepaid. Safe delivery guaranteed.
Given for **Three** *Subscriptions.*

Gift No. 9233—Spoon Tray. The pattern on this cut glass piece matches that of the bon bon dish described in the paragraph above. The dish is well suited for serving relishes as well as for holding spoons. Length 6 inches, width about 4 inches. We prepay carrying charges and guarantee safe delivery.
Given for **Three** *Subscriptions.*

Gift No. 8344—
Aluminum Percolator
Given for **Four** *Subscriptions.*
Delicious, fragrant, amber-colored coffee is a pleasant certainty if you brew it in this sure-working aluminum percolator. Made of 99 per cent. pure aluminum, highly polished; ebonized stay-cool handle. Capacity 1⅓ quarts.

Gift No. 9992—Lovey Teddy
Given for **Two** *Subscriptions.*
Dear old Teddy playmate to millions of boys and girls all over the nation! He's a dandy, big, lovable, hugable, cuddly fellow and best of all he's made to stand all kinds of rough usage. Ted is 10 inches tall. No collection of playthings is complete without a Teddy Bear. Here he is with arms extended to you.

Gift No. 5561—Patch Silk
Big Package for **One** *Subscription.*
Real silk in all sizes, shapes and colors, just the thing for making quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy" patchwork. Each package contains more than one hundred silk pieces, five skeins embroidery cotton and a book of instructions.

Gift No. 7696—Watch and Chain
For Only **Six** *Subscriptions.*
An accurate time keeper and a handsome looking watch. Open face, highly-polished nickel case, stem wind and set. Full size. The chain is included in our offer.

Gift No. 7645.

Rock-A-Bye Baby Swing

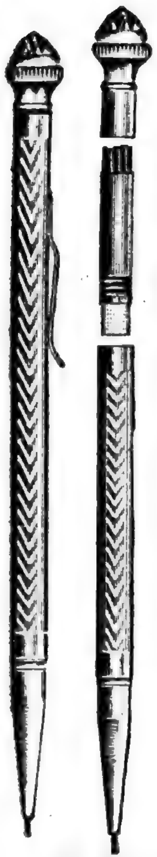
Given for Five Subscriptions.

Baby likes this bouncing, swinging basket and has such a delightful time all by himself that mother can leave him to his own amusement while she does the housework. Made of heavy white duck sewed securely to a strong iron frame about 12 inches square and suspended with heavy duck straps. Strong steel spring included which will hold 100 lbs. Attach it to ceiling, or in doorway, and watch baby have a good time. Great for strengthening legs.

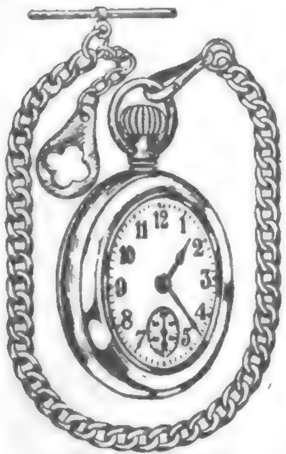
10-INCH TEDDY BEAR Gift No. 9992.

LOVEY TEDDY

Gift No. 5561. PATCH SILK



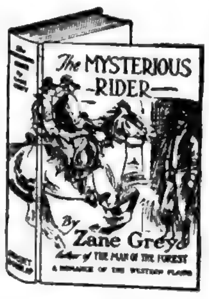
Gift No. 8851.



Gift No. 7696.

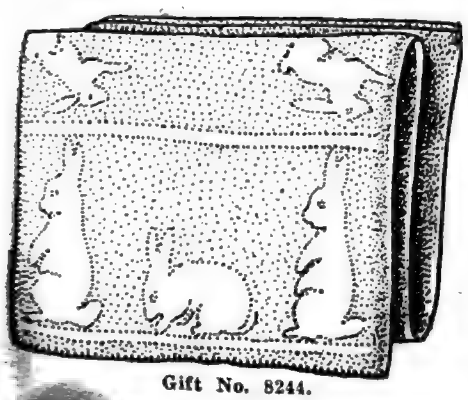
Gift 8851—Everpointed Pencil
Yours for **One** *Subscription.*
A brand new self-pointing pencil made of a new substance as bright as gold but which will not wear off. With its delicate chasing and flashing jeweled top it makes one of the most beautiful pencils you ever saw. Point is always ready. A magazine full of extra leads—a year's supply—is contained in the barrel; also an eraser. This pencil is supplied in two styles—one with a safety pocket-clip for men, the other slightly shorter without the clip for women. Say which model we shall send you. The American Lead Pencil Company makes this new pencil which is sufficient guarantee of its high quality and perfect writing qualities. Either model will be sent for only one subscription.

Gift No. G 45—Zane Grey's Famous Book, "The Mysterious Rider"
Given for **Three** *Subscriptions.*
Lovers of a splendid Western story will revel in this stirring romance, told only as Zane Grey can tell it. Cloth bound, illustrated. If Zane Grey rested his reputation solely on this great book he would be considered one of the great writers of our present day. He interprets the West to his own people of the West and he brings its glamour and restless, roving spirit to the enjoyment of the East. Wherever you live in this broad land, if you like adventure, mystery, love, action, you will like this splendid and thrilling story.



Gift No. G 45.

Gift No. 8244—Soft, Warm Crib Blanket
For **Four** *Subscriptions.*
For the wee tot who must be kept snug and warm these soft blankets are a great blessing. They are 30x40 inches, are as soft as a rabbit's fur and as warm as the big blankets on mother's bed. Every blanket double thick—really a pair in one. Pretty bunny figures woven into the soft, warm texture. Two color combinations—Pink and White or Blue and White. Will wash without running. Specify color when ordering. The artist didn't begin to do justice to this handsome blanket. A drawing cannot picture the warmth-giving qualities, nor can it give you any idea of the soft, furry texture. Only when you examine a blanket in your own hands and with your own eyes can you begin to appreciate its dependable quality and serviceability.



Gift No. 8244.

Gift No. 9143—Neverbreak Self-Filling Fountain Pen
Given for **Three** *Subscriptions.*
Women will delight in this new style pen because they can carry it in their hand bags without fear of breaking it. The ring on cap is for neck cord. Cap and barrel are made entirely of handsomely chased nickel and are non-breakable. Holds more ink than a rubber fountain pen. Fills by raising little lever on side. 14-K gold pen guaranteed.

Gift No. 9972—
Scholar's Writing Set
For **Two** *Subscriptions.*
Three high-grade pencils with erasers, one good quality penholder with pen, one twin pencil (in reality two pencils in a combination holder), one pencil sharpener, one large rubber eraser, one 10-inch ruler and an aluminum collapsible drinking cup with cover, are compactly held in this convenient folding case. A big value.

Gift No. 9153—
Superb Pencil Set
Given for **Three** *Subscriptions.*
The particular features of this box are the Everpointing pencil and the handy compartment bank for pennies, nickles and dimes.

In addition to these two useful pieces, each box contains a compass with pencil attached, a penholder with rubber finger grip, a box of four extra pens, an eraser-tipped pencil, Indian No. 2, a combination red and blue pencil, a pencil sharpener and a large soft rubber eraser. There is also a box of 12 Venus thin leads and one dozen Perpetual Point refill leads for the Ever-pointing pencil. The partitions in the box hold everything securely in place.

Gift No. 9153.

Gift No. 1742—Good Luck Ring
For **Two** *Subscriptions.*
A novel and attractive finger ring which ought to bring you good luck if anything can.

Gift No. 1742.

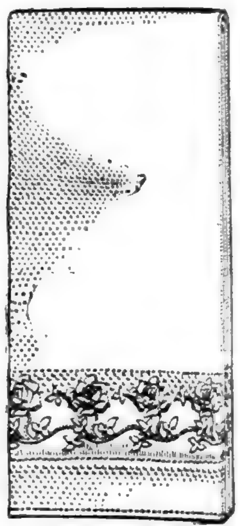
Gift No. 1692—Wedding Ring
For **Two** *Subscriptions.*
A gold-filled ring of fine wearing qualities in the oval band style now so popular.

Gift No. 1692.

Gift No. 1552—Silver Thimble
For **Two** *Subscriptions.*
A serviceable, carefully-made thimble that ought to be in every woman's work basket. Sizes 5 to 11.

Gift No. 1552.

Gift No. 1042—2 Huck Towels
For **Two** *Subscriptions.*
New large, pure white towels of excellent quality. Size 15x30 inches, full bleached and white as snow; these beautiful towels are a satisfaction to the eye. Not only do they make delightful toilet towels but are adapted to use as standard or bureau covers, tray cloths, etc., etc. We can positively guarantee entire satisfaction as regards their laundering qualities. A pair for 2 subscriptions.



Gift No. 1042.

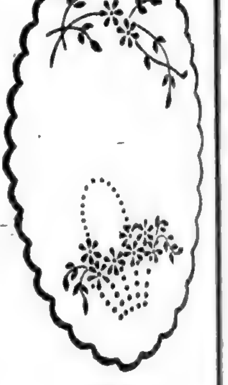
Gift No. 9183—Three Aluminum Sauce Pans
For **Three** *Subscriptions.*
Sizes: 1, 1 1-2 and 2-quart. Made of 99 per cent. pure aluminum with silver-bright finish. Seamless, sanitary. Will not peel, chip, crack or rust.

Gift No. 9183.

Gift No. 9882—Rope of Pearls
For **Two** *Subscriptions.*
Full opera length—52 inches—of Parisian pearls of uniform size, perfect finish and lustre. Can easily be wound twice around the neck.

Gift No. 9882.

Gift No. 8351—Oval Tray Cloth
Given for **One** *Subscription.*
Beautiful design, 10x16 inches, stamped on fine linen-finished cotton cloth, all ready for embroidering. May be worked in light shades if desired, but looks more attractive when done all in white. Basket may be worked in solid embroidery, French knots or eyelets, the spray in solid embroidery or satin stitch.



Gift No. 8351.

Gift No. 8084—Sweet Grass Sewing Basket
Given for **Four** *Subscriptions.*
Of ample size—eight inches in diameter and three inches deep—and with its close-fitting top, this sweet-grass Basket is just what you need in which to take along your sewing or fancy work when calling or visiting. And at home it holds your work, along with scissors, buttons, thread and other necessities, so that you always know just where to look for them.

Gift No. 8084.

Every Gift Guaranteed

We unconditionally guarantee every gift illustrated and described to be exactly as represented. If at any time you receive a gift from us that is not entirely satisfactory please return it. We will make it right.

NEVERBREAK SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN.
Gift No. 9143.

EVERYTHING GIVEN TO YOU

You can have any gift on this page if you will send us the required number of subscriptions to COMFORT. Look the gifts over, make your selection and then send us the number of yearly subscriptions called for at 50c a year. If a gift calls for only one subscription that subscription can not be your own. Your own subscription, though, counts one in any club of two or more. All gifts sent free and prepaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Four Wheel Chairs in September

706 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The recipients of the four September wheel chairs are: Eunice Lorine Camp, La., 150; O. A. Yarnell, Inskip, Tenn., 150; Leota Yeates, Beeville, Texas, 97; Mrs. Amanda Wilkinson, Toledo, Mo., 57. The figures following their respective names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Eunice Lorine Camp, Age 7, has been a helpless cripple all her life, caused by spastic (spasmodic) paralysis. She can not walk, talk, or sit alone without support of some kind. She is bright mentally and enjoys being out in the fresh air and sunshine. As she weighs 29 pounds, the wheel chair will not only be a joy to her but a great help to her mother, who weighs only 96 pounds, in caring for her.

Mr. O. A. Yarnell sent his 150 subscriptions all in one letter with his order for a COMFORT wheel chair to be shipped to him but did not give the name or condition of the person for whose use the chair is intended.

Leota Yeates is the daughter of Mrs. W. A. Yeates who sent in all the subscriptions for Leota's wheel chair, but did not give me any information regarding the girl or her condition except that she is "her little daughter" and in need of a wheel chair.

LITTLE LINDA MOROCONI ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

Mrs. Amanda Wilkinson is 63 years old and has not walked for years, and is much in need of a wheel chair but not financially able to provide one for herself. This information, which is all I know about this unfortunate lady, was contained in a letter from her good neighbor, Mrs. Ella A. Burkdoll who sent in all the subscriptions for Mrs. Wilkinson's wheel chair.

As I predicted last month, the Wheel-Chair Club is quickening its pace with the advent of autumn. This is shown in the increase of one more chair awarded and sent out in September than in August. Next month being the Thanksgiving season, I ask you all to make an extra effort through October and help boost the November distribution. Your own Thanksgiving will be the happier for the knowledge that you have done something to help relieve a crippled shut-in's suffering by means of a COMFORT wheel chair.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscriptions, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

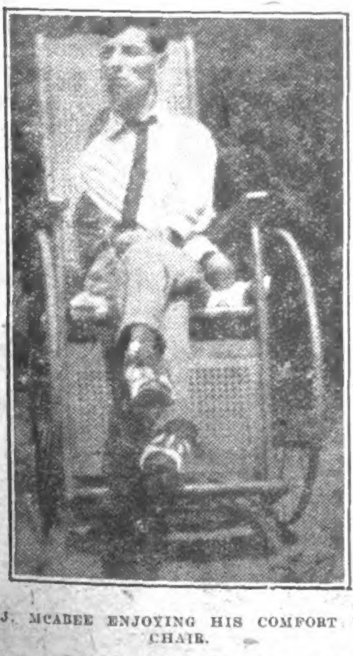
Our Little Linda Surely Enjoys Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Frontenac, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

We are sending you a picture of our little Linda enjoying her COMFORT wheel chair. Words cannot express our thanks for the chair. She surely enjoys it. We wish also to thank our neighbors and friends for their kindness in helping to get the chair for her, and especially do we thank Mrs. Emile Carrier and Mrs. Isaac Descampe for getting the subscriptions. May God bless you all.

Gratefully yours.
Mr. and Mrs. August Moroconi.



SAM J. MCABEE ENJOYING HIS COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

Certainly Is Enjoying His COMFORT Wheel Chair

Roebuck, S. C.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I am sending you two pictures of Sam J. McAbee in his COMFORT wheel chair. Neither picture is very good, but I hope one of them may do to print in COMFORT, for he certainly does enjoy his wheel chair. I also enclose four more subscriptions to be credited to his wheel-chair account. Thanking you again and wishing you success in your good work,

Sincerely your friend.
Mrs. A. L. McAbee.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions or amount of cash sent.

O. A. Yarnell, Tenn., for own, 150 subs; Mrs. Claude Camp, La., for Eunice Camp, 106; Mrs. W. A. Yeates, Tex., for Leota Yeates, 67; Mrs. Anna Boswell, Mo., for Raymond Boswell, 35; Mrs. T. T. Sherrill, La., for Finley Sherrill, 35; Mrs. Bert Null, La., for Finley Sherrill, 20; Edward A. Krause, D. C., for Mrs. E. W. Belfield, 20; Miss Eddie McKleroy, Ala., for Mrs. Francis McKray, 33; Mrs. Ruby Greer, Texas, for W. A. Greer, 9; Mrs. John Tolliver, Ohio, for Mrs. Carrie Taylor, 8; Lafayette Swanson, N. C., for own, 5 subs, and $6.00 cash; Myrtle Idell Hall, Ark., for Mrs. Albert Philips, 5 subs; Mrs. Minnie Owen, Mo., for William J. Lightfoot, 5; Virgie T. Myles, W. Va., for Lafayette Swanson, $2.00 cash; Mrs. A. R. Walker, Minn., for Mrs. Varnell's son, $1.00; Mrs. Sarah R. Smith, Fla., for general, $1.00; Mrs. A. R. Walker, Minn., for Mrs. Varnell's son, $1.00.

Your Family's Buttons

Copyright, 1923, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

WHERE do all the bottons go? Are you one of the many housewives who each week in looking over the laundry ponder over the old question, "Button, button, who's got the button?" If all the buttons made in the United States were distributed yearly there would be 182 buttons for every one in your family.

Few women shoppers at button counters realize that at least eight countries are represented by the buttons that they see before them. The most American button of all, of course, is the fresh-water pearl button, made from Mississippi valley river shell. Most of the shell for ocean pearl buttons comes from Australian waters. A button used extensively on men's suits and coats is made from a nut grown in the northern part of South America and Panama. Clay found in Europe, sour milk, glass, metal, horn, papier mache, are among the many other materials used for buttons.

The eternal sewing on of buttons to replace those broken or lost can be largely avoided if you will take care to see that every new garment has good buttons and that these buttons are sewed on tightly. Women who buy garments ready-made will find that the buttons a garment carries are one of the best criterions of its value. Shoppers might well bear in mind the slogan, "A good button means a good garment."

Thirty years ago when pearl buttons were first made from fresh-water mussel shells in this country all buttons were drilled with four holes through which to pass the thread. Today about 75 of every 100 buttons the woman shopper finds on the button counter will be found to have two holes. Garment manufacturers unlike the home dressmaker do not buy their buttons on cards; they buy them in bulk.

A "14-line or 26-line" button carries no meaning to the average woman, although she acts as caretaker for the buttons of her entire family. A "shirt button" however instantly calls to mind a special size in buttons. All buttons are measured on the scale of 40 lines to the inch. The 14-line and 16-line buttons are popularly known as shirt buttons for these are the sizes to be found on men's shirts. There is a demand today for the rather large button for women's clothing. In pearl buttons the 30-line button or the button three-quarters of an inch in diameter is popular for trimming on wash skirts and dresses.

The ordinary pearl button, which is in universal use in America today, has a history filled with romance and glamour. The shell from which it was made was without doubt taken from the river in the search of a pearl. Pearlers and shellers along Mississippi valley streams are like miners in that the rewards of their labors are uncertain. Added to the price they will receive for shells there is always the chance that they may find a pearl.

The modest little button which every woman finds in her mending basket is thus the first cousin of the queen of gems, the pearl, which often is the associate of royalty. In the same shell with the pearl button on your kitchen apron, your husband's workshirt or your child's romper, there may have been a pearl worth several thousands of dollars.

And now we have the woman dental hygienist. She does not pull nor fill teeth, and consequently is not a terror to children. Instead, she limits her work to cleaning and polishing the teeth above the gums. The U. S. Public Health Service says that this is most helpful in making the gums healthy and preventing decay. Twelve states have already legalized such practice by women.

BED BLANKET
SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU
Simply Send NAME and ADDRESS
Give away 12 big art pictures to your friends with 12 big full and neat boxes of World-famed White Cloverine at 25c each, as explained in big free catalog of nearly 100 wonderful premiums for ambitious boys, girls, men and women. Fastest selling product with free pictures. Millions demand Cloverine (a wonderful household remedy) for chapped hands, face and lips, sores, burns, pimples, etc., daily the year 'round. Discovered by great physican. Twenty-eight successful years. Easiest, quickest and squarest plan. We are reliable. Act now. Be first in your town.
The Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. B-16, Tyrone, Pa.

GIVEN! GENUINE HAWKEYE CAMERA as pictured. Regular size, uses films snap-shot and time exposure. It's a beauty. Yours for selling only $3.00 worth (12 boxes) famous Mentho-Nova which everybody should buy on sight. Send no money. We trust you till goods are sold. Many other valuable premiums. What do you want? Write today.
U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. H 0-7, Greenville, Pa.

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This Up-to-Date, Serviceable, Stem Wind, Stem Set Wrist Watch, Popular Size & Guar. Timekeeper & Beautiful Stone Set Ring or Solid Gold 14 K. Self-Filling Fountain Pen & Gold Fin. Always Sharp Pencil. Given for selling only 30 of Our Famous Art & Religious Pictures at 10c ea. Order Pictures Today. Send No Money.
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Genuine Imported "Lustro Pearls," matched and graduated like all high-priced Pearl Necklaces. Have beautiful opalescent shade and luster. We give this 18 in. "Lustro Pearl" Necklace, fitted with Gold-plated Clasp for selling 24 packets Perfumed Sachet at 10c each. Order today. Send no Money. Handsome Box Free if you order now.
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For SELLING 8 BOXES ROSEBUD at 25c each and remitting $2.00. Knife has best steel blades. A SPECIAL OFFER. Order at once.
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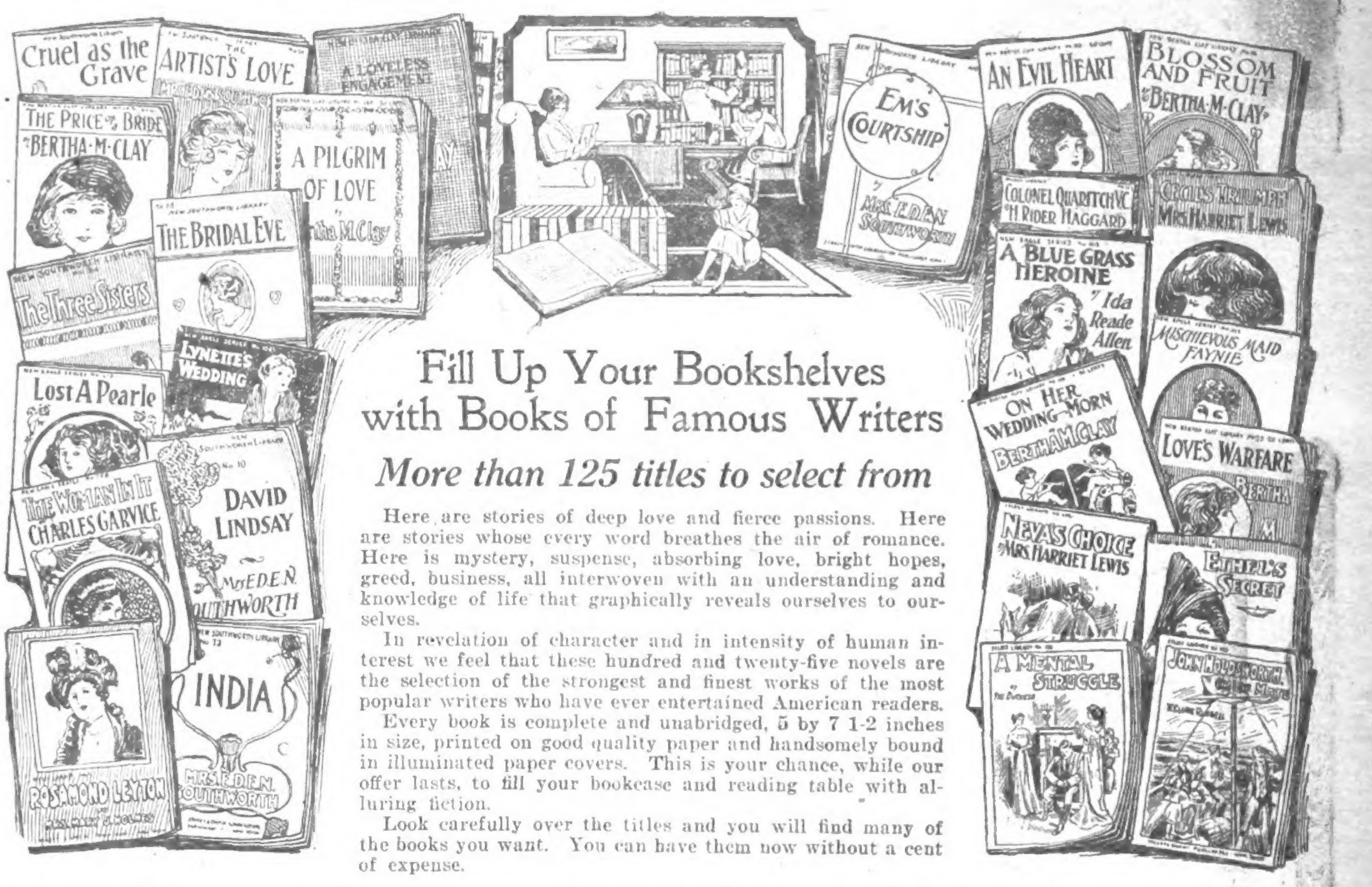

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C 138 When Love and Hate Conflict
C 140 A Pilgrim of Love
C 142 Lost for Love
C 147 A Fateful Passion
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C 165 A Poisoned Heart

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"The Duchess"

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S 134 A Modern Circe

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Across the Rose Hedge

By A. W. Peach

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LANE Alvord looked at his pleasant-faced nurse with somber eyes, and begged her to wheel him over to the rose hedge and leave him. She hesitated a moment and then complied: Then he said with a faint smile: "And now please leave me; I'll promise to be good."

When the sound of her rustling skirts had passed from hearing, he leaned forward in his invalid's wheel-chair, and stared bitterly at the bandaged arm in his lap. The hand was gone.

"Of all beastly strokes of fate, that is it!" he muttered to himself, feeling that he had ground for bitterness. A lover of outdoor life, of horses and automobiles, that lost hand would forever bar him from some of his happiest interests, would make him an object of pity as long as he lived. The thought stung him to a savage word.

A slight sound drew his attention. He lifted his head and saw on the opposite side of the hedge, thick coils of golden hair, and beneath the white fair face of a girl whose blue eyes looked at him with some hidden amusement. He saw that she too was in an invalid's chair. Evidently each nurse had not been aware that they were leaving their patients in such close proximity in the private hospital's garden.

"I beg your pardon,"he said hastily," but I am out of tune with most everything."

The deep amusement left her attractive eyes, and she said quietly: "So am I, and I would like to swear about it; Does it do any good?"

He grinned. "I can teach you if you wish to learn how, but I'm not just sure about its being of much use. It helps for the time being —that's all."

"I wonder if you have as much to thank fate for as I have," she said gently, and he guessed that her intention was to show him that he was luckier than she after all, and should be therefore more cheerful.

He lifted the bandaged arm. Her face went pale at the sight. "And you?" he questioned.

"My foot," she said simply. "I shall hobble along the rest of my life."

The deep hurt in her soul shadowed her fair face for a moment, but her eyes were brave just the same.

The look stirred him. He stretched his left hand across the hedge. "Shake!" he said. "If I swear again——"

"Or I complain," she added, laying a small hand in his.

"May the gods wreck vengeance upon us!" he ended.

A nurse appearing up the walk looked startled and then quietly withdrew at the sight of the two smiling faces, evidently reasoning that a process of course was under way over the rose hedge that was more effective than any remedy the hospital could offer.

And so it proved. With reluctant eyes, later on, Lane saw the chair of his comrade in misery wheeled from his sight, but a memory remained of a sweet face and whimsical voice that had shamed him out of his black and bitter frame of mind; and his own nurse coming afterward looked at him with surprise when she noted the change in him.

He sensed her surprise, and said with mischief in his mood, "Look here, Miss Ferguson, you are to remember that I want to be at this hedge every afternoon at two o'clock; and woe unto them who try to shift me elsewhere!"

She laughed and agreed to obey his orders; and so it came about that the pleasant afternoons found him chatting with the golden-haired girl whose spirit was to him like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The vow they had taken they kept; and the sunny hours found them growing nearer to each other in the mysterious way that heart approaches heart.

Then came the day when, for the first time, his strength returned, he walked weakly down the path and stood before her. She gave a little cry at the sight of him.

"Gracious, I did not know you were so tall."

"That's all I am." He looked down into eyes that vainly tried to conceal an inner tenderness. "Blue Eyes, I am long enough to do the walking for both of us; and right here and now, I am——"

Miss Ferguson suddenly appeared, agitation in her manner. "Mr. Alvord, you better return——"

"Miss Ferguson, I shall not be good any more. You run along back——"

"But I have just discovered——"

"Not what I am going to discover. Now—please."

The nurse retreated slowly, fear and doubt in her going.

Lane leaned over the chair. "Now there is no one here save us and the roses, and they won't listen. But I want you to." He spoke very gently. "You know what it is—I love you. That is all that is very important now except this—do you love me?"

Tears were in her eyes, her lips trembling. In the old, old evasion of love, she answered, "But I don't even know your name——"

"That is easy—Lane Alvord," he replied.

Her face drew into horror. "Alvord—Alvord—then you—you are the one—who ran into me with—with that great car and crippled me—me for life—No! No! No!"

He shrank from her, his blood chilling at the sight of her averted face and slight quivering form. Before his eyes with all its old panic came the memory of the scene; the dusky street, the speeding car that suddenly shot in front of him, his wild effort to avoid it, then the crash that hurled his car and himself to the sidewalk, and then a deeper darkness than the night. And here was the fair girl he had made a cripple for life, even if unknowingly.

He sank back upon the stone seat beside her chair and buried his face in his hands, going down the steep steps of pain into an abyss of misery beside which physical pain is almost pleasure. Into the darkness came a faint fragrance that recalled him slowly—a rose lay in his fingers. He started up, and looked down into grieving blue eyes.

"Forgive me," she whispered, "I know it was not your fault, but, I have felt so badly about it——"

He leaned over and kissed from her lips the tear-tinged words.

An approaching step drew them apart. The gray-headed surgeon looked at them keenly. "I judge you young people have introduced each other. Well, Miss James, we are going to let you take a practice walk this afternoon."

The surgeon stepped forward. Lane pushed his friend back. "Doc she walks with me, not only now, but to the end of time. Game hand and game foot down the world together. You get the idea?"

The surgeon nodded, "I'll be at the wedding."

"Ancient History" Concerning Autos

By L. L. Harned

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AT the recent automobile shows held in the Pacific Northwest, some facts were resurrected that, in comparison with the present evolution of the automobile, almost might be classed as "ancient history."

We are told that the first steam-operated car was invented one hundred and sixty-three years ago by a Frenchman, Captain Nicholas Joseph Cugnot, and that, four years later, an American, Oliver Evans, applied for a patent on an automobile. In 1771, eleven years after the first recorded invention, a Britisher, Richard Trovittnich, startled the people by operating the first steam-driven machine ever seen on London streets.

Passing over numerous attempts to make a practical machine, we learn that the first American automobile was built by Thomas Blanchard, of Springfield, Mass. That was nearly one hundred years ago, in 1825. During the years that intervened between 1825 and 1891, the efforts to perfect a workable automobile were greatly lessened; but three events stand out during this period very prominently because they contributed to ultimate success. These events, in order, are:

The working out of a process for vulcanizing rubber by Charles Goodyear, in 1844.

The taking out of patents, in England and in America, in 1845 and 1847, on a pneumatic tire, by R. W. Thompson.

The discovery of gasolene in 1860.

In 1891 was built the first practical electric car, and in 1892, the first workable gasolene car.

In 1894 occurred the first automobile race, covering 80 miles, from Paris to Rouen.

The first American automobile race was held in 1895, and in the same year, the first pneumatic tires were used.

In 1895, in a race in France, an average of nearly 15 miles an hour was reached.

Barnum and Baily, in 1896, charged ten cents for a look at the "horseless carriage." At that time, only four automobiles were running in this country. At the present date, according to statistics, considerably more than twelve million cars and trucks are registered in the United States.

The first sale of a machine to an American was in 1898. The buyer was Robert Allison, of Port Carton, Pa., and the seller was Alexander Winton, of Cleveland.

The Oldsmobile "Pirate" made a world's record in 1903 of five miles in six and one-half minutes. This rate was more than doubled by Jimmy Murphy in France in 1921, when he made a record of more than 100 miles per hour.

A great event of 1905 was the first cross-country trip, made by two curved-dash Oldsmobiles in a race from New York to Portland, Oregon. The first car to reach its destination was "Old Scout," piloted by Dwight B. Huss, the time being 44 days. "Old Steady," driven by Percy Megargel, arrived in Portland a little more than a week later. This race was considered a thrilling achievement in those days and attracted wide attention.

Considering the evolution of the automobile during the past twenty-five years, what may we expect in the next quarter century?

Almost "Ancient History"

Comments on motor cars, contained in an article in McClure's Magazine for May, 1899, make interesting and amusing reading for the present generation, who still are wondering over the speed of 100 miles an hour reached by Jimmy Murphy in the Grand Prix race in France in 1921. The McClure article says, among other things:

"In the race from Paris to Bordeaux and back, on June 11, 1895, seventeen motor vehicles competed for prizes aggregating $16,000. The first carriage covered the distance of 726 miles at an average rate of nearly fifteen miles an hour for both night and day running, the exact time record being forty-eight hours and fifty-three minutes.

"This demonstrated conclusively the power of motor vehicles to cover long distances at high rates of speed, for it is plain that neither horse nor bicycle could accomplish such a feat."

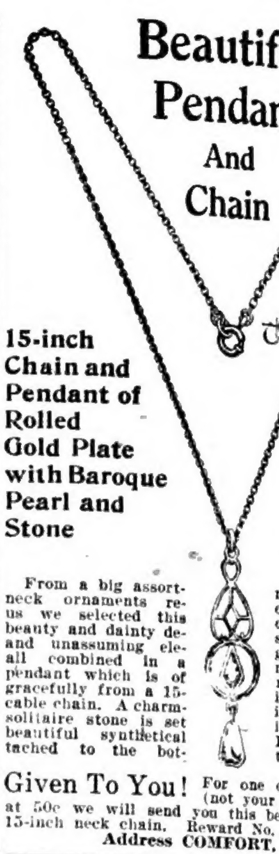
The following advice is needed as much today as it was twenty-four years ago: "It should be borne in mind that the carriage without a horse is also without the convenience of a horse's intelligence, which really in ordinary traffic and driving relieves the person holding the reins of a large part of his responsibility. Not even the best made motor can think, and the slightest carelessness on the part of its driver, or failure of the guiding apparatus, might precipitate an accident."

Before and After Vaccination

Few people today appreciate the suffering and terror that belonged to smallpox before the days of vaccination. In Boston, in 1721, with a population of 10,565, 5,989 persons were attacked with smallpox within a few months, and history is replete with similar examples. Macaulay stated that in the early part of the eighteenth century it was unusual to meet any one on the streets of London whose face was not scarred by the disease. Edward Jenner, the centenary of whose death is commemorated this year, performed the first vaccination with the virus of cowpox, May 14, 1796, and later proved that the boy was immune to smallpox. In spite of the most bitter opposition, this simple, safe and certain remedy has won its way and is now practiced in every civilized country. But the disease is not eradicated and wherever vaccination is not rigidly enforced, serious epidemics are certain sooner or later to develop and to bring death and mutilation in their train. Probably no greater boon has been given to mankind by the medical profession and yet, because of its success, many fail to appreciate what has been gained and refuse to accept its benefits. The history of the disease and its conquest as told by Dr. V. C. Vaughan in the July issue of *Hygeia* should convince the most skeptical.

Building Sound Bones

Sunlight and nourishing food mean a sturdy youngster, almost too active for the mother's peace of mind; the lack of them means a round bellied little child waddling on bowed skinny legs. It isn't always the child of the wealthy who is sturdy, however, for although his parents can afford sunlight, they also afford food too rich for his little digestive system and entertainment too frequent and too exciting for his little nervous system."—*Hygeia*.



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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Happy Man

Ole Ander, a yokel, visiting in town one day, asked a restaurant proprietor:

"Got any squirrel whiskey?"

"No," said the restaurant man, "but I can slip you a little Old Crow."

"Aye don't vant to fly," said the Swede, "aye yust vant to yump around a little bit."

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Winter and Summer
Enjoy the Beauty of an Everblooming Garden of Flowers

Winter or summer you can enjoy a perpetual garden of everblooming flowers and plants. Winter's frosts and snows need not shut out the pleasant companionship and beauty of growing things. This collection of house plants and bulbs will make the long winter months radiant with an unending series of brilliant blossoms, foliage and fragrance. And when the springtime comes again they will continue to bloom in your summer garden outdoors.

The collection consists of 5 favorite house plants and 6 popular bulbs. The plants are all well rooted, hardy stock and guaranteed to grow. The bulbs are from tested stock and should any fail to grow they will be cheerfully replaced.

Read the description below and the terms of our Free Offer. Then send your order.

Boston Ivy—No. 1

This beautiful Ivy, with its thick, dark, glossy leaves is just what you want to climb around the window. It is a rapid grower and hardy.

Two Narcissi—No. 2

Narcissus bulbs can be grown in a shallow dish partly filled with water and small stones. You will enjoy these beautiful fragrant flowers during the coming months. The flowers are double and extra large and retain their fragrance for a long time.

Fuschia—Black Prince—No. 3

This well-known house plant needs very little description except to say that the variety that we are including in this collection is the prettiest of them all. The flowers are dark purple and extra large. The foliage is glossy, giving the appearance of being waxed. You will like this plant.

Two Hyancinths—1 Blue, 1 White —No. 4

These double flowers may be grown in pots or in the water the same as the Narcissi. The flowers grow on long spikes and are especially fragrant. You will want these flowers for your indoor window garden. They will give your rooms a cheerful atmosphere.

Coleus—Brilliancy—No. 5

This is the most beautiful plant to be seen anywhere. It is literally alive with color. The foliage is its chief attraction. Every shade of the rainbow is to be found on its leaves. This is an exceptionally attractve plant that will give the home a cheerful appearance.

Geranium—Ricard—No. 6

The flowers are a brilliant scarlet, each bloom being large and full. This variety is a heavy bloomer and has dense foliage. The Ricard is a new variety which is much prettier than the common red varieties.

Calla Lily—No. 7

This wonderful lily needs but little description with its large leaves and waxen white flowers which are from five to seven inches long. Plant this bulb now and have it in full bloom during the winter months.

Chinese Sacred Lily—No. 8

This is one of the most beautiful of all known lilies. Its coloring is exquisite and with its dark green foliage makes an exceptionally pretty plant. The outside of the flower is white with a slight tinge of yellow. The inside of this lily is a canary yellow shading to pink at the top. When you see this lily in bloom you will thank us for offering it to you. This lily will be included as an extra free gift if you send your order for both collections within 15 days.

Cyclamen—White—No. 9

This attractive plant is one of the prizes of this collection. Large plants in full bloom sell from $3.50 to $5.00 each at the greenhouses. The young plants that we supply will be in bloom by Christmas or soon after and you will have a plant that will fill your neighbors with envy. The beautiful white flowers closely resemble Orchids and the attractive variegated foliage combine to make this the most pleasing plant of the lot.

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5 Bulbs—Collection No. 8911. This collection consists of 2 Hyacinth, 2 Narcissus and 1 Calla Lilly Bulb and will be sent to you free and postpaid for only one one-year subscription (not your own).

Order Both Collections and Get Free the extra gift of Chinese Sacred Lily. Collection 1802. This collection consists of both the 5 house plants and the 5 bulbs and if you send us the two subscriptions required within 15 days we will send you as an extra gift, the Chinese Sacred Lily.

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Good Farm Lands!—Near thriving city in Mich. 20, 40, 80 acre tracts, $15 to $35 per acre. Easy terms. Write for free booklet. Swigart Land Co., C-1246 First Nat'l. Bank Bldg., Chicago

Small Farms in Winterless California require less capital and you can work outdoors all year. State Land Board offers choice twenty-acre farms near Merced, on 36 years time. Kings County offers ready-made farms of twenty acres or more with house, electric pump furnishing abundant water, and part of land in alfalfa. Rancho Santa Fe, San Diego County near the sea offers small farm tracts, with ample water for irrigation, climate delightful and ideal surroundings, on favorable terms. Investigate California's reasonably priced lands. Illustrated folders mailed free. C. L. Seagraves, General Colonization Agent, Santa Fe Ry., 913 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$6-$18 a dozen decorating pillow tops at home; pleasant work; experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 104, LaGrange, Ind.

Ladies—Earn Money Crocheting, Tatting, making aprons and caps. Material furnished. Patterns and plans 35c. Send remittance now. Returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 So. Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted—Girls—Women. Become Milliners. $35 week. Big Fall Demand. Learn while earning. Experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C-800, Rochester, N. Y.

Earn $20 weekly, spare time, at home, addressing, mailing, music, circulars. Send 10c for music, information. American Music Co., 1658 Broadway, Dept. C-2, N. Y.

Ladies wanted everywhere; opportunity earn money home spare time. Particulars for stamp. Eller Co., D-3, 296 Broadway, New York.

Wanted—Women—Girls. Learn Dressmaking—Designing at home. $35 week. Big demand. Sewing experience unnecessary. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C-501, Rochester, N.Y.

Women wanted as representatives of Priscilla Dress Fabrics, Dry Goods, Hosiery, etc. Pleasant work. Good pay. Beautiful samples, instructions furnished. Write Fitzcharles Dry Goods Co., 619 Fitzcharles Bldg., Trenton, N. J.

Lady Agents to sell on commission table cloths and napkins. A new idea with the initial woven in them. Every home a good prospect. S. Gilmartin, Arlington, Maryland.

Wanted—$90—$150 month. Girls—Women, 18 up. Steady. Sure pay. Short hours. Pleasant. Common education sufficient. U. S. Government life positions. Write today for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. C-9, Rochester, N.Y.

REMNANTS

Gordon Remnant Store Dexter, Maine, 5 Pound bundle Bates gingham ¾ to 2 yd. lengths $3.98 Postpaid, free samples ladies wool coating, mens shirting, Circular.

Remnant Store, 1510 Vine St., Cincinnati, O. Greatest Dry Goods Bargains on Earth. Agents and Storekeepers supplied.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventions Commercialized on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91 St. Louis, Mo.

Patents promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-N, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

Young Men Wanted at Once. Become Draftsman and earn $50 to $100 a week. No experience required. Big demand; Splendid opportunities; clean work. Learn in spare time at Home. Send for our Free book. Just out. No charge. Address: Department 2280, Chicago Tech., 118 E. 26th St., Chicago.

Railway Postal Clerks: Start $133 month. Railroad pass; expenses paid; questions free. Columbus Institute, A-2, Columbus, Ohio.

U. S. Government wants Railway Mail Clerks. Commence $133 month. Steady positions. Travel see the country. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C-12, Rochester, N.Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, Sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Firemen, Brakemen, for railroads nearest their homes—everywhere; beginners $150-$250 monthly (Which position?). Railway Association, Desk M-17, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Earn $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet G-6, Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Wanted—Railway Mail Clerks. Free list of Government positions obtainable. Men and Women 17 to 45 years, Salary $1600 to $2600. Write today for booklet, free list and sample lessons. United Business Tr. Ass'n, 2451 Dinan Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Be a Finger Print Expert. Demand increasing. Write for special free offer. American Finger Print System, 1966C, Broadway, N. Y.

Gov't Positions, $1400-$2300 yearly. Many openings. 36-page information booklet free. Chicago Civil Service College, Dept. K, Chicago.

Make Money silvering mirrors, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. D6, 311 Fifth Ave., New York

Earn money at home during spare time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2233, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 60, willing to accept Government Positions, $117-$200, traveling or stationary, write, Mr. Ozment, 104, St. Louis, immediately.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 5, East Orange, N. J.

FARM WANTED

Wanted—To hear from owner of good Farm for sale. State cash price, full particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

Want to hear from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Tricks, magic cards, books, puzzles, novelties. Catalogue free. G. Fenner, 2401 Jefferson, Louisville, Ky.

MISCELLANEOUS

Switches—Made the sanitary way $2. From your own combings $1.50. Booklet free. Mrs. E. Mack, Canton, N. Y.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write for Style Booklet. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Ia.

"From The Ballroom To Hell."—Mailed anywhere, 25c. L. E. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., G, Syracuse, N. Y.

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Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

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Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 Companies $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary. Details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo

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Big Money In Writing photoplays, short stories, poems, songs, etc. Send today for free copy America's greatest magazine for writers. Filled with practical help in writing and selling. Writer's Digest, 609 Butler Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FOR SALE

Leaf Tobacco. Chewing, five pounds $1.75; ten $3.00. Smoking, five pounds $1.25; ten $2.00 Send no money. Pay when received. Pipe & Recipe free. United Tobacco Growers, Paducah, Ky.

WANTED: TO BUY

Cash for old gold, silver, platinum points, diamonds, false teeth, Liberty Bonds, unused stamps, and precious articles. Goods returned immediately if not satisfactory. Busch Products, 141 Fifth Ave., New York.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture, 471 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

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Kodak Prints 3c, Developing 5c per roll This is our regular price. Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1982 Kinney Ave., Cincinnati, O

Enlarged Picture, 5x7, from any Kodak film, dime. Commercial Studio, Carthage, Missouri.

Films developed 5c; Prints 3c each. The new Davo finish. Davis Photo Shop, Dept. C, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Use Tailor's Mending Tissue to mend your garments. Needed in every home. Three yards 25c. The A. Bauer Co., 3 Arcade, Chattanooga, Tenn.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

HEMSTITCHING AND PICOTING

Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment, works on all sewing machines. Easily adjusted. Price $2.00 prepaid. Cash or C. O. D. Fully guaranteed. Ladies' Art Sales Co., Box 71-G, Hamtramck, Mich.

Guaranteed Hemstitching and Picoting Attachment. Fits any sewing machine. Makes beautiful work. Literature and testimonials free. $2.00 prepaid or sent C. O. D. LaFlesh Hemstitching Co., Dept D, Sedalia, Mo.

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$25,000. I made it small Mail Order Business. Booklet Free. Tells How Plan 25c Free. 12 Articles worth $3. A. C. Scott, Cohoes, N.Y.

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Piano Jazz, note or ear. Short mail course. Beginners or advanced. Learn 92 Bass Styles, Novelty Solos, 215 Syncopated Fillers, Endings, Blues. Waterman School, 277 Tait Bldg., Los Angeles.

POULTRY

Purebred Chicks: 7c up. Twelve best varieties. Catalog free. Missouri Chickeries, Box XC, Clinton, Mo.

Carbon Made from Gas

When a smoky flame of gas is burned against a metal surface, it deposits carbon black, an almost impalpable black soft, like that found on the chimney of a smoky lamp.

Nearly 50,000,000 pounds of carbon black are produced yearly in the United States, according to the United States Bureau of Mines, for which some forty billion cubic feet of gas are needed.

Twenty million pounds of carbon black go into rubber tires, twelve million pounds into printer's ink, and five million pounds into stove polish, while smaller quantities are used in the production of paint, phonograph records, carbon paper, crayons, typewriter ribbons, leather, and insulating materials.

Imagination is one of the First Aids to successful achievement. We must learn to think ahead of the job we are doing at the moment, and get ready for the next undertaking. It is to people who are prepared, who get the opportunity when the time comes. The person with imagination, backed up by a willingness to work, is usually the one who succeeds in doing something worth while and different. Sid says: "The danger is that you may not be taking your imagination out of the garage often enough." Imagination like a motor vehicle, needs to be carefully steered, however.

One of the finest exercises in the world, is to learn to think all the way around a problem, instead of part way around it. Then we are sure not to be misled by superficial thinking or false conclusions. Many a big man has succeeded because he followed this principle; and many a man has been good and happy because he did the same.

Because some people break the law and get away with it, is no sign that the law is wrong or they are clever. It merely proves that the law is not properly enforced, and there are still stupid and ignorant people ready to do wrong because they have the chance. Wrong doing is always stupid—a sign of shortsightedness, blindness, and extreme foolishness.

It is true that the world will beat a path to the door of the individual who can do some one thing exceptionally well. But sometimes the world is slow in getting the path made. That's why it's a good plan for us to be fairly efficient road builders ourselves, and then we can start the path and go out to meet those who may not be in a great hurry to find us.

Predetermination

The question of predetermining sex is still a matter for debate by biologists, but long ago an old philosopher said: "Boys will be boys."—*Hygeia.*

Defined at Last

A reformer is a fellow
Who picks out something
He doesn't like to do
And won't let any one
Else do it either.

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Will Boss Everything

Mr. Vincent Rose and Miss Mary Drube of Waukegan were married Thursday at St. Mary's Church. Father Barry officiated. Miss Irene Rose assisted the bride as bridesmaid and the bride's mother was best man.—*Lake Forest, Ill., Forrester.*

A Divided House Falls

Cecile House obtained a divorce from W. O. House.

—*News item in Dallas, Texas, Times.*

Step Lively

All pedestrians it is predicted, will become motorists sooner or later. Perhaps. If they don't become angels first.—*Nashville, Tennessean.*

No Gentlemen Present

Young Sambo was dead broke and remarked to his fellow workmen:

"Say, which one o' yo' gentlemen gwine to loan me two bucks?"

After waiting a few minutes, and hearing no answer, he continued:

"Wat's de matter? Ain't dar no gentlemen in dis bunch?"—*Automobilist.*

It Happens Every Day

"Do you think the motor will entirely supersede the horse?"

"I hope not," replied Farmer Jones. "There must be some market for hay. I depend on what I make on hay to buy gasolene.—*Washington Star.*

A Chip of the Old Block

"What you need is a car," said Salesman McGurk "to take a ride when you've finished your work. After dinner on Sunday you can go for a spin across valleys and hills to a roadside inn." I believed what he said and bought a machine, but then something happened which I hadn't foreseen; for my son took the car across valleys and hills, while I stayed at home and settled the bills.—*The Automobilist.*

There are Waterloos

"Whenever we have a run-in with a traffic cop, I let my wife do the talking."

"Does that do any good?"

"Not a bit, except to convince her she can't win every argument she gets into."—*American Legion Weekly.*

In Lecture

Prof.—Wake that fellow next to you, will you?

Student—Aw, do it yourself—you put him to sleep.—*Whirlwind, Oklahoma University.*

More Spares

If pedestrians will watch their step and motorists will take care in stepping on the gas, there will be less bowling over of balled-up persons on the streets as well as on the alleys.—*"Topics of the Day" Films.*

Aptly Put

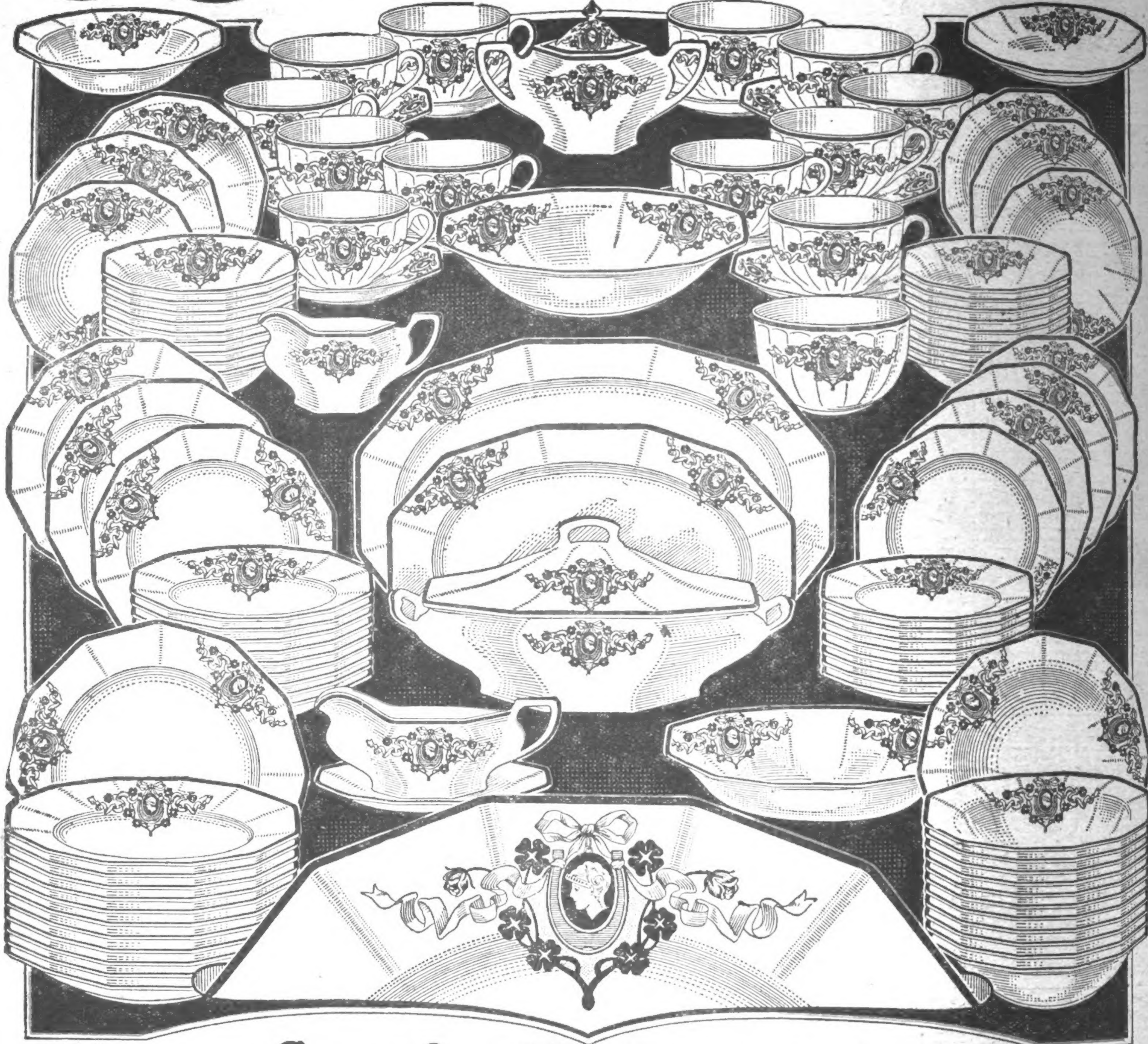
"Papa, what is a pedestrian?"

"An individual, my son, that is always found in front of automobiles."—*Le Rire (Paris).*

FREE!

Genuine Cut Glass 7-Piece Set

As an **extra special offer** to those who *hurry* their order for the handsome 110-Piece Good Luck Dinner Set which we are offering below on such an amazing, slashed price offer, we shall include, *absolutely free,* this entire 7-piece set of GENUINE CUT GLASS: Pitcher of 2 qt. capacity and 6 tumblers of 9 oz. capacity. Each piece is pure, sparkingly clear, thin and dainty; **hand cut decorations** consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. A useful set for water, lemonade or other home beverage; a handsome display among your other glassware. Given ***FREE*** on this offer. But remember, this offer is entirely special. Our prices are figured at rock-bottom. A limited number of these Genuine Cut Glass Sets given free just to get new customers. Get yours while this offer lasts. Read our offer below ***now—and act today.***



"Good Luck" Dinner Set - 110 Pieces

Gold Decorated Colonial Design

Madam, here's a dinner-set worthy to grace the table of the most refined homes—on a simply amazing smashed price, easy payment offer. Yes, only $1.00 brings this 110-piece set to your home on trial. Now don't judge these dishes by that amazingly low price. They have that beautiful everlasting snow-white glaze that you see only in the highest grade chinaware; and that beautiful new "Good Luck" pattern with a design composed of the well known emblems which, since olden times, many have believed bring good fortune to all who possess them; and that rich, artistic Colonial design with the gold decorated edges and many-sided shape which is everywhere the choice of people with taste. *This* is your opportunity to get, on a bargain offer, a dish set that will give you wonderful everyday service and that you will be proud of. **Special Now — FREE —** *7-Piece Set of Genuine Cut Glass with hand cut decorations, if you send at once.*

$1.00 Down

Complete Service for 12 People:

This splendid set consists of:

- 12 dinner plates, 9 inches
- 12 breakfast plates, 7 1-4 in.
- 12 coupe soups, 7 1-2 in.
- 12 fruit saucers, 5 1-4 in.
- 12 oatmeal dishes, 6 1-4 in
- 1 oval open vegetable dish, 9 1-2 inches
- 1 round vegetable dish, 9 1-2 inches
- 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces)
- 1 butter dish, 7 inches
- 12 cups
- 12 saucers
- 12 bread and butter plates, 6 1-4 in.
- 1 platter, 11 1-2 in.
- 1 platter, 13 1-2 in.
- 1 covered vegetable dish (2 pieces)
- 1 gravy boat
- 1 gravy boat stand
- 1 bowl, 1 pint
- 1 cream pitcher
- 1 pickle dish

Beautiful new "Good Luck" pattern showing the Goddess of Good Luck framed in a lucky horseshoe pendant, hanging from a blue ribbon bow and surrounded by a wish-bone and six green four-leaf clovers, all emblems of Good Luck—all tied together with lavender roses by a pretty ribbon scroll. Colonial design with gold decorated edges and many sided shape; each piece fired in the glaze and guaranteed not to check or craze. That splendid old English finish is applied to the clay before firing and gives that everlasting snow-white glaze. With ordinary care will last a lifetime. Weight packed about 100 lbs.

Order by No. G7603A. Send $1 with order, $2.70 monthly. Price of 110 pieces, $29.90.

30 Days Trial! — $2.70 a Month!

The coupon with only $1.00 brings the 110 piece set of "Good Luck" dishes to your home on 30 days trial. Use them, examine them, compare our price with equal value *anywhere* else. After 30 days, decide: If you don't agree that these are simply beautiful dishes and amazing quality at the price send them back and we'll refund your $1.00 cheerfully plus any transportation charges you paid. But if you decide to keep them, start paying only $2.70 a month until you have paid—what do you think? —*only $29.90* for a 110-piece set of dishes of **such** superb quality! You risk not a cent on this trial offer. What family isn't willing to lay aside a few cents a day for something that is needed in the home? We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. No discount for cash; nothing extra for credit; *no C. O. D.*

Cut Price—Send NOW!

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings: furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, phonographs, stoves, dishes, aluminum ware, porch and lawn furniture, etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free, with or without order. See coupon.

We have only a limited number of these sets for this bargain offer—so act quick while they last. If you are going to need dishes any time within the next six months, *don't let this opportunity pass now.* Remember, the 7-piece set of Genuine Cut Glass FREE if you hurry your order. Send the coupon now

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3047 Chicago, Ill.

Straus & Schram, Dept. 3047 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 110-Piece "Good Luck" Pattern Dinner Set **No. G7603A**, with 7-Piece Genuine Cut Glass Set, Free. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set I will pay **$2.70** monthly, **$29.90** in all. If not satisfied, I am to return the dinner set and cut glass set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any express or freight charges I paid.

Name ______________________

Street, R.F.D. or Box No. ______________________

Shipping Point ______________________

Post Office ______________ *State* ______________

If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings mark X here: ☐